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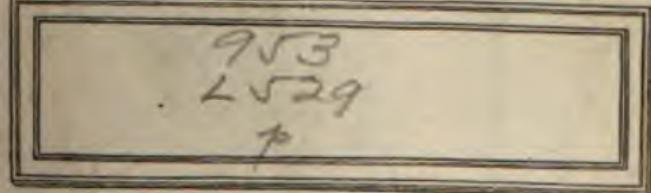
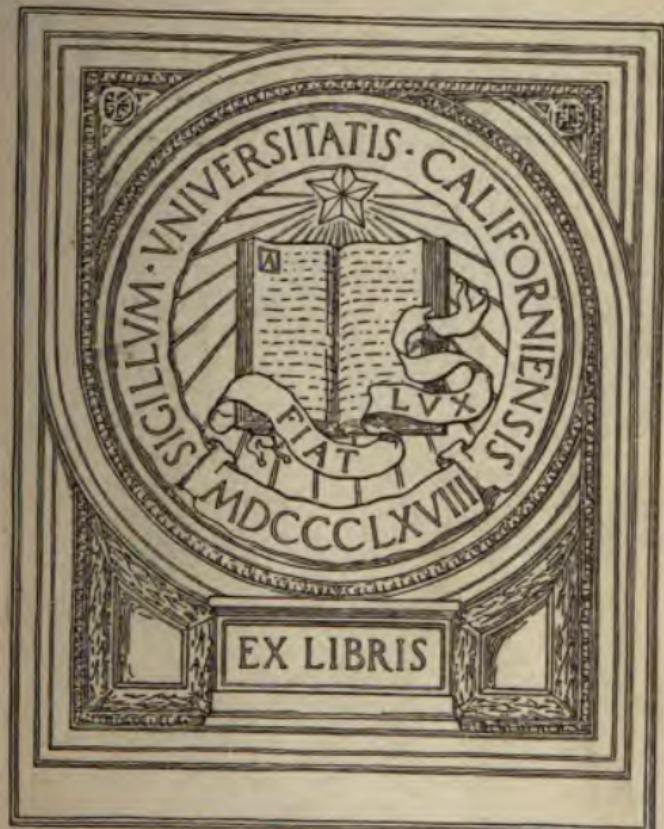
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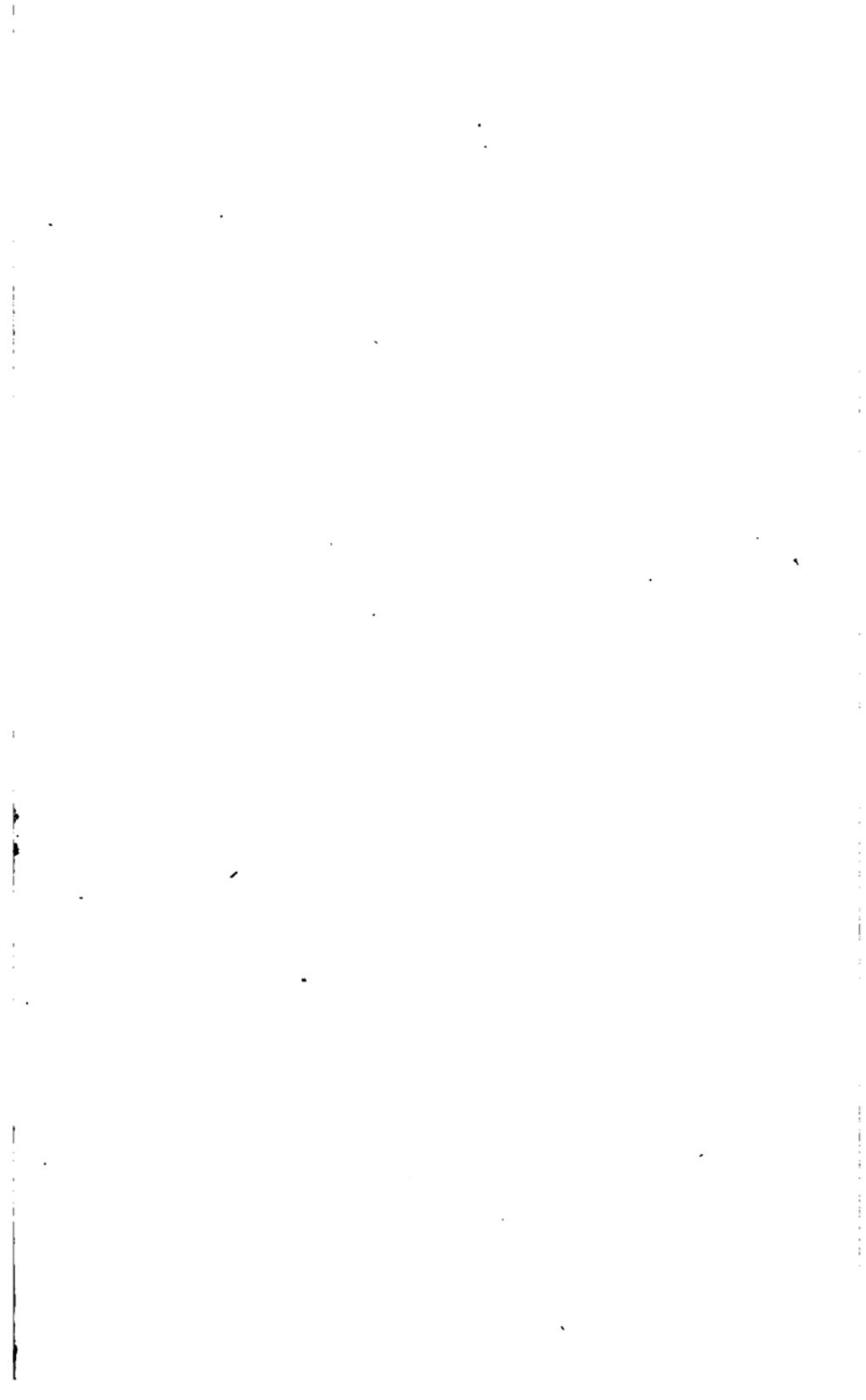
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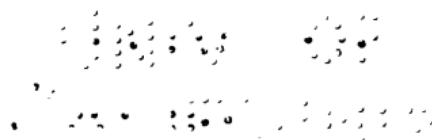
# P O E M S,

NOW FIRST COLLECTED.

BY

LORD LEIGH.

II



LONDON:  
EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET.

M D C C C X X X I X.

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LONDON:  
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS TO THE QUEEN,  
WHITEFRIARS.

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NO. VIWU  
AMMOCULAD

TO

**PHILIP NICHOLAS SHUTTLEWORTH, D.D.**

**WARDEN OF NEW COLLEGE, &c. &c.**

---

**My Dear SHUTTLEWORTH,**

I have ventured to dedicate to you the contents of this volume. I wish, indeed, they were more worthy of your regard ; but as you have, through the partiality of friendship perhaps, spoken of my trifles favourably, your kindness must be the excuse for my presumption in dedicating them to you. Some of them were written while I enjoyed the pleasure of your society in a tour through Italy many years since, but of which I still have a lively and grateful remembrance. Distinguished as a "Master in Israel," in an age fertile in writers on religious subjects, you have obtained for your works a permanent and deserved reputation. That you may live long to delight your friends with your conversation, to instruct and improve mankind by your writings, is the sincere wish of, my dear, Shuttleworth,

Your truly obliged friend,

**LEIGH.**

*b*

**916916**



## PREFACE.

---

MANY of the Poems here collected have already been published in a separate form. Some of them represent the impressions I received during youth, that season of enthusiasm when the most formless of our day-dreams are cherished with more devotion than we accord to the stubborn realities of life. These realities, however, will sooner or later assert their empire over us; and accordingly I find, in looking at my verses with reference to the different periods at which they were written, that, from composing "Invitations to the moon-lit Banks of the Avon," and stanzas descriptive of the fairy-like festival of the "Queen of Golconda," I have gradually sobered down into an inditer of "Political Poems" and "Epistles to a Friend in Town." Of the former, I may be permitted to observe, that they contain an unreserved expres-

sion of opinions which I have always entertained, and which I hope to carry unchanged to the grave.

Surely every real friend to freedom must desire the perfect re-establishment of Poland as an independent kingdom, the renovation of Italy, and fervently hope for the abolition of slavery in America.

It is on such themes as these (upon which, in England at least, there can be little or no difference of opinion) that I have composed political verses.

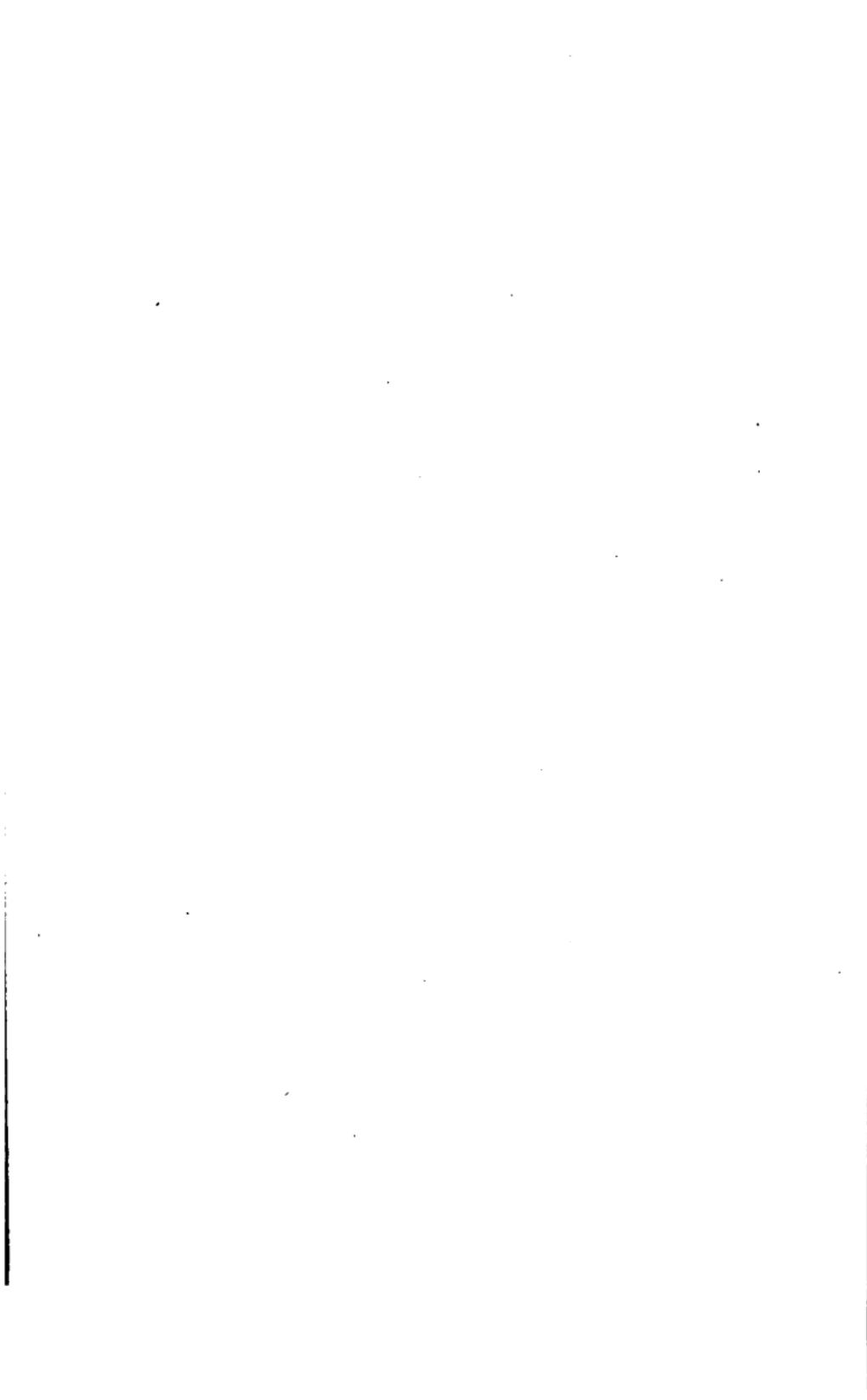
Since the “Epistles” were written, many of the distinguished characters introduced into them have disappeared from the busy stage of life. We have lost Huskisson and Canning, and Scott, Byron, and Shelley, and Ricardo and Malthus: but other wise and lofty spirits have arisen, both in the political world, and in those of philosophy and imagination:

Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna,  
Jam nova progenies caelo demittitur alto.

May they prove worthy of their predecessors!

The literary ambition I entertain will be fully accomplished, if, in the “*Nugæ Canoræ*” I now offer to the world, a single passage shall be found to awaken an echo in the breast of some lover of poetry and of old romance, or suggest a thought capable of prompting the energy of any labourer in the cause of humanity and freedom.

LONDON,  
JUNE 24TH, 1839.



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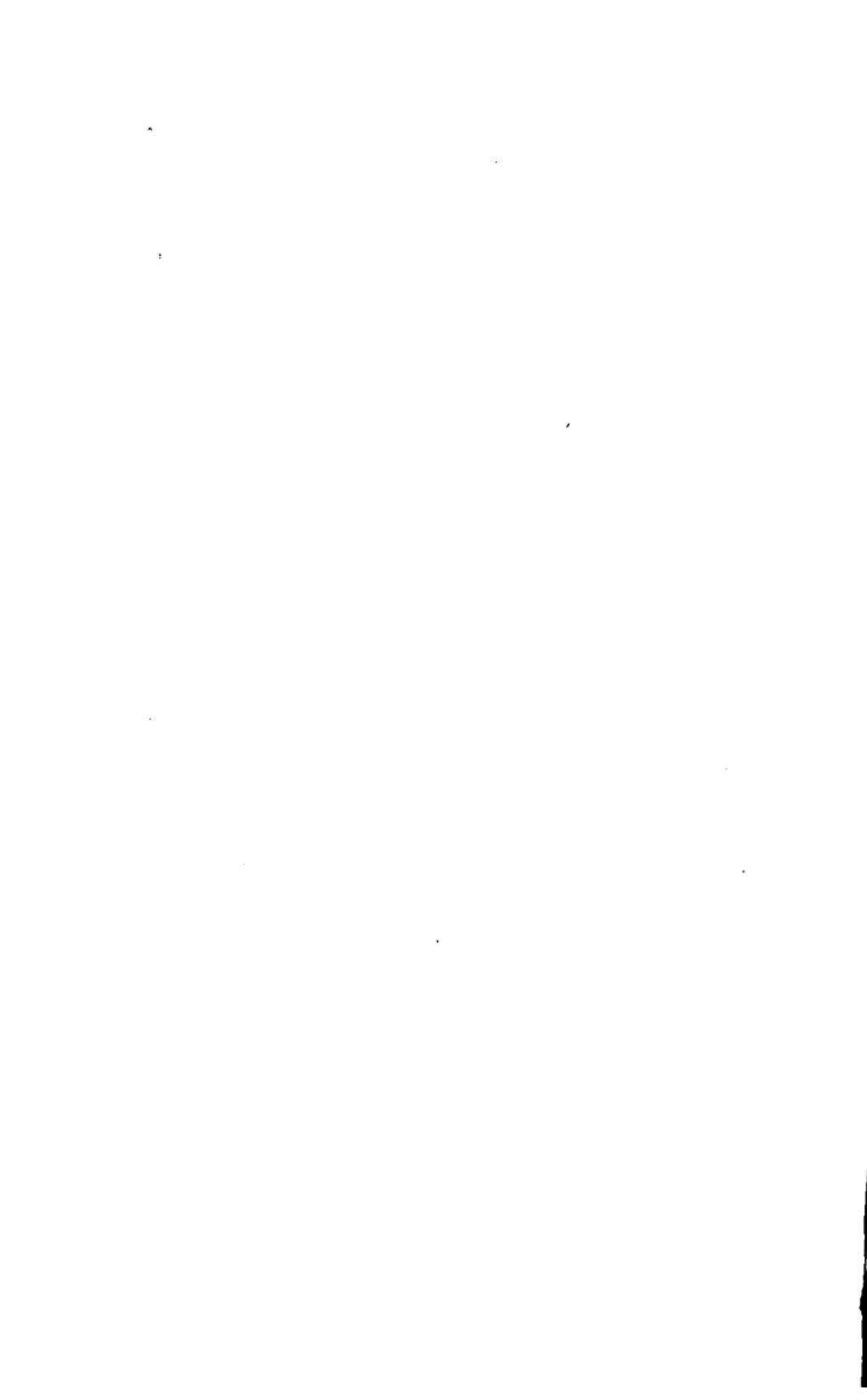
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THE EPISTLES  
OF  
SIR PHILIP SPENSER  
SIX EPISTLES  
TO  
A FRIEND IN TOWN.

---

It is in our power  
(Unless we fear that apes can tutor us) to  
Be masters of our manners. What need I  
Affect another's gait, or be fond of  
Another's way of speech, when by mine own  
I may be reasonably conceived? \* \* \*  
\* \* \* Why am I bound  
By any generous bond to follow him [who]  
Follows his tailor, haply so long, until  
The follow'd make pursuit? Or let me know,  
Why mine own barber is unbless'd (with him  
My poor chin too,) for it 's not scisor'd just  
To such a favourite's glass?

*Shakespeare and Fletcher's Two Noble Kinsmen.*

NO VIMU  
AMARILLAS

FIRST EPISTLE  
TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

---

*Non tibi parvum  
Ingenium, non incultum est, nec turpiter hirtum.  
Seu lingua[m] causis acuis, seu civica jura  
Respondere paras, seu condis amabile carmen.—HORAT.*

*Lunge, lunge da noi manti pomposi,  
Marmorei alberghi, e ricche mense aurate ;  
Ma sian nostro desir poggj selvosi,  
Verdi erbe, limpid' acque, aure odorate.—CHIABERRA.*

---

How many years are gone since first we met  
In Town ! the day is well remember'd yet ;  
Thou a Young Templar, panting for renown,  
Myself the veriest Idler on the Town.  
Yet some few moments thou from toil could'st spare,  
To toast in wine-cups that o'erflow'd—the fair.  
Ah ! little deem'd I then that I should love  
Elsewhere than in the Poet's lays—a grove.  
“ The sober certainty of waking bliss ”  
Is what I now enjoy, and truly this :—  
Though vex'd with head-aches, yet when free from pain  
Give me a novel, and I laugh at rain.

Who would with Richardson or Fielding part,  
That loves to trace the workings of the heart ?  
Few can excite the intellectual smile  
Like them, or dissipate November's bile.

Books have their charms, society has more ;  
Life for the wise has numerous joys in store.  
The wise ne'er feel the languor of ennui,  
Nor care how Whig and Tory disagree :  
But every hour is well enjoy'd by those  
Who thus alternate labour and repose.  
Their farms, their gardens, ask a constant care :  
With them the Sabbath *is* a day of prayer.  
Then for amusement how they love t' explore  
The woods, or down the river ply the oar,  
When that the bright-hair'd sun, with mellow'd glow,  
Pours his full splendour on the fields below.  
What though the evening promises no play,  
Though "heavily in clouds rolls on the day,"  
The laugh, the song, the sports that intervene,  
(Home-felt delights,) must quickly banish spleen.  
How blest are they whose days thus glide away !  
Even in old age they scarcely feel decay ;  
Vigorous in mind, and cheerful to the last,  
With calm contentment they review the past.

Are such men Idlers ? Idlers then are all ;  
The merits of the active are but small :

Yet they are useful too, and happier far  
Than those who through the day wage wordy war,  
Then dine, just reeking from the crowded court,  
On tough beefsteaks, cold soup, and tavern port.  
Can the poor head contain what it is now  
Expedient for a Gentleman to know ?

Though through the circle of the arts we run,  
(Thanks to Reviews) we can remember none.  
The Lawyer throws aside his book, and burns  
To be a Davy and a Smith by turns ;  
His clients suffer, yet where'er he dines,  
Chemist, or Bard, the learned Proteus shines.

Society improves ; the times require  
Some little knowledge in a country squire ;  
And book clubs, through the country widely spread,  
Show that at least our modern works are read.  
The most inveterate sportsman now may speak  
French and Italian, nay, can construe Greek.  
A fire-side voyager from shore to shore,  
He loves not in his easy chair to snore.

All can talk politics, no matter how ;  
The witty and the dull, the high and low :  
But few (which is the test of taste) can quote  
Aptly a line, or tell an anecdote :  
Few can converse, with unaffected ease,  
Or like a Ward, or like a Canning please.

Our country neighbours something more can say  
Than " How d'ye do ?" and " 'Tis a lovely day ;'  
I've heard from them what in reputed wits  
Would be considered very pretty hits.  
A *bel esprit* in France and Britain's known,  
But England calls the *humorous* man her own ;  
Yet " masters of the joke," who have a name,  
Sometimes say things unworthy of their fame.

No dun's loud voice, nor newsman's louder horn,  
Here scare you from your slumbers light at morn :  
No loungers here at one assail your door,  
To kill *their* time by wasting yours till four :  
To them 'tis all the same what themes engage  
Their minds, a death perchance, or equipage.  
'Tis hard to say who greater ills endure,  
The listless rich, or the o'erlabouring poor.  
Indolence sits a night-mare on the breast ;  
And night or day her victims cannot rest.  
Since man was never born to live alone,  
How can he be that wretched thing—a drone !

A country-life is tame ! Who says 'tis so ?  
The muck-worm cit, or butterfly-like beau ;  
Or some fair Exquisite whose mind is fraught  
With maxims by the Queen of Fashion taught ?  
" Would you be fashionable, you must weed  
Your company, my dear, you must indeed.

Those who give balls ask first Exclusives ; then  
As you would choose your pinks select your men.  
Let not a swarm of country-folks appear  
To greet you with a cordial welcome, dear ;  
Such you must *cut* at once.—It is not worth,  
Nor wit, nor talent, no nor even birth  
That gives the ton ; 'tis something you will find  
At Almack's—'tis—it cannot be defined.  
Remember you may always turn aside  
As if by accident, and not through pride,  
When those approach you whom you should not know,  
Or be short-sighted, or at least seem so.  
Let none but titled names your parties boast,  
They look divinely in the Morning Post.  
Though Dowagers may old and ugly be,  
They blaze in diamonds, are of high degree ;  
Though noble Dandies look like gay baboons,  
Their stars shine lustrous through our grand saloons :  
How sweet it is to listen to the prate  
Of some young lordling, pillar of the state !  
Who, quite the fashion, to a favour'd few  
Speaks, then be thankful if he talks to you."

You laugh at this would-be satiric strain ?  
Well then, I'll read my Blackstone o'er again,  
And talk about a "fine," or a "release,"  
And dare to be a Justice of the Peace !  
Yet, my good friend, though nothing has a sale  
But a high novel, or a bravo's tale,

Or memoirs, written by some scribbling thing,  
That bites a bard, as gnats a lion sting—  
I've dared to write: no moralist will curse,  
Though few, perchance, will praise this sober verse.  
While well-fed Codrus dedicates his rhymes  
To his kind patron, shall we blame the times?  
How generous that Mæcenas is who gives  
His gold, and lauded in a preface lives!  
Some with subscriptions love to make a show;  
'Tis right the world their charities should know;  
Their spring of action's selfishness; what then?  
Their names, perchance, may influence other men.  
Better write songs, or simper at a ball,  
Than like a youthful Timon lose your all.

Some care not how they trifle life away;  
A hero wept if he but lost a day!  
The ruin'd master of a vast estate  
Finds he had time for hazard when too late.  
What then is wealth, if boundless be our wants?  
How few can well employ what fortune grants!  
One buys a borough, and corrupts the poor;  
Another opes to every knave his door.  
If there be virtues in this world, they thrive  
Far from those open halls where lordlings live.  
Enslaved to thousands, while he *seems* their god,  
The generous fool for self prepares the rod.  
All lash him—why? because he fondly deem'd  
That they, vain boasters! were the men they seem'd.

Cethegus shines alike with talents rare,  
Or in St. Giles's or in Grosvenor-square :  
So versatile in all things, he must please  
Who thus to pleasure sacrifices ease.

Lucullus to a boor, within the week,  
Sells gems and goblets of the *true antique* :  
Who then would be Lucullus, thus to lose  
All that a *polish'd* taste had learn'd to choose ?

Is Gracchus happy, as around him throng  
The rabble, who applaud him right or wrong ?  
No : when the conquest is so mean indeed,  
He feels no triumph where he *must* succeed.  
Great wits and statesmen grace Moreri's page ;  
Who else records these wonders of their age !  
Since fame is so uncertain, shall we say  
That splendid follies live beyond their day ?

Each has the *beau idéal* in his mind  
Of pleasure ; that is coarse, this more refined :  
Talk not to me, says Florio, of delights  
The country has ; give me the view from White's.  
What is more lovely on a summer's day  
Than charms which beauteous women then display ?  
Dearer to him the sensual warm saloon  
At Covent Garden, than the full-orb'd moon.  
He, as he views the immortal lights on high,  
For Vauxhall's artificial splendours sigh.

So strange is taste, that some do not disdain  
To breathe the wholesome air of Maiden-lane,  
Where, by the smoking conclave, they are prized,  
And sometimes pass for characters disguised.

At clubs and auctions Florio may contrive  
Through a wet day, by rising late, to live ;  
Give him at night his turtle and champagne,  
He might *exist* through the same day again.  
Life must indeed to such strange beings seem,  
Or a fool's Paradise, or drunkard's dream :  
But spirits o'er excited, soon will fail ;  
Then all is dull, unprofitable, stale ;  
Nor Ude's best fare, nor wines though very choice  
Nor social songs can make the heart rejoice.

Poor Foppington ! but yesterday the pride  
Of ball-rooms, is by fashion thrown aside ;  
Another is adored, why, none can tell :  
Yet *must* another be forgot as well !  
This is indeed the common lot of all  
Whom vain ambition prompts to *rule the ball*.  
Wharton, a great Corinthian in his day,  
(Pope paints his character) was somewhat gay,  
Loved to "see life," ambitious of a name :  
Compared with his, e'en *Egan's* sports are tame.  
What pity that such revellers should die,  
They are so useful to society.

Most glorious is the spring-time of the year,  
How freshly green the woods, the vales appear !  
“ Flowers of all hue” the splendid meads adorn ;  
With blossoms white how fragrant is the thorn !  
And Heaven gives glimpses of itself by land,  
By sea, fine fragments show the master-hand.  
When Nature’s clothed in such a varied dress,  
Shall man presume to scorn her loveliness—  
Slight the rich banquet that she bids him taste,  
And fortune’s gifts in chase of follies waste ?  
The circle of enjoyment comprehends  
Wife, children, books, a few warm-hearted friends :  
Man may with these contented be, and spurn  
Those nothings after which his neighbours yearn.

SECOND EPISTLE  
TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

---

I account a person who has a moderate mind and fortune, and lives in the conversation of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce in the world besides; who is esteemed well enough by his few neighbours that know him, and is truly irreproachable by anybody; and so, after a healthful quiet life, before the great inconveniences of old age, goes silently out of it; this innocent deceiver of the world, as Horace calls him, this "*muta persona*," I take to have been more happy in his part, than the greatest actors that fill the stage with show and noise; nay, even than Augustus himself, who asked, with his last breath, whether he had not played his faroe very well.—COWLEY.

---

SHALL I, while serious duties must engage  
My mind, write on in this most rhyming age ?  
Wilt thou, with clients crowding at thy door,  
Consent to be poetical, and poor ?  
Yet let me snatch, my friend, one hour away  
From fashion's vain impertinence to-day,  
From the dull forms of business, and its cares—  
That close around me like the fowler's snares—  
Read but these plain lines from an honest pen,  
And I'll ne'er trifle with the Muse again.

Some men there are, thank Heaven, but very few,  
Who will condemn, whate'er you say or do ;  
They, with ingenious malice, draw forth evil  
From sermons ! such are children of the devil !  
One writes a song ; should it appear in print,  
The generous Bavius says, " There 's danger in 't."  
Another cheers an else heart-broken bard ;  
" Let the vain fool his parasite reward !"  
Kind Zoilus exclaims. Who then escapes ?  
None, when foul Envy thus her comment shapes.

Yet will my mind fly backwards to the time  
When great indeed my fault, I learn'd to rhyme :  
When every day gave birth to schemes, that soon  
Pass'd rapidly away, like dreams at noon ;  
To plans that might have suited fairy-land,  
But fleeting here as figures drawn in sand !  
How often have we studied Gibbon's page !  
How often glow'd with Burke ; prophetic sage !  
Those intellectual giants, such in truth  
They were, with splendid periods charm'd our youth.

Oft have we sought the theatre ; and felt  
That then embodied there, Rome's genius dwelt,  
When Kemble, like the god-like hero, shone  
Among inferior lights, a sun alone !  
Adored by thousands, such his happy lot—  
He was but yesterday ; and now—forgot !

Thus as old Time turns round his wheel, uprise,  
And fast descend, the mighty and the wise ;  
A few eulogiums in the journals tell  
How wise they were, how mighty, then—farewell !

He whom variety delights, would find  
All that must please him in Statira's mind !  
Where various qualities are sweetly blent,  
Candour with cunning, sense with sentiment.  
Look in her face, a devil lurketh there,  
That in her eye-glance seems to say—" Beware !"  
How often have we prattled round her board,  
With would-be Authors and a gentle Lord !  
Great was her love of patronage and state ;  
We praised her talents, and her show of plate.

But times are alter'd : in this world of woe  
Realities demand exertion now.  
We are not what we were ; that burning zeal  
For books and pleasures we no longer feel :  
Fancy has now withdrawn her high-wrought veil  
From our fond gaze, and sober thoughts prevail ;  
And what has pleased in boyhood now appears  
Vain, as comes on the noon-time of our years.  
All was romantic, if it be romance  
To float upon the changing stream of chance.

Let Cocker's useful volume supersede  
The metaphysic tomes of Brown or Reid.

But 'tis indeed a pain, (though Interest seems  
To bid me scorn unprofitable themes,)  
While the old bards adorn my shelves, to quit  
At once their world of poetry and wit !

Where the dense yellow fog o'erhangs the Thames,  
The sage, great Coke, thy close attention claims ;  
Yet wilt thou seize, at intervals of time,  
On Byron's Lara—Cowper's Task sublime !  
The mind is healthy that to works like these,  
Amid the toil of thought, can turn with ease.

Content, thou hast eight hundred pounds a-year,  
Books, and, far better still, a conscience clear ;  
Thou dost not feel, what squires have felt, distress,  
When their rents fail, and mortgages oppress !  
Debts, taxes, and annuities might make  
The proudest landlord for his acres quake !

Like Machiavel in politics, thou art  
A Tory, or a Radical at heart !  
Rejoicing oft to see how Whigs are hit  
Now by John Bull's, and now by Cobbett's wit.  
Yet politics are but ephemeral things ;  
Kings, though the world 's progressive, will be kings :  
Statesmen are statesmen still—the mob will roar,  
And ——— be what Wilkes has been before !

Say, dost thou seek the Caledonian squeeze,  
Where few can stand, and fewer sit with ease ;  
Where Irving's glowing oratory shows  
The skeleton at least of Taylor's prose !  
Or, blest with better taste, wilt thou not hear  
*Andrews*, as eloquent, and far more clear ?  
Then, at a brother lawyer's country-seat,  
In social converse find a sabbath treat ?

As magic lanthorns throw along the wall  
Forms of gigantic shape, yet shadows all,  
In florid self-importance thus the vain  
Burst on our sight—then shrink to nought again.  
Their well-known faces haunt me where I walk,  
And oh how wearisome their well-known talk !

Yet such are men ; though reason, 'tis confess,  
Illumes their minds with scattered rays at best :  
Such have immortal spirits, which must be  
Happy, or wretched, through eternity !  
Go, triflers, tread Love's flowery path ; but know  
Ye burn with dæmons, or with seraphs glow !

Oft have we laugh'd at (for in truth we 've seen  
The world) their civil smiles that nothing mean ;  
Their dolorous looks, whene'er they seem'd to grieve ;  
And can such poor dissemblers e'er deceive ?  
Give *me* the man who, if at times he err,  
At least shows something like a character,

Who can consult his heart as well as head ;  
 Nor waits to ask if feeling be well bred !

Some have the wealth of Ind, are strange, are proud,  
 And scorn to hold communion with the crowd :—  
 But fortune frowns ; the smiling auctioneer  
 Bids gold and pearls barbaric disappear,  
 Philips will sell their books, where underwrit  
 Notes tersely pencil'd show sententious wit ;  
 Philips will sell their gewgaws, that amaze  
 Women and rustics with their gorgeous blaze !  
 But such superfluous vanities can ne'er  
 Delight *thy* mind, be they or rich or rare.

Soon, very soon, life's little day is past ;  
 No works but those of charity, will last.  
 Nor Byron's verse nor Beckford's pomp can save  
 Vathek or Harold from their destined grave !  
 And what is wealth ? with equal hand 'tis given  
 To bad, to good—no proof of favouring Heaven !  
 And who is rich ? Emilius, whose good sense  
 Protects him from the glare of vain expense ;  
 Who buys not glittering toys when very dear,  
 But treats his friends with hospitable cheer ;—  
 Who loves to breathe the incense of the morn  
 As the sun's golden rays his hills adorn—  
 Deeming more beautiful the sky's young bloom,  
 Than all the splendours of a drawing-room ;

And meditates, as warmly glows his blood,  
 How best he might promote his country's good !  
 He can be happy though his neighbours thrive,  
 Nor thinks himself the poorest man alive.  
 But few are like Emilius, few can feel  
 For aught, save their own sordid selves, a zeal.

Trebatius like a man of honour deals ;  
 He only keeps your purse, ha never steals :  
 His honour is so clear, you must not doubt it ;  
 "He talks about it, Goddess, and about it."  
 Wearied with mystery, and sick of prate,  
 Yet unconvinced, you trust the man you hate.

Simplicity is like a flowery wreath,  
 Though beautiful, a serpent lurks beneath !  
 Good Simon Pure in look, in voice a child,  
 Will circumvent a Jew—though very mild.

Burke says ambition is too bold a vice  
 For many ; true : not so with avarice :—  
 The meanest passion has the strongest hold  
 On human hearts—the cursed lust of gold !  
 You judge (if rightly read in Nature's book)  
 Of beasts, by what in men deceives—the look :  
 The fox's craft, the slyness of a cat,  
 Are outwardly express'd by *this* and *that*.  
 Crispus with studied negligence will speak,  
 Yet knows right well his neighbour's side that's weak ;

And while *his* words are out at random thrown,  
 Notes *yours* upon his memory's tablet down.  
 The most experienced oft will fail to trace  
 The lines of cunning in his ruddy face :  
 Yet, watch it narrowly, you see the smile  
 Betrays what laughter may conceal—his guile.

Lives there the man who does not condescend  
 To notice, if he be distress'd, a friend ?  
 Such man within the Town perchance may dwell,  
 (More fit to be a denizen of Hell,)  
 But in the Country may not show his face ;  
 Our lands are cursed not with so vile a race.

Experience, sole correctress of the young  
 Who to reeds shaken by the wind have clung—  
 False hopes, false friends, false pleasures—'tis by thee,  
 Our souls are arm'd against duplicity !

Give him one year, the youth by passion fired ;  
 May lose whate'er his father has acquired !  
 Whate'er *he* gain'd by forethought, or by toil,  
 May in *one night* become the sharper's spoil.

Why does Eugenio love to live by rule ?  
 He aims to be the first in Jackson's school ;  
 Yet like himself, perchance, Eugenio's sire  
 Liked a beefsteak that just had *seen* the fire !

'Twas love of exercise—'tis love of fame—  
Their ends were varied, but their means the same.

Sick of amusements that come o'er and o'er,  
The chase, the dance, the drama, and the moor,  
Hilario quits fair England : restless still,  
He follows pleasure's shade, and ever will ;  
Till to some "high-vice'd" city drawing close,  
It leaves him idle, but without repose.

Hilario stakes his goods, among the rest  
A ring—it was a dying friend's bequest !  
This dear memorial of a dying friend  
Adorns a strumpet's finger in the end.

Lucilius courts the great ; he'd rather be  
Their slave, than live among his equals free :  
Yet will he notice these, whene'er they meet  
Elsewhere, than in a fashionable street.  
Yet some there are who scorn—how very odd !  
This lordling's humble servant's *friendly* nod.

Vain, demi-deified by flattering self,  
Young Claudius cries—"All women want my pelf!"  
Some, dazzled with exterior show, adore  
The golden calf, like wayward Jews of yore.  
Yet is the fool so fine—he dares to scorn  
The highly-gifted, beautiful, high-born,

Till from his fancied eminence he's hurl'd  
 By lawless love—a by-word in the world !  
 Or to a wanton, or another's wife  
 Wedded, for ever with his spouse at strife.

Extreme in every thing, Petronius pants  
 To be a chosen one, and humbly cants !  
 What, are humility and cant allied ?  
 Humility is virtue, cant is pride !  
 The words of dying Addison, “ Be good,”  
 Though easy, are by few well understood.

Florus, whose wit may grace to-morrow's feast,  
 Is low to-day ; the wind is in the east—  
 Or deems he that at thirty though he sing  
 A jest, a jester's but a trifling thing ?

The mind “ that's sicklied o'er with the pale cast  
 Of thought,” intensely ponders o'er the past !  
 Each act, however fair in youth's gay prime,  
 Changes its hues ; and darkens into crime :  
 Each lighter jest, in strong remembrance set,  
 Adds something to the stores of vain regret. ..

E'en Atticus, whose mind is blest with taste,  
 Lets, when alone, his talents run to waste.  
 The standard of his taste is high indeed ;  
 Few are the books he *condescends* to read :

He bears with Dryden's prose, or Campbell's verse.  
Such delicate feeling surely is a curse.

What is thy boasted knowledge, man of thought ?  
What are thy fancy's meteor flashes ?—nought,—  
If but a passing cloud that glooms the sky  
Can stupify thy brain, or dull thine eye :  
Slave to the breeze, the sunshine, and the shower,  
Thou art in sooth a transitory flower !

There's Heaven in mere existence ; then again  
If clouds be lowering, fortune smiles in vain :  
The dull cold morn, which doubtful lights illume,  
Casts o'er the mind its harmonizing gloom.

“ Poor human Nature !” bending over Pope,  
His friend exclaim'd—but where was St. John's hope ?  
He saw the poet ghastly, weak, and thin,  
But saw not the immortal soul within !  
The soul, that like an eagle soars among  
The bright existences, those souls of song  
That, with intuitive glance, at once see through  
Worlds, which on earth they vainly strove to view.

On the rough ocean of existence tost,  
Here contemplation is in action lost.  
Had we but time to speculate, how strange  
Would all appear within the mind's wide range ;

Ourselves, our nature, what th' Almighty power  
Wills us to be—when past death's awful hour !  
Our thoughts are vague when they attempt to pass  
Beyond the boundaries of *is* and *was*.  
How very small must seem, whene'er we think,  
In being's endless chain this earthly link !

To-day, and yesterday—these words imply  
Life has its constant labours 'till we die.  
Then may our souls, upspringing from the dust,  
Live with the spirits of the good and just !  
Is there a spot of sunshine to be found  
In life's dark valley ? yes—'tis holy ground !  
'Tis where Religion sheds a sober beam,  
As fell on Gideon's fleece the blessed stream.

“ Bask in the sun of pleasure while you can :  
Life's summer soon is fled : then what is man ! ”  
Unapt illusion ! as our years increase,  
The mind gains strength, the storms of passion cease !  
The informing spirit then, that never dies,  
Gives promise of those godlike energies  
That it will exercise without decay,  
In other worlds, when this shall pass away.

Let us then fondly hope that they, whose worth  
Rivall'd the virtues of the best on earth,

**24      SECOND EPISTLE TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.**

They, in whose hearts angels rejoiced to find  
The fear of God, the love of all mankind,  
They whom we loved, for whom, alas ! we shed  
The fruitless tear, since they to us are dead,  
Will live for ever with us in the sight  
Of that immortal One who dwells in light,  
Throned inaccessible. We learn to brave,  
Arm'd with this hope, the terrors of the grave !

## THIRD EPISTLE

## TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

This is a beautiful life now ! Privacy  
 The sweetness and the benefit of essence.  
 I see there's no man but may make his paradise ;  
 And it is nothing but his love and dotage  
 Upon the world's foul joys that keeps him out on't.

FLETCHER'S *Nice Valour*, Act v. Scene 2.

THIS day, that shone most glorious from its birth,  
 Is like a glimpse of Heaven as caught from earth.  
 Here oft in silence have we loved to gaze  
 On sylvan wonders, far above our praise.  
 Our thoughts are fresh, as is the early dew  
 In our life's morn ; oh ! were they always new,  
 Earth would be Paradise ; but soon they lose  
 Their freshness, and grow stale by frequent use.  
 Those varied fancies, that when we are young  
 Please us, remain through want of art unsung ;  
 When art might teach us duly to express  
 Their charms, alas ! we feel and know them less.

The noblest landscape that e'er bless'd the sight,  
Day after day beheld, scarce gives delight.  
That which we now mis-name a trifling toy,  
Once kindled in our hearts a flame of joy !  
As the sky's brilliant hues at close of day  
Melt down into an undistinguish'd grey—  
Thus the changed mind, its lively colours past  
Wears the dull livery of the world at last.

E'en PAMPHILUS, in whose young bosom dwelt  
A love of all that's beautiful—who felt  
That Nature, ever present where he roved,  
Clung closely to his heart, a Nymph beloved !  
Now views, unheeding, emerald vales and floods.  
And in repose magnificent, the woods.

Yet better this than an o'eracted zeal  
For rural beauties which you do not feel.  
URBANUS is in raptures when he sees,  
Since rudeness is a crime, his Patron's trees ;  
URBANUS deems not what he sees divine ;  
But 'tis polite to shout at times “ How fine ! ”  
This feign'd enthusiast with his words may cheat  
The vain possessor of a country-seat !  
But has URBANUS view'd the clouds that flush  
Around a summer's sky, the morning's blush ;  
And felt, when quite alone, the deep, deep sense  
Of beauty inexpress'd, not less intense

When all sensations of delight are thrown  
Into a heavenward gratitude alone ?

Pleasures like this are passionless, and give  
A lesson to us for what ends we live :  
They show the soul's high origin, though worn  
By care, and oh ! predict that glorious morn,  
When life, and light, and love, the primal beam,  
Shall flow upon the good in endless stream !

A lute, a gentle voice, or summer skies,  
All in their turn wake kindred sympathies ;  
Though few, like SYLVIA, love to waste their hours  
Courting romantic thoughts in tangled bowers,  
'Till loathing social duties, he misdeems  
Himself a spirit in a world of dreams.  
Yet will meek evening to the coldest heart  
A sober glow of happiness impart ;  
Sweet promise this of pleasures yet to come,  
Showing that earth is not our proper home.  
*This* nature teaches to that being call'd  
“ Man of the world,” or man by art entrall'd,  
With the thin gloss of fashion smoothing o'er  
His real character, like thousands more !  
So mild, his manners are to all the same ;  
Stranger or Friend alike attention claim.

Now FLAVIUS lingers in the town alone ;  
The pride and pomp of which, alas, are gone !

The mean young man will condescend to seek  
A rural Bashaw's seat ; but for a week :  
Th' indignant Landlord scorns, as well he might,  
The proffer'd honour, as he scorn'd the slight  
Which FLAVIUS show'd him when among the crowd  
Of worldlings walk'd the coxcomb poor and proud.  
All pride is littleness—but very low  
The pride which unpaid tailors can bestow !—  
The bigot for his narrow creed may have  
Some reason, but a fool is fashion's slave ;  
Who, for a name's equivocal renown,  
Would the best feelings of the heart disown.  
Let brother triflers damn him as half-bred,  
The charms of this much-boasted name are fled :  
A word from fashion's high-priest,—sacred thing !  
Will clip at once the young aspirant's wing.  
Unhappy youth ! whom fortune thus beguiles !  
The lovely Peeress passes by, nor smiles.  
The title “ Exquisite ” acquired with pain,  
Like that of “ Champion,” is a doubtful gain.

The youth whose heart, replete with kindness, loved  
The world, whose generous acts that world approved,  
When all was new, and fancy gave a gloss  
To life's realities that are but dross—  
In manhood, should his sanguine hopes be crost,  
Is chill'd by apathy's unyielding frost ;  
Save when arise some sudden gusts of spleen,  
You scarce would guess that he had active been.

Dreary will be life's eve to SPORUS soon,  
The black cloud of contempt o'erhangs his noon.

One moment's gaze on such a scene as this  
Is worth whole years of artificial bliss.  
When the sun gilds with his declining rays  
The castle famed in great ELIZA's days,  
I love to linger near its ruin'd walls,  
Where ivy clusters, or luxuriant falls :  
Then in my mind are suddenly revived  
The days when SIDNEY, " flower of knighthood," lived.  
That stainless hero ! a propitious star  
In peace ; a splendid meteor in the war !  
Th' unwearied light of valour on his crest  
Shone, while in royal halls he look'd the best.  
Such noble spirits to a higher sphere  
Belong, and, ere we know them, disappear !

Now the calm sunset gives a mellow grace  
To the vast pile ; what pleasure 'tis to trace  
The shadows of past greatness ! not a sound  
Is heard, while twilight gently steals around.  
Here time appears resistless ; but my soul  
Says that one Power can time itself control :  
The Power that hath reveal'd the promise sure,  
That *now*, one boundless present, shall endure.

But what are works upraised by human skill ?  
Mere toys, Pride's splendid playthings, if you will.—

Nature, more prodigal, has always been  
Most lavish of her treasures where unseen.  
She, in vast solitudes delights to show  
That without man's vain aid her nurslings grow  
A giant brood ; for there mimosas rise,  
And the columnar cactus towers unto the skies ;  
There valleys look like worlds, o'er which the vast  
Forests their shades interminably cast !  
Where all is great, shall not man's heart expand,  
Enlarging with the grandeur of the land ?  
There as the mind upsprings, from custom freed,  
It scorns the courtier's fashionable creed,  
Knowing itself how mean in Pride's abode,  
How comprehensive 'mong the works of God.  
The worst and best of passions there, the lust  
Of wealth, the love of glory, give disgust ;  
And thought illimitable there would fain  
The wisdom of earth's wisest sons disdain.

EUMOLPUS—child of Genius he—was made  
To live “in the sun,” and yet would seek the shade !  
Thou dost remember well his fine dark eye,  
Where shone enthroned the soul of Poesy ;  
His voice that silver-toned fit channel seem'd  
For flow of wit with which his fancy teem'd ;  
His eloquent discourse now light, now full  
Of thoughts profound and rare, but never dull.  
Spite of these brilliant qualities that warm  
The heart, and give to social life a charm,

This gifted being, to th' abodes of men  
Preferr'd the mountain's height, or lonely glen.  
But PSITTACUS, the bard, aspires to move  
Among the rich and great, to court *their* love.  
He labours every day to feel the effect  
Of writing well, and trembles at neglect.  
One might his highly polish'd wit compare  
To the snow-diamond, beautiful and rare :  
He knows indeed its worth ; for every word  
He asks the homage of the social board ;  
And while his brilliants sparkle, Fame forbid  
Their light should be beneath a bushel hid.  
But though his Muse, in verse a very saint,  
The beauties of a rural life can paint,  
She ne'er with Nature's self communion held,  
But felt *that* Power her energies had quell'd !

How few, while with their fellow-men they mix,  
Write what they may, on Heaven their thoughts will fix !  
Affections small but strong in union bind  
With many threads to earth the giant mind ;—  
Then as man strays through Pleasure's flowery path,  
Bursts on his head the vial of God's wrath !

Yet praise is dear to all—the world's, alas,  
(As wet and dry affect the weather-glass)  
Or given or withheld can raise or sink  
The spirits ; 'tis for that we act and think :

For that young DRUSUS, falling from his rank,  
Into a wandering, would-be ROSCIUS sank ;  
For that PATRICIUS would, a fruitless toil,  
Enrich with German flowers his English soil ;  
E'en from his loved retreat the rural Bard  
Seeks in the world's approval his reward.  
Where's the Recluse, who, though it loudly strikes  
His ear, the grateful voice of fame dislikes ?  
Thus rise from ROUSSEAU's genius, that illumes  
The shrine of Nature, vanity's rank fumes.  
The worshippers of glory, though sublime  
Their maxims, are but great in prose and rhyme.  
So weak is man, that when upraised at most,  
The mind a partial flight can only boast :  
Soon with a flagging wing 'twill stoop, and creep  
Along the ground—Hear this, ye vain, and weep !

ANTIMACHUS (since such a name the muse  
Reluctant for the wayward youth must choose)  
Writes like an angel, but his actions stain  
The else unsullied offspring of his brain.  
He seems in contrarieties to take  
Delight, at once Philosopher and Rake.  
What Casuist dare affirm 'twixt good and bad  
That aught like compromise can e'er be had,  
Though many characters, so wills it strife,  
Preserve no keeping on the stage of life ?  
The sentimentalist to-day, will quaff  
Bumpers of wine to-morrow, jest and laugh.

MORECRAFT, the usurer, will e'en unbend,  
 And give a dinner to his pigeon'd Friend.  
 Mind has its lights and shadows, that, to please,  
 Into each other melt by slow degrees :  
 But with alternate colours dark and bright,  
 The glaring contrast shocks the moral sight.  
 Strange inconsistencies will show that all  
 The wisest feel the curse of Adam's fall.

Good God ! MARCELLUS by the gay and grave  
 Approved, became the vilest passion's slave.  
 Pure were his thoughts in boyhood, modest sense  
 Adorn'd a mind that hated all pretence.  
 Poor fallen youth, how changed ! thou lately wast  
 Thy country's pride ; but now—the world's outcast.  
 Oh may swift vengeance hurl its lightnings down  
 On their base heads by whom this youth's o'erthrown !  
 Pass we this theme—the subject will involve  
 A knotty question which no Bard can solve :  
 Why should this man, since Virtue “ with his growth  
 Grew,” be *at once* the worthless thing we loathe ?  
 Bad spirits ever vigilant will glide  
 Into the heart's recess, and there abide ;  
 Expelling the fair forms of Love and Truth,  
 Though beautiful, but transient guests in sooth.  
 ALCIPHRON opens Nature's Book, and reads  
 That there's a God, as visible in weeds

As worlds ; and yet the sceptic is perplex'd ;  
With "qualities," and "modes," and "substance" vex'd.  
Words, vague in meaning chill his *holy* zeal,  
And counteract what he *must* see and feel.  
Is he in danger ? then he will adore  
God, and forget the quibbling sophist's lore :  
Conscience will dissipate the mists that cloud  
Thoughts, very weak indeed, when very proud.  
Thus the presumptuous intellect of man  
Passes its bounds, but ends where it began.

While Heaven pours forth varieties of light  
In beautiful profusion, what delight  
It is to view the woodlands, lawns between :  
Brief joy, perchance ! soon clouds may supervene,  
Deepening their shadows o'er the woods that now  
With an intensity of radiance glow.

That joy is like a moment's sunshine, gone  
Ere you can feel it, we have often known :  
But Friendship is a plant that will outlast  
The gusts of care, or Sorrow's wintry blast.  
Then may'st thou see, my Friend, a good old age,  
Happy as DEMONAX, and quite as sage,  
And when her mild farewell to life is given,  
May Angel Faith direct thy soul to Heaven !

## FOURTH EPISTLE

## TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.



May it please your Lordship to withdraw yourself  
Unto this neighbouring grove, there shall you hear  
How the sweet treble of the chirping birds,  
And the soft stirring of the moved leaves,  
Running delightful descant to the sound  
Of the base murmuring of the bubbling brook,  
Become a concert of good instruments:  
While twenty babbling echoes round about  
Out of the stony concave of their mouths  
Restore the vanish'd music of each close,  
And fill your ears full with redoubled pleasure.

LINGUA.—*Old Play.*

THE golden morn of youth is gone, and man  
Reaches his noon of life without a plan :  
As snow falls softly on the mountain height,  
Time passes by : 'tis noon-day now—'tis night :  
Though whispers oft the still small voice within,  
To waste, or misapply thy time, is sin.

Yet it is pleasant here to gaze away  
In sweet forgetfulness of cares the day,

The long long summer's day ; while flowers exhale  
Their fragrance borne along the western gale,  
That o'er our Avon's bosom gently breathes,  
Till in the sun her "crisped smiles" she wreathes ;  
Or glory in that sun, till thought elate  
Would o'er the horizon round its orb dilate ;  
Or trace resemblance to that monarch proud  
Of Alps, Mont Blanc, in some high-towering cloud ;  
Or wander lonely through the solemn grove  
With every feeling hush'd, save that of love,  
Love of a Being who is evermore  
All that a grateful spirit must adore !—  
As clouds along the stream in varied hues  
Their lovely shadows rapidly diffuse ;  
So o'er life's current changeful Fancy glides,  
In shapes swift-flitting o'er the restless tides.

All the fine plans thy subtle mind hath spun  
Melt into air, like mists before the sun ;  
Yet why regret ? substantial systems wrought  
By heads of statesmen crumble into nought.  
The wings of time though oft-repeated shocks  
Beat down opinions strong as granite rocks ;  
Senates have sanction'd schemes they now deride ;  
Oh what a lesson this to human pride !

Bacon has said—then take it in my rhyme—  
The slaves of custom are the sport of time ;

How, as they strive to check his onward course,  
He whirls them round with a resistless force !  
While knowledge, strong as is the ocean's tide,  
Scatters opposing errors far and wide ;  
Sweeping away the veil that time has thrown  
O'er old opinions all must soon disown.  
Though knowledge be progressive, mystery shrouds  
The glowing sons of fancy in her clouds,  
So brilliant, they divert aspiring youth  
From following sober lights hung out by truth.  
But ah ! from them involved within the mass,  
Too soon away the brilliant colours pass.

Mystical poetry with wondrous art  
Entwines itself around the enthusiast's heart.  
Alastor gathers images remote  
From human use, as stimulants to thought :  
With projects wild his brain distemper'd teems,  
His world appears impalpable as dreams :  
Vague phantoms take the place of living forms,  
And torturing doubt a noble mind deforms.  
How can a soul which matter clogs discern  
Abstraction's shadowy tribe ? their nature learn ?  
Awhile they rush before our mental sight  
Enlarged, then far recede, and all is night !  
We shape our projects from a chaos wild  
Of dreams that ought not to delude a child ;  
Then, as our air-built fantasies deceive  
Hopes that are nursed in spite of reason—grieve.

In one brief day, thoughts rapidly succeed  
Each other, varying as we act or read :  
As mutable as Claudia's love, that veers  
From heirs for wealth plebeian famed to peers ;  
Or those opinions that in proper season  
Conviction brings against our staggering reason ;  
Conviction, as self-interest rules the hour,  
Has opportunely a resistless power.

What are the secret links uniting thought  
With thought ? Here metaphysics teach us nought ;  
The mind, but lately pleased with idle things,  
Is teeming now with vast imaginings ;  
(Not that of Quintus, which, except the news  
That clubs can give, no subject can amuse.)  
The voice, but lately bland, in fearful tone,  
Now bids the oppressor tremble on his throne ;  
And hearts indignant with responsive beat  
Throb, and impatient crowds their shouts repeat.  
Thus a great actor shows upon the stage  
Alternate fits of tenderness and rage ;  
Who a few minutes since among his guests  
Threw rapidly his laughter-moving jests.

Imagination is to mortals given  
That they may sometimes catch a glimpse of heaven,  
But not to be an erring guide—at strife  
With all the sober principles of life ;

To cheat us, as a Prospero with his wand  
Creates and then dissolves a fairy band.  
Yet what are all the pleasures as we pass  
Through life, that cheer our pilgrimage, alas !

Beauty attracts us with her smiles, and Love  
Is a most busy god, where idlers move,  
Thronging those gardens gay of which the flowers  
Transcend the choicest that adorn our bowers ;  
There glow in summer's lighter garb array'd  
The loveliest forms that ever nature made ;  
The roseate bloom of youth is on their cheeks :  
In their sweet looks mind eloquently speaks.  
( Yet taste laments that Tullia's shape is gone ;  
Among her fair compeers she brightly shone.)  
Eyes that with tears were filled but yesternight  
For a lost Almack's, sparkle with delight.

Come, thou enchantress, Music, with thy strains  
Alternate wake delight, or calm our pains !  
Thou canst attune the heart to every change  
Of feeling as thy fancy loves to range :  
Thou art, mysterious Harmony, by Heaven  
To man a solace for his sorrows given.  
The Hermit dreams of music in his cell,  
Of voices heard in Heaven the choral swell :  
The Pilgrim hears the vesper bell at close  
Of day, and nears the city of repose,

Cheerful yet pensive ; while the minstrels come  
With merry sounds to cheer the Burgher's home.  
Now rouse the warrior's soul ; now in the lute  
With thy fine touch the lover's ear salute.

A ballet at the Opera it seems  
Is what a poet fancies when he dreams :  
Oh what a world of poesy is there !  
What delicate spirits people earth and air !  
Angels of light, too fine for Man's embrace—  
They are, if Angels, then a *fallen* race.  
What are these beings of ethereal mould  
By whom the “Muses’ tales are truly told ?”  
Young Claudius knows, whose heart such beauty warms,  
That these all-glorious sprites have venal charms.

But Freedom here can show a nobler prize  
Than loveliest nymph, if Claudius will be wise ;  
Fortune and birth, be he but blest with sense,  
Will give him more than labour'd eloquence !  
What though deficient he in Grattan's fire,  
Canning's fine irony, Grey's noble ire,  
Let him but heed the People's genuine voice,  
Their boundless love will make his heart rejoice :  
Soon will he thank his God that gratitude  
Can warm a peasant's heart, however rude !

Smiles that light up fair woman's face impart  
The senses, sunshine to the heart :

While gay good humour laughs from Clara's eyes,  
Her brow is more serene than summer skies :  
A wit offends, soon anger in her frown,  
Like thunder sleeping in a cloud, is shown :  
Hapless the wight on whom it chance to burst ;  
What devil than a scold is more accurst ?

Metella, Fashion's most prevailing star,  
Brilliant as Venus rising in her car ;  
Metella (scorn sits lovely on her lips)  
Frowns, can another's radiance her's eclipse ?  
A purse-proud rival, not in loveliness  
Dares to surpass her, but in wealth's excess.  
Shall then the Day-God's flower that flaunting shows  
Its yellow hue, raise envy in the rose ?  
Oh, no ! Metella's splendour far outshines  
Her rival's grandeur, were she queen of mines.  
Taste, birth's obedient fairy, waves her wand  
Through her saloon—Gold cannot taste command.

Turn we from scenes like these ; and long and loud  
The Preacher's voice is heard above the crowd,  
Denouncing all those vanities that late  
Gladden'd our spirits : these awhile we hate,  
Though Saints far more attractive to the eye  
Than Guido's fair Madonnas near us sigh.  
One act of real virtue bears the impress  
Of Deity upon it, nothing less,

Outlasting all the glittering gauds that Pride  
Delights the fool with, aye, the wise beside.

So says the Preacher : trembling, we believe  
His words, but still again ourselves deceive ;  
Still to the world return, with zest increased,  
Like parting coursers in the field released.

Though timid Cocknies scorn (a nerveless race)  
That life of life, the madness of the chase,  
The draw, the find, the soul-exciting burst,  
The burning emulation to be first ;  
These *are* delights—but sports must lose their zest,  
When days are blank, and spirits are deprest.

Lucilius, burden'd with superfluous coin,  
Pants the kind sharers in his wealth to join,  
Where Crockford's palace glares upon his eyes,  
As a proud harlot sense of shame defies.

How true the proverb, “ Cobwebs that enfold  
The less, on greater reptiles loose their hold.”

Wondering that men can thus their money lose ;  
Sons of *vertù*, a better part you choose.

Some book, it matters not in prose or rhyme,  
You buy,—we'll call it “ Pleasure's rare Passe-tyme ; ”

Or drag some dusty picture to the day,—  
Cheap, if you have five hundred pounds to pay :  
The picture, you remove the sacred dust,  
Had better in its former station rust ;—  
The book—how vast your agony of grief—  
More precious than the Sibyl's, wants a leaf !

Tullius, whose well-stored library's a hive  
Of sweets the varied flowers of genius give,  
Is but a drone : from book to book he flies,  
Tastes all, contributes nothing,—useless dies.

Where to support the poor, Bazaars are graced  
With high-born dames behind the counter placed,  
Fair Seraphina studiously displays  
Her pretty wares for charity, or praise.  
Works finish'd by her lovely hands attract  
Attention—here a novel, there a tract :  
These works her varied inclinations paint ;  
The Fair, as fashion wills, is blue, or saint !

This sickly feeling, that can never thrive,  
Unless by Pleasure's aid 'tis kept alive—  
Call you *this* Charity that He approves  
Who knows the spring that every action moves ?  
*This* charity, that's borne, as Angels sing,  
To God's eternal mount, on Seraph's wing ?

Though Nature in her noblest mood has made  
Sydney in camps, and Howard in the shade,  
(Moral phenomena ! more rare, I fear,  
Than an Iago or Sir Giles are here)  
Benevolence, pure element of good,  
Is dash'd with grosser matter in our blood.

Orfellus gives you feasts, to glut his pride ;  
You ask a loan of him, he turns aside.  
While Bavius prates of friendship in his verse,  
Yet from the dearest friend withholds his purse.  
The generous man—he whom the world commends—  
Fills high the sparkling wine-cup for his friends ;  
And yet this hospitable reveller lives  
For self—for self alone his banquet gives.  
What though this Pharisee exalts his horn  
On high, and views a brother's woes with scorn ;  
When placed before the judgment seat of Heaven,  
The scorner may be lost, the scorn'd forgiven !

Fame cries that Appius, generous wight, but lives  
To bless his neighbour : all he has he gives.  
Though in subscriptions be his name enroll'd,  
His virtue glitters—'tis not sterling gold :  
No prayer of those he has relieved by stealth  
*Consecrates* alms that trumpet forth his wealth.

Croesus for unimagined pleasure pants;  
His very pain is that he nothing wants :  
His life, a calm so sick'ning to the soul,  
Were worse to many than the tempest's howl.  
'Tis the pursuit that cheers us ; when attain'd,  
The object is as speedily disdain'd ;  
Of wealth unbounded, as in rank the first,  
Croesus with fulness of enjoyment's curst.

Crassus, rich child of dulness, lives among  
High orators and mighty sons of song :  
Admitted to the table of the Gods, he's hit,  
Like Vulcan, by their frequent shafts of wit.

Strange are the qualities in Man commixt !  
Firm in some things, in others how unfixt !  
Can that Valerius, whose high worth is seen  
In public actions, be in private mean ?  
Or can Ambrosius point beyond the grave  
A Hell for sinners, and become a knave ?  
How the arch-tempter loves within his toils  
To catch reluctant dragons—they *are* spoils.  
The same imaginary sorrows vex  
Unquiet spirits, the same cares perplex ;  
Go to the Court, what characters are there !  
The same by Pope described, or La Bruyère.

Eugenius daily with unwearied zeal  
Resumes his labours for the common weal ;

Neglects his fine estate, with study pale  
O'erworks his brains, and what does all avail ?  
The dullest idler may in public speak  
Better than he—our Patriot's nerves are weak !

Ascanius, for his trade too honest, dives  
Into the depths of policy, and strives  
In sabbathless pursuit of fame to be  
What never with his nature can agree.  
Too good, though train'd up in the statesman's school,  
To see through those whom selfish passions rule ;  
Too sensitive to bear against the blast  
Of faction till its rage be overpast.

Each flying shade, each transient light will throw  
Young Flaccus into fits of joy or woe ;  
The breath of censure, frown of scorn, will shake  
His frame until his heart-strings almost break.  
If but a feather's weight oppress his nerves,  
The mind disjointed from its purpose swerves.

Scarce on his self-raised eminence appear'd  
Publius ; the harass'd sons of freedom cheer'd.  
To him, as to the pillar'd fire that burn'd  
At night before the Israelites, they turn'd.  
Struggling 'gainst tyranny's recurring wave  
They heard his voice, all-powerful to save ;  
(A voice that fulminating o'er Europe shamed  
Power from attempting schemes that cunning framed,)

With energy renew'd then upwards sprung,  
And firmly to their rock of safety clung.  
As falls the mighty column in its pride,  
Publius had reach'd Ambition's height, and died !  
Perish'd a statesman as erect and great  
As from its watch-tower e'er o'erlook'd the state.

Political Economy ! how few  
Through thy strange labyrinth can find a clue !  
Soon as he enters it, the Tyro's lost,  
On every side by turns of "value" crost.  
Then let Ricardo, mighty guide, direct  
His steps ! let Malthus shout each different sect !

Dear is our country to us, *dear* our law,  
As perfect as a gem without a flaw :  
Were he alive the dicast-lashing bard,  
Whose wit is brilliant, though 'tis somewhat hard,  
Would Mitchell's great Apollo dart his gibe  
At virtuous England's fee-receiving tribe ?  
While Justice with her well-poised balance stands,  
The weights pass slowly through a thousand hands.  
Since some there are who, menaced with a jail,  
Invent, by conscience unappall'd, a tale ;  
Who join a company whose traffic lies  
In certain wares, that men call perjuries ;  
Who live begirt by knaves from day to day  
On alms supplied them by the law's delay.

Invention comes, unfolding every hour  
Of steam the almost preternatural power.  
What cannot mind achieve whose magic skill  
Rules this reluctant element at will ?  
It may perchance still mightier powers create  
That now in depths of night its fiat wait.  
Improvement points to paths yet unexplored,  
Where realms of science richest spoils afford.

Fame's temple with her thousand portals still  
Is placed on high ; but all ascend the hill.  
Ye few secure yon heights above to keep  
Your stations now—is this a time to sleep ?  
The mild interpreter of Nature now  
Had been a Faustus centuries ago ;  
Nor God nor Dæmon, scarcely prized no more,  
He adds his mite unto the common store,  
The gain of patient thought : meanwhile increase  
Through mutual intercourse the gifts of peace.  
Commerce, the nurse of Freedom, rears afar  
Her flag triumphant o'er wide-wasting war.  
Though Prejudice still struggles to maintain  
Her long ascendency, she strives in vain.

The “ Georgics of the mind,” so widely spread  
Is knowledge, make the rudest hind well-bred !  
Beggars in metaphor your alms entreat,  
And low-born knaves like Gentlemen can cheat !

Milkmaids write flowing lines on purling rills,  
And Owen's happy children dance quadrilles.

Some master minds there are, that still excel  
The rest, as Davy's vast discoveries tell ;  
Unrivall'd in his art, with what success  
He bore the Torch through Chemistry's recess !  
From age to age his deep research shall wake  
Some genius slumbering else on Lethe's lake,  
Whose talents in a moment may, by chance,  
For years the knowledge of his art advance.

The sun of science in its noonday blaze  
Glorious would strike our Bacon with amaze,  
Were he again revisiting this earth,  
To view its progress, as he hail'd its birth !

But genius came all-perfect from above,  
As sprung Minerva from the head of Jove,  
Play'd in bold lightnings o'er the Theban's lyre,  
And shone round Homer's head a crown of fire :  
Fresh as their air, and brilliant as their sky,  
Flow'd on the deep stream of their Poesy.  
In lovely Greece, while yet the world was young,  
Pregnant with intellect such Poets sung ;  
In that fair clime, by subtle Taste refin'd  
Came forth the rich creations of the mind.

Beauty and wit, bright idols of the crowd,  
Beneath a veil of allegory glow'd.  
Are not our Bards of olden times confest  
By all to be more potent than the rest ?

Shakspeare, whate'er I may presume to call  
Thee, Moralist, Bard, Sage, or all in all ;  
May I approach thy intellectual throne,  
While now all spirits are to thee as known  
As once on earth mankind, and bow the knee,  
Thou Idol of an English heart, to thee.  
What but thy wondrous *nature* could display  
Such perfect samples of the grave and gay ?  
As Hamlet's melancholy mood we quit  
For Hal's light *bardinage* and Falstaff's wit.  
Compared with thine, the noblest dramas, fraught  
With genius, are but rudiments of thought ;  
And images the bard profusely pours,  
As if he never could exhaust his stores,  
On every glowing verse, but give the change  
Of a few fancies circumscribed in range.  
Invention's unborn sons might yet produce  
Works, bending Nature's will to human use ;  
Another Watt may bless mankind ; but when  
Shall Shakspeare's inspiration live again ?

Shakspeare, the glorious morning-star that cheer'd  
Our dawn of literature, has disappear'd ;

What light has since uprisen to adorn  
The noon, as that illumed the purple morn ?  
One like a meteor (Nations gazed, admired !)  
Rush'd on our sight, blazed momently, expired.  
Its radiance, flashing on our memory, warms  
Us still ; in dreams its noble aspect charms.

The rage for all that's marvellous and new  
Pervades the crowd, a love of truth but few :  
With Shakspeare and the Northern Seer content,  
Why heed we what inferior minds invent ?

Far as our language spreads, from clime to clime,  
Is Shakspeare's muse upborne on wings of time :  
Thousands unborn her glorious flight shall hail :—  
For Nature will be felt when customs fail.

Now Authors come at Fashion's call in haste  
To please with varied food the public taste :  
Well ! they are idols of the day, and have  
All that they want—what's fame beyond the grave :  
An unsubstantial glare that flickers o'er  
Ambition's dangerous eminence, no more—  
Let Milton wait posterity's award,  
'Tis present gain that charms the modern bard.  
A bard triumphant, disregarding facts,  
Some known event from History's page extracts :

Drawn from a Poem that just praise hath won,  
The tale is through a lengthen'd novel spun ;  
Here fiction o'er a *wider* surface blends  
Itself with truth, and common sense offends.

Are not the Novelists whose bright renown  
Blazed through all Italy—now scarcely known ?  
Except Boccaccio ; (He who reads *must* smile  
At his fine wit, and love his perfect style ;)  
And yet the gems that from invention's mine  
They drew, than ours more beautifully shine.

A tale of real life by Fashion wove,  
Will have its day, and high and low approve.  
Another follows, incidents surprise,  
And scenes of woe with tears fill loveliest eyes.

As a high-crested wave o'ertops the rest,  
Then foaming breaks on Ocean's heaving breast ;  
Thus towers awhile, his Brother-Bards among,  
Some mightier Poet, how sublime in song !  
Till, on the wide expanse of ages cast,  
He's caught within oblivion's gulf at last !

Since thoughts successive in another sphere  
Excel those of our brightest moments here,  
Why should *he* seek distinction, which acquired,  
He may hereafter scorn, though now desired !

Unless the master-spirits of this earth  
Then relatively greater shall shine forth.

How oft in bygone days we loved to quote  
Each gentle verse that Pope to Harley wrote ;  
Or that sweet lay, in which while he adored  
“ Mary in Heaven,” poor Burns his soul outpour’d ;  
To snatch, can words the depth or breadth express  
Of Wordsworth ’raptured with their loveliness,  
The pearls of wisdom that, beneath a stream  
Of poetry, as pure as Derwent’s, gleam.  
Oh these are Poets we may call divine ;  
Like Angels standing in the Sun, they shine ;  
Point out to us exultingly the way  
That leads to Truth’s abode as bright as day ;  
Bestow a lovelier hue on every flower  
Year after year ; awaken thoughts that tower  
Above our sordid schemes on earth ; and blend  
Emotions here, with those which heavenward tend.  
May we, once having past death’s confines, see  
In their own orbs the great, the good, the free :  
That “ old man eloquent ” whose mind was stored  
With ancient, modern lore, a boundless hoard,  
Whose genius e’en o’er common subjects threw  
Embroidery of language ever new !

Newton ! La Place ! what mind can comprehend  
The worlds through which all-seeing they ascend !

While to their gaze, as crystal mirrors clear,  
 The wonders of the Universe appear.  
 As knowledge burns within them, on their sight  
 In full perspective burst the realms of light,  
 One blaze, no momentary cloud obscures,  
 Such as the eye of mind alone endures !  
 From strength to strength, unclogg'd by grosser sense,  
 Progressive grows each fine intelligence :  
 The shades of mystery vanishing, at last  
 All harmonize—the present—future—past !  
 Like interchange of sunbeams, thought with thought  
 Has quick communion,—wisdom comes unsought ;  
 And mind with all the sciences instinct  
 That rainbow-like are blended yet distinct,  
 With mind converses ; Envy never throws  
 One shadow there where Love's pure effluence flows.  
 Oh what ineffable delight above  
 To know, to feel, that all around *is* love !

Though broken be the lute, the magic skill  
 Of the musician lives within him still.  
 Shall not that efflux bright from Heaven, the Mind,  
 Survive the ruins of its “ corporal rind ?”  
 Crown'd with transcendent splendours far and wide,  
 Then range, and Time's decaying touch deride ?  
 Drawing by turns into itself whate'er  
 It sees around that's wonderful or fair ?  
 Collecting knowledge infinite each hour,  
 As the Bee gathers sweets from every flower ?

Beings we partially imagine now,  
Gay creatures of our day-dreams, then will glow  
Star-like in lustre, beauteous as that morn,  
When above Eden's mount the Day-God rose new-born,  
Will pass in waves of light the mind before  
That *then* may dare their nature to explore,  
Whatever be its element ; or flame,  
Or finer essence that we cannot name.

FIFTH EPISTLE  
TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

---

PERFECTIBILITY.

"The age of sophists, calculators, and economists has succeeded."  
BURKE.

---

O'ER her vast verdant nest Composure broods !  
There is a forest grandeur in the woods  
That lengthen through the valley, or on high  
Like emerald clouds against a silver sky,  
Towering into the air, luxuriant crown  
The hills, or graceful stretch the vales adown ;  
Foliage o'er foliage swelling, dark, and bright ;  
With shadows here imbrown'd, there bathed in light.

Once more enshrouded in the woods that close  
My mansion round, once more I woo repose,  
Dream of rose-colour'd days that long have pass'd,  
And moralize o'er flowers too gay to last,  
Yet now produced again, this month to cheer :  
Youth's flower, when faded, ne'er shall reappear !

Exults the young enthusiast when he sees  
An emerald cloud of richly foliaged trees  
Deepening into the sunlight's golden glow ?  
Dearer to me the shades of evening now !  
As we rove Avon's flowery banks along,  
We seem to hear the tricksy Ariel's song :  
Love-breathing imagery flows around  
(A poet's presence hallows it) this ground.  
Like a young beauty placed in grandeur's car,  
Smiles o'er yon purple cloud one lovely star :  
That Shakspeare's spirit liveth there we deem,  
So brightly imaged 'tis in yon mild stream.  
Now through the air, sweeter than Grisi's notes,  
At times imaginary music floats.

There may be planets in which beings dwell,  
The least of whom even Newton might excel—  
Intelligences wonderful ; yet far,  
As from the primal fount of light a star  
Twinkling in the immeasurable abyss,  
Their knowledge from the great Creator's is.  
Each in his orbit brightening, as he nears  
The rainbow-circled glory-throne, appears.  
How spirit join'd by love to spirit shines,  
As flame when touching flame its strength combines ;  
The essences of things before them brought  
Without continuous exercise of thought !  
Slow is our progress to perfection here,  
Whate'er it may be in another sphere ;

Narrow the path that leads to Truth's abode,  
In spite of Bentham's wrong-expelling code.

While institutions thrive, and boys are made  
Philosophers by adventitious aid ;  
While e'en the difference 'twixt right and wrong  
Must now to calculation's art belong ;  
While barren axioms, with much parade,  
Are as increase of mental wealth display'd ;  
While dull materialists will not believe  
That there are modes our senses can't perceive,  
Rapid as thought and bodiless as light,  
As if what is, must present be to sight ;—  
Some seers predict (their prescience not divine)  
That in this world far greater lights will shine ;  
(Then through the night of ages will the star  
Of Shakspeare seem a luminous point afar)  
That governments more perfect will be wrought  
By an improved machinery of thought !

Experience may foreshow the future through  
A glass indeed discoloured to our view :  
A clearer prescience of hereafter none  
Can have whose lives are measured by Time's zone.  
Who can foretell whate'er to-morrow's dawn  
May bring ?—not sage in ermine or in lawn.  
Who, as they down through countless ages go,  
The sequences of any act foreknow ?

Thought-executing projects, that alone  
Once fastened on attention, *now* are gone—  
Gone ! like an arrow through the pathless air,  
That closeth round and nought remaineth there !  
Plan what you may, discover what you will—  
Remain unchangeable old vices still—  
The most depraved of this lust-dighted race  
In arts excel not Valmont or Lovelace : \*  
Man is the same for ever, and to write  
Of present times trite themes is to indite.

Power yet evades with Cunning for her guide  
Deep plans by Knowledge framed to curb her pride ;  
Awhile defeated, soon she reappears,  
When Superstition vile her flag uprears ;  
Then, (let the theorist of his race be proud,)  
As round her troop the pomp-adoring crowd,  
The despot slyly fastens on their necks  
His chain—adieu to legislative checks !  
Historians fancy that a king is born  
To trouble men, like great Astolfo's horn.  
Princes will have their toys : for diadems  
Some fight ; more harmless, others play with gems,  
Lengthen their palaces, pavilions build,  
And ceilings gay of grand saloons o'ergild.

---

\* The heroes of "Clarissa" and "Les Liaisons Dangereuses." Par  
nobile fratrum !

The self-will'd autocrat essays to bind,  
 Like fulminating Popes of old, the mind ;  
 And Metternich, whose statecraft thrives so well,  
 Reacts the worn-out part of Machiavell.

*Thus we improve ; mild emperors succeed*  
 The imperial h——t. Does not Poland bleed ?  
 As in a fox-chase, in pursuit of fame  
 The cry is “ Forward ! forward ! ” still the same.  
 The restless spirit that impels the squire  
 To risk his neck, will set the world on fire,  
 When it impels proud princes, who, to fill  
 Their vacant hours up, hunt men and kill.

For fame—for fame unsated—Genius thirsts  
 And dies : thus mounts the bubble gay and bursts !  
 Thus Shelley blazed awhile—thus Byron shone,  
 And Burns—sons of the morning : they are gone !  
 Since they have pass'd away from earth in prime  
 Of manhood, surely in the abyme of time,  
 Else had they perish'd not with thoughts full-blown,  
 The seeds of mightier intellect are sown.  
 Are there not master-minds that in the deep  
 Abyss of time yet unawaken'd sleep ?  
 Like birds of brighter plumage than have been  
 Discover'd yet, hereafter to be seen,  
 Poets profuse of many coloured thought  
 Shall from the morning's womb to life be brought \*,

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\* “ The dew of thy birth is of the womb of the morning.”

Gladden the favoured country where they shine,  
 And pour fresh lustre even on truths divine ;  
 And new discoveries by science made  
 Shall to their songs bring illustration's aid.  
 Visions of glory they may see, and glow  
 With Milton's spirit—more than Milton know ;  
 While prophecies now unfulfilled, but then  
 Complete, extend their intellectual ken.  
 Vain hope ! still Shakspeare towers unmatched ; and  
     where  
 Is Fancy's child with Spenser to compare ?

With what an affluence of beauty *now*  
 The gay Elysiums in this island glow !  
 Nature hereafter never can improve  
 On high-born maids who win all hearts to love.  
 Who shall engirt by Venus' cestus be  
 Brighter than those in royal halls we see ?  
 Though garmented in light they are, the rays  
 Of sparkling eyes outshine their diamonds' blaze !  
 Through Fancy's glass no poet can disclose  
 A fairer flower than the patrician rose ;  
 Perfect in shape, and beautiful in hue—  
 Shall future suns a lovelier bring to view ?

As Britomart \* in magic mirror view'd  
 The semblance of her knight, and that pursued ;

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\* See Spenser's Faerie Queen, Book III. Canto ii. Stanzas 17, 18.

Thus in the glass of Fancy man beholds  
 Some object that to please him *Passion* moulds,—  
 Fame, fortune, honour, if of this possess'd,  
 Deeming himself to be as Crœsus bless'd.  
 When won, though beautiful as god of day,  
 The golden idol has but feet of clay !  
 Many through gay saloons who laughing pass,  
 If window'd were their bosoms as with glass,  
 Would, as in Eblis' hall each glittering form,  
 Disclose to view the ever-burning worm.

Impostors flourish in this age of light :  
 Not least of these the wizard Exquisite.  
 His stars are diamond-studs, that glitter through  
 The foldings of a waistcoat rich in hue  
 As clouds at sunset on a summer's eve,  
 Where gold and silver tissues interweave.  
 His magic wand a cane of polish'd stem  
 Of rarest wood, and rough with many a gem.\*  
 His book an album, golden-clasp'd and bound  
 In velvet, wreath'd with flowers enamell'd round ;  
 Within are words omnipotent to charm  
 Unharden'd minds, and youthful spirits warm,  
 On satin paper, beautifully writ :  
 Above are emblems—for such pages fit !

Some in the hot-bed of a magazine  
 Would nurse their wit ; you see in every line

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\* Clara micante auro flamasque imitata pyropo.—Ovid.

Their labour'd efforts to produce a store  
Of caustic sayings, none produced before.  
They *latent* virtues have, like gems that shone  
On Aaron's breastplate, or the sage's stone.

Still, as the globe of knowledge we turn round,  
More desolate wastes than cultured spots are found,  
Though German mystics would reclaim—in vain—  
Some tracts from speculation's dark domain.  
Though Science superadds her annual tome  
To treasured lore, predicts she things to come ?

Hereafter mightier spirits may displace  
Those in the world who fill no little space ;  
They may discover secret ties, that light  
And heat and electricity unite :  
Even gravitation, of material laws  
The rule, may sink into a wider cause.  
Our sons, the flights of science are so high,  
On hippocrits throughout the air may fly ;  
And fictions by ambitious bards devised,  
In an inventive age be realised.  
Truth-loving men, o'ermastering selfish will,  
This world, a wider paradise, may fill ;  
And as they further wisdom's mine explore,  
Will learn to separate from dross the ore.

Lovers of liberty, alas ! proclaim  
That man through life has but one selfish aim ;

That every act, whatever be its fruit,  
In self-regarding interest takes root.  
A noble doctrine this our hopes to cheer !—  
Fine promise of the millenary year !  
While all that grace and beautify our lives  
Must now be thrown aside as Reason thrives ; .  
And Poesy, divested of the warm  
Colours that Fancy gives, must lose her charm.

The little tyrant of his neighbourhood  
Would be a patriot, since he hates the good  
Who prosper in their fortunes, and will bawl  
For equal laws, to be above them all :  
Such paltry tricks as factious jugglers long  
Have play'd, still unimproved, delude the throng.  
Those who expediency the rule of right  
Would make, at once extinguish Gospel-light,  
Dethrone the Conscience, and let idols base,—  
Ambition, Avarice,—usurp her place.  
Pigmies in virtue are the great on earth,  
When low the standard is of human worth.  
Is an Utopian commonwealth the sole  
Object of thought—that only Reason's goal ?  
And has the world unknown no higher bliss  
Than that which sanguine minds predict in this ?  
Minds that are mechanised by logic learn  
To think by rule, but not for virtue yearn.  
Virtue a never-failing zeal requires  
To spread her influence—such as love inspires.

Has the philologist e'er sown the seed  
From which springs up to life a virtuous deed ?  
Has the self-pluming moralist o'erthrown  
Idolaters of sense, who faith disown ?

But now devotion, fond enthusiasts say,  
Diffuses all around a brighter day.  
Seeming Religion walks not in this age  
With noiseless step ; like heralds on a stage  
Zealots blow loud the woe-trumpet, then urge  
Denunciations, rising surge o'er surge  
Against their weaker brethren ; through the town  
They have, but where's their charity,—renown ?  
Such fire-enkindling spirits fright the mind,  
Destroy the reason, and the judgment blind.  
Not such is Keble, Rhedycina's tower  
Of strength, but humble as his much-loved flower ;\*  
Whose "Christian year," too fine for spirits dull,  
A golden censer is, of odours full ;  
A heaven-accepted offering, that fumes  
With incense the life-giving word illumes.  
That Charity we seemingly adore  
Has now less influence than she had of yore.  
Who with a comprehensive love embrace  
Their flock not only, but the human race,

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\* See his beautiful Stanzas to the Snowdrop in his "Tuesday in Easter-week."

Like messengers from God, who speed their flight  
On embassies of good through worlds of light ?  
While militant against the church and state,  
Sects give mouth-honour to the sects they hate !  
Destroy that old alliance, and they burn  
(Meek men !) each other's doctrines to o'erturn ;  
The less perceptible the shades may be  
Of difference, they the more will disagree !

Where is that zeal for virtue that entire  
Circled the soul, an unconsuming fire ?  
That strength of purpose which, as Jesus still'd  
The raging sea, the calm of passions will'd ?  
Though Science heavenward oft sublimely soars,  
And amid worlds discover'd God adores,  
Yet her disciples, analysing laws  
Of matter, may forget the great First Cause ;  
Unless humility, a flower once prized,  
But in this wiser age a weed despised,  
Shall with its pride-subduing virtue quell  
Thoughts that are wont around vain hearts to swell.

Who, like the poet-preacher, glows with love  
Inbreath'd by the Great Spirit from above,  
Who once on sacred heads in tongues of flame  
Down from the triune Sun of Glory came,  
Illumining with inward light express'd  
Thus visibly the synod of the bless'd ?

Here pause : the sand runs down the hour-glass,—  
Moments away irrevocably pass.

A little line, 'twixt "shall be" and "has been,"  
Scarce on the vast map of existence seen,  
Is life :—a streak of light soon reinvolved  
In darkness—an enigma never solved !  
Another year is gone, and down the stream  
Of time my little bark is hurried,—gleam  
Hope's ever-shifting lights afar. The past  
Is nought—the prospect of the future vast  
And undefined. What do the wise foresee ?—  
That all as if it ne'er had been shall be !  
What may through intermediate ages rise  
We know not ; knowledge here no aid supplies.  
O pride of human intellect, beyond  
His circle vain is the magician's wand !

This world, oft deem'd a paradise, at best  
Is but the world—a hell to the oppress'd !  
Darken the prospect of the future, man  
A care-worn brute is, tyrant-stricken, wan.  
Open the pages of the sacred book,  
The poor for bliss compensatory look :  
Whatever Dives in his full-blown pride  
May think of them, *for* them the Saviour died.

SIXTH EPISTLE  
TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

WRITTEN FROM TOURS.

"Inde iter accelerat *Turones* festinus in urbem,  
Quam geminum nitida flumen circumfluit unda,  
Hinc Liger, inde Carus, medio sedet inter utrumque  
Clara situ, speciosa solo, jucunda fluentis,  
Fertilis arboribus, uberrima fruge, superba  
Cive, potens clero, populis numerosa, referta  
Divitiis, lucis et vitibus undique lucens."

(Francfort, 1596; *Phillippide de Guillaume le Breton.*)

AGAIN we caught a glimpse of Italy,  
And felt the influence of her purple sky ;  
And scripture-wonders that her Raphael pour'd  
On canvass, present miracles, adored ;  
His life, one scene of glory, quickly past ;  
Too prodigal of mighty works to last.

In sacred temples of each lesser town,  
A wealth of art, elsewhere unknown, is shewn ;  
Devotion hallows there what genius paints,  
Legends, and gospel-truths, Madonnas, Saints.

Albano, whose sweet thoughts a world embrace  
Of fiction, rising to a higher place,  
Pourtrays, as if illumin'd from above,  
The Incarnate Christ, a Boy-God breathing love ;  
Beams piety, subliming grace of youth,  
Beams the eye-speaking eloquence of truth ;  
How wonderful the art that thus has given  
Expression to the Majesty of Heaven :  
The blessed Mother with affection mild,  
Awe-mingled, gazes on her holy Child,  
Such bodied-forth perfections waken deep  
Feelings in man that are not dead, but sleep.

Scenes to mankind of endless interest,  
In colours glorious as themselves express,  
All that on sacred ground has acted been,  
The chain uniting heaven to earth, are seen ;  
And fervency of faith a martyr shews,  
As if the painter felt that fervour, glows.

Lavish of pictured poesy that warms  
The heart, what church boasts not her sculptured  
forms ?  
So true to nature, so divine they kneel,  
The living even from marble learn to feel.

By master-spirits wrought, the sons of light  
Appear in bodily shapes to human sight :

The Apocalypse reveal'd around us seems  
To realize that most sublime of dreams.  
The lovely land through which the Arno winds  
Its course, gave birth of old to mighty minds  
That are exprest in Titian's portraits, rife  
With intellect patrician, looking life :  
Complexion dark, fine eyes, and lips comprest,  
The thorough-bred Italian there attest.

Force triumphs over mind, and Austrians dull  
With their vile presence men of talent full !  
They cannot, Italy, obscure thy sky,  
Nor make thy mountains shapeless to the eye,  
Nor dim the lights that there at eve are glowing,  
As if her treasures heaven to earth were shewing ;  
Still in thy cities, poets say that there  
“ Wit walks the streets and music’s in the air ; ”  
Though the usurping Austrian would imbrute  
Thy sons, the voice of genius is not mute ;  
And there are bards who through the long, long  
night  
Of slavery wait return of freedom’s light.  
When will it reappear ? alas ! obscured  
Is native worth, or exiled, or immured :  
The tuneful brethren cherish hopes forlorn ;  
Their guerdon is the thick-lipp’d stranger’s scorn :  
He, the Boeotian, with indifferent gaze  
Views their poetic shores and smiling bays ;

The beautiful, sublime—such scenes as Claude  
And Rosa painted—Byron loved to laud.

Who now dares seize on Ariosto's wand,  
And conjure up with magic words a band  
Of fays, magicians, warriors into one  
Action without confusion mingling ? none.

E'en in the theatres, to frighten down  
All mirth, with bayonet fixed and well drill'd frown,  
A grim automaton, on either side  
Of the parterre a soldier stands, like Pride ;  
Mementos sad of thraldom to alloy,  
Like death's-heads at Egyptian banquets, joy.

Gorgeous as noonday sun, the ocean-queen,  
Fair Venice, shone ; we read what she has been ;  
We now behold her crownless, and despoil'd  
Of wealth ; rude masters have her beauty soil'd.  
Her green and yellow melancholy shews  
The effects of commerce gone ; a sad repose :  
In her unrivall'd palaces no more  
Glows pleasure by wealth pamper'd as of yore ;  
No suitors young and gay now serenade  
With Tasso's songs some rich and lovely maid.  
Palladio's glories have not perish'd yet,  
Nor wonder-works of Paul \* or Tintoret :

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\* Paul Veronese.

Art there displays what deeds hath Venice done,  
Triumphant o'er the world in arms alone,  
Opposing, as repels the surge a tower  
Of strength, the earth o'er-rushing papal power.

How changed her state, she scarcely seems to live ;  
Who dares to hope she may again revive  
To wed the Adriatic with her gem,  
With strength her robe and wealth her diadem ?

To none but gifted beings it belongs  
To sing of Italy the charms, the wrongs !  
Where now I write, more fit for humble lays  
Are men and things, scarce worthy blame or praise.  
Tours is a pleasant city, though around  
We see not wooded mountains convent-crown'd ;  
Nor forest-circled lakes, nor temples graced  
With overhanging foliage where defaced ;  
The clear wide Loire flows through the fertile plain,  
Glittering with splendid châteaux of Touraine.  
There in the woods of untaxed nobles howl'd  
Wolves, in seigneurial protection bold ;  
They, trooping round the peasant's cottage, scared  
Mothers, no serf to check their inroads dared :  
For lordly vengeance the poor wretch pursued  
Who struck but one of the invasive brood.

As if to mock of mighty man the pride,  
Woman, though satirists her power deride,

In weakness strong a hero's heart subdues,  
And rules the wise while seeming to amuse.

Love levels all, Charles idolized his belle ;  
Great Henry bent the knee to Gabrielle.  
The grave historian, (there's a charm in words,)  
Of royal courtezans the worth records.

Fame chronicles the pure reward of love,  
The house of Agnes and her favour'd grove.  
As if the favours of a king transmute  
Dross into gold, bad into good repute.  
Yet Agnes Sorel saved a falling throne,  
And France to hours of dalliance owes her Joan.\*  
Heaven to confound the arrogant, and aid  
A falling kingdom, raised a servant maid !  
That maid, (a wonder-worker, Faith, thou art ;)  
Revivified a fainting nation's heart.  
Whence but from heaven to her the prescience came  
Of foes then conquerors quailing at her name ?

Shut in his cage of iron Commynes pin'd  
(Man ever is in cruelty refin'd,)  
For eight long months, so will'd that despot-lord  
Whom his physician frightened with a word !

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\* "Pucelle d'Orléans."

This king between his conscience and his deeds  
Madonna placed, and murdering, told his beads !

As pendant to this second Antonine,  
Chenonceaux boasts the gentle Catherine ;  
A most illustrious dame by right divine.

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The bowers of Love among, by these untamed,  
Her nets for catching heretics she framed ;  
And when her wiles succeeded, greater gust  
The triumph gave her amid scenes of lust.

Such crested serpents trail'd their poisonous slime  
Through Touraine's flowery meads in th' olden time ;  
Morals become, where skies are brightest, worse ;  
And tyranny's the loveliest country's curse.

Too old for love, no more by conquest crown'd  
The great state-actor a dark bigot frown'd ;  
This Jove, whose godship for his pleasure deign'd  
To rob a servile people he enchain'd,  
Taxed conscience ; 'twas impolitic to drive  
Away the bees that filled for him their hive.  
Was it a crime that e'er could be forgiven  
To choose a way the king chose not to heaven ?

French peasants, famed for loyalty, obey'd  
Their king, danced in their chains and taxes paid ;

The noble gaily lived, in battle brave,  
Tyrant o'er others, at Versailles a slave.  
Thus were the seeds of revolution sown,  
When vice, reign after reign, bedimm'd the crown.

Great Rabelais, whose mine of wit ne'er fails,  
Whose genius oft a mystic curtain veils,  
Of Chinon was ; at rubbish of the schools  
Laugh'd he, at lazy monks, and formal fools ;  
His satire, safe beneath a motley dress  
Of words, struck those he feared, not hated less.

Who lived at Ussé ? certes, gallant knights ;  
But here tradition gives uncertain lights.  
The lords of Saintré, mighty in romance,  
Famous among the chivalry of France ;  
Burning for tournaments if there they dwelt,  
At times ennui the lively heroes felt.  
(Nobles in England, sober country, draw  
Their rank not from knight-errantry but law)  
But, no fictitious hero, great Vauban  
There made improvements on a soldier's plan :  
Generals, though eminent, have small applause  
For raising terraces, or framing laws.  
A monarch, sensual and religious, lived  
At Chambord ; there his monks and minions thrived.  
There Francis, squire of dames, display'd a show  
Of chivalry, inimitable now.

What yet of Chambord rests, where Pleasure breath'd  
Sweet poison ? towers fantastically wreath'd,  
And walls so richly wrought, they seem to be  
The work of fairies for their revelry.  
Gone are the habitants, monks, minions, dames ;  
Read, if you please, in annals old, their names.

As Talleyrand's terse wit his power secured,  
By craft, that revolution taught, matured,  
A tract, a song, while volumes useless are,  
Might save a nation millions or a war.  
Who made Belshazzar tremble at his feasts ?  
Who paled the cheeks of princes and of priests ?  
Who in the exercise of mind has shown  
A facile energy that's all his own ?  
Courier ; his frequent arrows, barb'd with wit,  
Feather'd with ridicule, the mighty hit.  
Would he had lived to win a brighter wreath  
Of Fame ; France justly may lament his death.  
Whate'er he wrote, in earnestness or sport,  
Had nerv'd her language and improved her court.

And Béranger—how brilliant is his song,  
Even more than La Fontaine in humour strong—  
Pearls of great price among his roses threw,  
Thoughts dear to freedom and to nature true.  
He for the popular taste in artless phrase  
Cloth'd his fine raillery ; France loves his lays ;

And labour great it cost him to attain  
That which is her delight, his easy vein.

Well ! Gabrielles now are rare, and seigneurs bred  
Legitimately, female Carlists wed.

In this, their “pays de Cocagne,” they drink  
And eat their fill, do any thing but think.  
And what may thought accomplish ?—can it show  
That men are happier here the more they know ?  
Louis de Béchameil, the best of mayors,  
Invented here the sauce his name that bears,

Live then, as gentlemen of Tours, or flies  
That flash above the Loire their thousand dyes.  
Down the broad sunny stream light vessels sail,  
And lighter loungers crowd the *Rue Royale*,  
While those, whose game at soldiers with dismay  
Europe beheld, at harmless billiards play.  
Priest-ridden they are not, with wines to cheer  
Their hearts, they do not Czar or devil fear.  
Sad Carlists some, yet hospitable *bories*,  
Who ope to whigs and heretics their doors.

Woods and demesnes, more than the painted thing  
Called ceremony, please the nation’s king.  
Royalty, since the civic crown she wore,  
Grows by compression mightier than before.  
And wiser Louis-Philippe is as great  
As the great Louis in his *god-like* state.

While o'er his head the flag tri-coloured floats,  
The burgher laughs at draw-bridges and moats,  
And nothing fears, (her hold how Power relaxes,)  
Except the censor's ferula and taxes.

Long since the battle storm its rage has spent :  
No movement now—we trust there is content.  
Self-interest more enlighten'd, ('tis a change,  
This work of truth,) now takes a wider range.  
Bold Albion, chivalrous France, no more opposed  
Like eagles, or contentious lions roused,  
Strive nobly to excel in arts of peace  
Each other ; may such contests never cease.

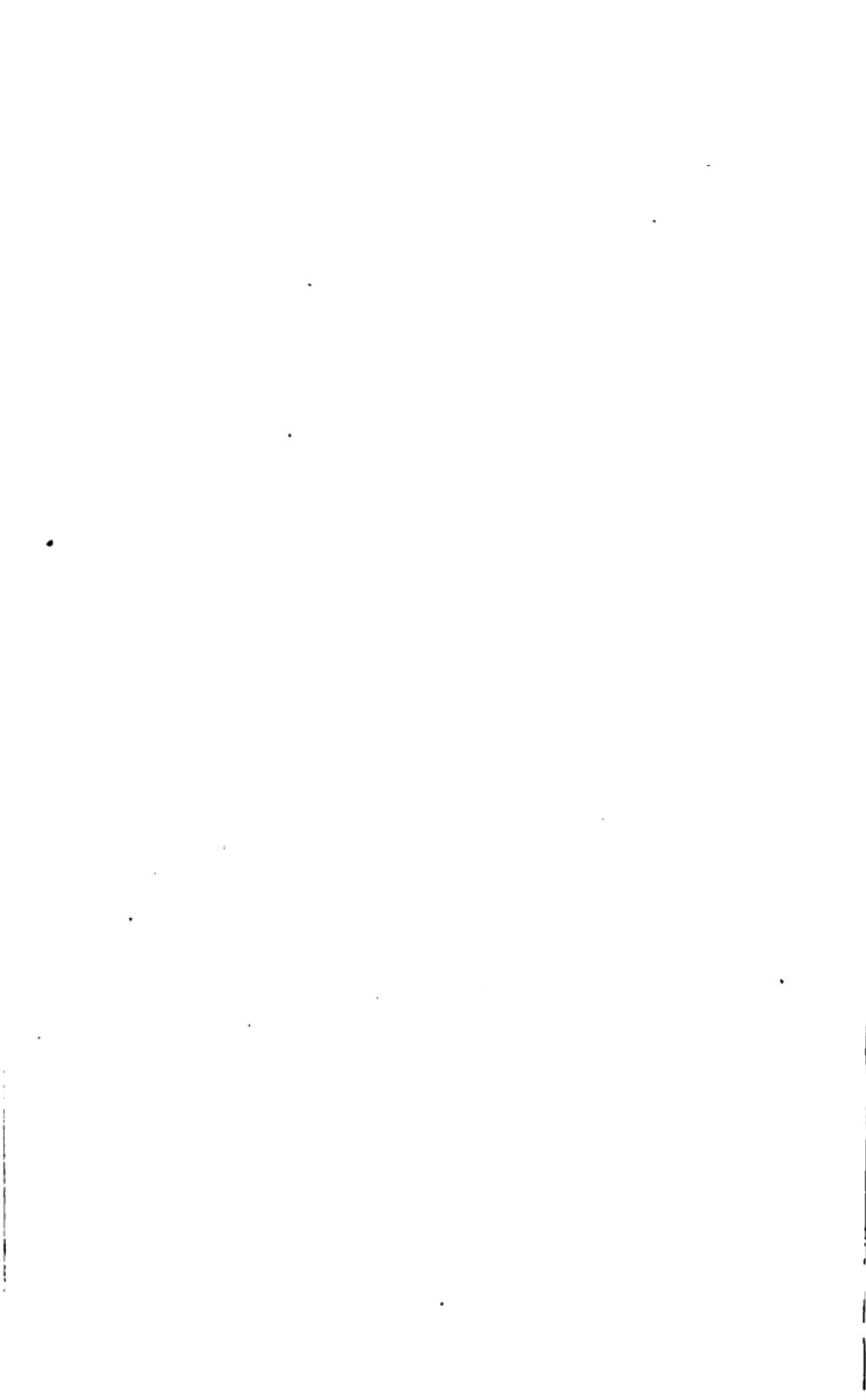
Warriors in courts their rival warriors greet,  
No more like adverse thunder-clouds to meet ;  
And fame, that hover'd o'er the victor's car,  
Proclaims her hero's milder virtues far.

“ Nothing but thunder”\* pleased us once ; that past,  
*Astræa* *may* reign o'er the world at last.  
Yet will the Northern light with aspect red  
Its influence malign o'er Europe shed ;  
Poland is crush'd : for Italy what hope ?  
None from the crown'd at Milan, or the Pope !

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\* Shakespeare.

Unless the moral power that in our day  
Mouth-honour'd is, may those who hate it sway !  
Actions with theory but ill accord,  
When dazzles in Imperial hands the sword :  
And fêtes Circæan, it must be confess,  
Will soon relax the virtues of the best.  
Thus rush into the lake the streamlets rude,  
By the circumfluous orb to be subdued.



## NOTES

ON THE

### FIRST EPISTLE TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

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#### P. 9, l. 1.

*Cethegus shines alike with talents rare,  
Or in St. Giles's, or in Grosvenor-square.*

It is the boast of a very sporting character, that he is equally *at home* at the Beggar's Opera in St. Giles's, and at Carlton Palace.

#### P. 10, l. 1.

*So strange is taste, that some do not disdain  
To breathe the wholesome air of Maiden-lane.*

The celebrated Professor Porson passed several “noctes Atticae” at the Cider-cellar in Maiden-lane, where, as Moore says of the famous Tom Crib, he shone the *υεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς* of surrounding gods.

#### P. 10, l. 13.

*Nor Ude's best fare.*

Ude, a distinguished French cook, who has published a work on the famous art of cookery. It certainly is “caviare to the general.”

#### P. 10, l. 24.

*Compared with his, e'en Egan's sports are tame.*

Whoever wishes to be acquainted with a pious prank of the celebrated Earl of Wharton, may peruse No. 22 of the *Examiner*, written

by Dean Swift, who there relates a truly edifying anecdote of his Lordship. Mr. Egan, in his "Life in London," has given a most attractive picture of the pleasures, which those who are initiated in the mysteries of fashion may enjoy in the metropolis.

su per le dita

Tutte di Londra le taverne e i bagni,  
E i cavalli più rapidi, e di galli  
Più bellicosi, e di più chiara stirpe,  
E i più tremendi pugili.—PINDEMONTA.

When there are so many employments for a man of spirit, who would be idle? we leave it to Frenchmen

Sauter, danser, faire l'amour,  
Et boire vin blanc et vermeil;  
Et ne rien faire tout le jour  
Que compter écus au soleil.—RABELAIS.

Here let me rest in this sweet solitude,  
Where knaves and parasites shall ne'er intrude!  
No bacchanals are here, to give pretence  
For wild excess, or ruinous expense:  
In yon delightful wood I love to hear,  
Though strange may seem the notes, a welcome cheer.  
The birds, by nature fed, ask nought of me;  
Theirs is at least no counterfeited glee.  
Is not this better than among the crowd  
To fret, and gaze, and cringe before the proud?—MS.

## NOTES

ON THE

## SECOND EPISTLE TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

## P. 13, l. 23.

*When Kemble, like the god-like hero, shone.*

It is an epoch in a man's life to have seen Kemble in Coriolanus. I have no more an abstract idea of Coriolanus as separated from Kemble, than Martinus Scriblerus had of a Lord Mayor without his insignia of office, his gold chain, &c. This great actor possessed the qualities necessary to make a first-rate tragedian in an eminent degree; but his distinguishing excellence was *taste*, which, in an ode, spoken at a public dinner given to Mr. Kemble upon his retirement from the stage, is thus beautifully described by the most refined poet of the present day :—

Taste, like the silent gnomon'a power,  
To which supernal light is given ;  
That dials inspiration's hour,  
And tells its height in heaven.

## P. 15, l. 4.

*At once their world of poetry and wit!*

Shakspeare, Massinger, Fletcher! whom we might thus address in the language of an excellent modern poet :—

Illiſtrea animæ! ſi quid mortalitia tangunt  
Corlicolas! ſi gentis adhuc cura ulla Britannæ;  
Vos precor, antiquum vos instaurate vigorem;  
Ut tandem excusoſe nitamur ad ardua ſomno,  
Virtutis veræ memores, et laudis avitæ.

HAWKINS BROWNE, *De Animi Immortalitate.*

P. 15, l. 17.

*Like Machiavel in politics.*

"It has been contended by some of Machiavel's apologists that his real object, in unfolding and systematizing the mysteries of *King-Craft*, was to point out indirectly to the people the means by which the encroachments of their rulers might be most effectually resisted; and at the same time to satirise, under the ironical mask of loyal and courtly admonition, the characteristical vices of princes. But although this hypothesis has been sanctioned by several distinguished names, and derives some verisimilitude from various incidents in the author's life, it will be found on examination quite untenable; and accordingly it is now, I believe, very generally rejected. One thing is certain, that if such were actually Machiavel's views, they were much too refined for the capacity of his royal pupils."—See DUGALD STEWART's *Preface to the Supplement to the Encyclopedia Britannica*.

P. 15, l. 21.

*Yet politics are but ephemeral things.*

"The very dregs and rinsings of the human intellect," as the author of the "Confessions of an English Opium Eater" says.

P. 15, l. 22.

*Kings, though the world's progressive, will be kings;  
Statesmen are statesmen still.*

La bonne foi, dit le Sénateur Nani, manquera dans l'exécution des traitez tant que vivra l'intérest; et l'intérest vivra tant que les princes regneront.

L'Empereur Maximilien disoit que les princes ne s'arrêtroient pas au texte de leurs traitez et de leurs capitulations, mais à la glose, c'est à dire, à l'interprétation qu'ils y vouloient donner.—*Lettres du Cardinal d'Ossat, avec les Notes de M. Amelot de la Houssaye.*

P. 16, l. 4.

*The skeleton at least of Taylor's prose?*

The great Jeremy Taylor, of whom an eloquent writer in the Edinburgh Review thus justly says: "We will venture to assert that

there is in any one of the prose folios of Jeremy Taylor more fine fancy and original imagery, more brilliant conceptions and glowing expressions, more new figures, and new applications of old figures, more, in short, of the body and soul of poetry, than in all the odes and the epics that have since been produced in Europe."—*Article on FORD's Dramatic Works, August 1811.*

## P. 17, l. 8.

*Notes tersely pencil'd show sententious wit.*

As Witwould says in Congreve's " Way of the World," " Thou hast uttered folios in less than decimo sexto, my dear Lacedemonian ; Sirrah Petulant, thou art an epitomizer of words."

## P. 17, l. 9.

*Philips will sell their gewgaws that amaze, &c.*

— Mine eyes have made  
Discovery of the caskets, and they open'd ;  
Each sparkling diamond from itself shot forth  
A pyramid of flames, and in the roof  
Fix'd it a glorious star, and made the place  
Heaven's abstract or epitome.—CITY MADAM.

Such was the wealth displayed in the house of a celebrated character, who rivalled in magnificence the Sultan of Gazna, or Musicanus.

## P. 17, l. 21.

*Who buys not glittering toys when very dear.*

This line may appear absurd to those who have not been at fashionable auction-rooms, nor have witnessed the competition that there is among bidders to purchase articles of no intrinsic value whatever, merely because they belonged to a " Man of Fashion." I have known books to bring a very high price at auctions because they were collected by a black-letter hunter, which might have been bought for half the sum at many booksellers' shops in London.

## P. 17, l. 23.

*Who loves to breathe, &c.*

I am indebted for this idea to the following beautiful passage in Tom Jones.

" It was now the middle of May, and the morning was remarkably

serene, when Mr. Allworthy walked forth on the terrace, where the dawn opened every minute that lovely prospect, we have before described, to his eye. And now having sent forth streams of light which ascended to the firmament before him, as harbingers preceding his pomp, in the full blaze of his majesty uprose the Sun ; than which one object alone in this lower creation could be more glorious, and that Mr. Allworthy himself presented ; a human being replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself most acceptable to his Creator, by doing most good to his creatures."

This is the portrait of a fictitious personage ; but I see in it a close resemblance to one whose memory I shall never cease to venerate !

### P. 18, l. 17.

*Burke says ambition is too bold a vice.*

"Avarice is a rival to the pursuits of many. It finds a multitude of checks, and many opposers in every walk of life. But the objects of ambition are for the few, and every person who aims at indirect profit, and therefore wants other protection than innocence and law, instead of its rival becomes its instrument. There is a natural allegiance and fealty due to this domineering paramount evil from all the vassal vices, which acknowledge its superiority, and readily militate under its banners ; and it is under that discipline alone that avarice is able to spread to any considerable extent, or to render itself a general public mischief."—BURKE's *Speech on the Nabob of Arcot's Debts*.

Così cresce 'l desir vile et immondo  
Del crudel oro, et l' insatiabil rabbia,  
Onde non gusta huom mai viver giocondo.

Ariosto, Satira Quarta.

### P. 18, l. 25.

*Crispus with studied negligence will speak.*

"Il ne faut pas juger des hommes comme d'un tableau, ou d'une figure, sur une seule et première vue ; il y a un intérieur et un cœur qu'il faut approfondir : le voile de la modestie couvre le mérite, et le masque de l'hypocrisie cache la malignité ; il n'y a qu'un très-petit nombre de connoisseurs qui discerne, et qui soit en droit de prononcer ; ce n'est que peu-à-peu, et forcés même par le temps et les occasions, que la vertu parfaite et le vice consommé viennent enfin à se déclarer."

## NOTES

ON THE

## THIRD EPISTLE TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

P. 27, l. 7.

*When life, and light, and love, the triad beam,  
Shall flow upon the good in endless stream.*

— Noi semo usciti fuore  
Del maggior corpo al Ciel, ch' è pura luce ;  
Luce intellettual piena d' amore,  
Amor di vero ben pien di letizia,  
Letizia, che trascende ogni dolore.

DANTE, *Del Paradiso*, Canto 30.

P. 29, l. 9.

*Then in my mind are suddenly revived  
The days when SIDNEY, 'flower of knighthood,' lived.*

How delightful is the character of Sir Philip Sidney, as given by Dr. Zouch !—" The elegance of his manners ; the versatility of his genius, adapting itself to the acquisition of universal knowledge ; his unbounded munificence ; his amiable demeanour in domestic life ; his tender feelings for the miseries of those persecuted Protestants who, in defence of their religion and liberties, resisted the savage insolence of Spanish tyranny ; the suavity of his disposition, so alluring that he was, as it were, nursed in the lap of the Graces ; an experience above his years ; an invincible patience under the most acute sufferings—all these qualities will render his name grateful to future ages. His dignified and winning deportment filled every beholder with delight." —ZOUCH'S *Memoirs of Sidney*, p. 349.

## P. 29, l. 24.

*"That now, one boundless present shall endure."*

"One boundless Present—one eternal Now."—YOUNG.

## P. 30, l. 6.

*And the columnar cactus towers unto the skies.*

"The hill of calcareous breccia which we have just regarded as an island in the ancient gulf, is covered with a thick forest, of columnar cactus and opuntia. Some thirty or forty feet high, covered with lichens, and divided into several branches in the form of candelabra, wear a singular appearance. Near Maniquarez, at Punta Araya, we measured a cactus, the trunk of which was four feet nine inches in circumference."—HUMBOLDT's *Personal Narrative*.

## P. 31, l. 1.

*This gifted being, to the haunts of men  
Preferr'd the mountain's height, or lonely glen.*

The following beautiful lines, extracted from the tragedy of COUNT JULIAN, are applicable to a great Poet, and excellent Man, who is shadowed out under the character of Eumolpus.

No airy or light passion stirs abroad  
To ruffle or to soothe him; all are quell'd  
Beneath a mightier, sterner stress of mind!  
Wakeful he sits, and lonely and unmoved,  
Beyond the arrows, views, or shouts of men:  
As often-times an 'Eagle,' when the sun  
Throws o'er the varying earth his early ray,  
Stands solitary, stands immovable  
Upon some highest cliff, and rolls his eye  
Clear, constant, unobservant, unabash'd  
In the cold light, above the dews of morn.

COUNT JULIAN, Act. V. Scene 2, by Walter Savage Landor.

## P. 31, l. 7.

*One might his highly polish'd wit compare  
To the snow-diamond, beautiful and rare.*

"The most frequent colours of the diamond, as already mentioned, are the white and grey; and of these the most highly prized by the jeweller are the snow-white."—JAMIESON's *Mineralogy*.

## P. 31, l. 23.

*Yet praise is dear to all—the world's, alas,  
(As wet and dry affect the weather-glass)  
Or given or withheld can raise or sink  
The spirits ; 'tis for that we act and think.*

“ Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum  
Subruit, ac reficit.”—*Horat. Ep.*

## P. 32, l. 17.

*Antimachus, since such a name the Muse  
Reluctant for the wayward youth must choose.*

Antimachus in the “ Nubes ” of Aristophanes, according to the scholiast, is a very handsome and profligate youth.

## P. 33, l. 5.

*But with alternate colours dark and bright,  
The glaring contrast shocks the moral sight.*

Such a contrast of colours was exhibited in the character of the Alcibiadeses, Cæsars, Whartons, and Bolingbrokes of their day : the character of Lord Bolingbroke is so admirably painted by Lord Chesterfield, that I will make no apology for introducing it here, though it be well known.

“ Here the darkest, there the most splendid colours, and both rendered more shining from their proximity. Impetuosity, excess, and almost extravagancy, characterised not only his passions, but even his senses. His youth was distinguished by all the tumult and storm of pleasures in which he most licentiously triumphed, disdaining all decorum. His fine imagination has often been heated and exhausted with his body, in celebrating and deifying the prostitute of the night; and his convivial joys were pushed to all the extravagancy of the most frantic Bacchanals. Those passions were interrupted but by a stronger —Ambition.”

## P. 34, l. 22.

*Happy as Demonax, and quite as sage.*

Demonax was the good Philosopher of Cyprus, as described by Lucian : he lived to the age of a hundred. He was a wit, a man of genius, and a virtuous citizen.

## NOTES

ON THE

## FOURTH EPISTLE TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

P. 36, l. 4.

*Till in the sun her crisped smiles she wreathes.*

That o'er the interminable ocean wreathes  
Your crisped smiles.

POTTER'S Translation of the *Prometheus Vinctus*  
of *Aeschylus*.

Non avea per Natura ivi dipinto,  
Ma di soavità di mille odori  
Vi facea incognito indistinto.—DANTE.

P. 40, l. 5.

*A Ballet at the Opera it seems.*

There is nothing certainly in the artificial world more attractive than an Opera ballet, where for a time you seem to be transported among “*amoretti alati*,” scenes worthy of Paradise, roseate clouds and “gay creatures of the element.”

Quæ nec mortales dignantur visere cœtus,  
Nec se contingi patiuntur lumine claro.  
Thus Venus look'd, when from the waveless sea  
She rose; (her rising Nature smiled to see,)  
Loosely enrobed, and brighter than the morn  
On car of young Hyperion upborne;  
Fresh as the rose, her limbs impearl'd with spray,  
In floating shell the Queen of Rapture lay;  
Admiring Mermaids throng'd to grace her train,  
The Syrens sang, and Nereids skimm'd the main.

MS.

## P. 42, l. 7.

*Though timid cockneys scorn, a nerveless race.*

In spite of the ridicule of Fielding and other writers, I will venture to say, that they only deprecate the pleasures of the chase who know not how to enjoy them : the songs of Tyrtaeus, who roused his countrymen to battle, and infused into them an unconquerable courage, are not more spirit-stirring than the verses on the Epwell hunt.—*Vol. iii. page 457, Daniel's Rural Sports, 4to edition.*

Even the greatest philosophers have enjoyed, and the greatest poets have extolled, the pleasures of the chase. Diogenes Laertius describes Xenophon as fond of the sports of the field. Virgil's fine lines in the third book of his Georgics are well known :—

Sæpe etiam cursu timidos agitabis onagros,  
Et canibus leporem, canibus venabere damas.  
Sæpe volutabris pulsos silvestribus apros  
Latratu turbabis agens, montesque per altos  
Ingentem clamore premes ad retia cervum.

And Dryden in his letter to his Cousin, with more poetical animation perhaps, than knowledge of sporting, says,

With crowds attended of your ancient race  
You seek the champaign sports, or sylvan chase ;  
With well-breathed beagles you surround the wood,  
Even then industrious of the common good ;  
And often have you brought the wily fox  
To suffer for the firstlings of the flocks ;  
Chased even amid the folds, and made to bleed  
Like felons, where they did the murderous deed.

Sir Francis Burdett, perhaps the most eloquent speaker in the House of Commons, is not the worse orator for being “a good Meltonian.”—How changed now! 1838.

## P. 42, l. 21.

*Some book, it matters not in prose or rhyme.*

In a “priced Roxburgh catalogue,” are the following books or tracts :

No. 3268. The Passetyme of Pleasure, by Stephen Hawys. 4to. very rare. London, Wynken de Worde, 1517. 81*l.*

No. 3284. The Castell of Pleasure. 4to. very scarce. Wynken de Worde. 64*l.*

What earthly *pleasure* these "Castells and Passetymes" give to the possessor, it is not perhaps very easy to determine; but as the noble author of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" justly observes,

"A book 's a book although there 's nothing in 't."

P. 47, l. 7.

*Political economy! how few.*

Political economy is a study as yet in its infancy; and so it will continue to be, as long as men are not agreed about the precise terms by which they would convey their ideas on this most interesting subject.

Is value absolute or relative? Are values of commodities to each other as values of their labours? Is labour or money the most accurate measure of value? Can there be such a thing as an invariable measure of value?

The disciples of Ricardo and Malthus differ upon points of essential importance. Are profits solely governed by the value of the last lands that are taken into cultivation? May not saving from revenue, to add to capital, be carried to too great an extent? Is it true that if one branch of trade be overstocked, some other must necessarily be understocked? Are a body of unproductive consumers necessary to stimulate demand and to increase production?

P. 47, l. 17.

*Would Mitchell's great Apollo dart his gibe, &c.*

Aristophanes: see his "Vespæ," in which the courts of justice at Athens are severely satirized. But, after all, who would form his opinion of those courts from the lively, caustic representations of a satirical comic poet? As well might posterity form its opinion of a House of Commons in the reigns of Queen Anne or the first George, from Swift's famous description of the "Legion Club."

Great praise is due to Mr. Peel and Mr. Brougham (in the great work of reforming the law they may be classed together as fellow-labourers

in the same vineyard), for their exertions in endeavouring to remove the anomalies that are everywhere apparent in our civil as well as criminal code of jurisprudence.

"It is not possible, indeed, to estimate how valuable an offer he makes to society who gives it a single good law. There are but few words, perhaps, that compose it ; but in those few words may be involved an amount of good, increasing progressively with each generation, which, if it could have been known in all its amplitude to the legislator at the time when he contrived his project, would have dazzled and overwhelmed his very power of thought. What is true of a new law, that relates to some positive institution, is, as may be supposed, equally true of those laws which merely repeal and remedy the past; since a single error in policy may, in long continuance, produce as much evil, as a single wise enactment may in its long continuance produce good."—Brown's *Philosophy of the Human Mind*, vol. iv. p. 354.

#### P. 48, l. 16.

*Had been a Faustus centuries ago.*

The disposition of the people in former days to attribute any new discovery to magic, is apparent in the following anecdote of Otto Gurike (who lived about the year 1640), a wealthy magistrate of Magdeburgh, the discoverer of the air-pump.

"Gurike took great pleasure in a huge water barometer erected in his house. It consisted of a tube above thirty feet high, rising along the wall and terminated by a tall and rather wide tube, hermetically sealed, containing a toy of the shape of a man. The whole being filled with water and set in a balance on the ground, the column of liquor settled to the proper altitude, and left the toy floating on its surface ; but all the lower part of the tube being concealed under the wainscoting, the little image or weather mannikin, as he was called, made his appearance only when raised up to view in fine weather. This whimsical contrivance, which received the name of amenoscope, or *semper vivum*, excited among the populace vast admiration : and the worthy magistrate was in consequence shrewdly suspected of being too familiar with the powers of darkness."—*Supplement to Encyclopædia Britannica, art. Barometer.*

## P. 49, l. 11.

*The sun of science, in its noonday blaze  
Glorious, would strike our Bacon with amaze.*

The progress which may be made in the sublime science of astronomy is thus splendidly described by La Place :—

“ We will ascertain whether the motions of rotation and revolution of the earth are sensibly changed by the changes which it experiences at its surface, and by the impact of meteoric stones, which according to all probability come from the depths of the heavenly regions. The new comets which will appear, those which moving in hyperbolic orbits wander from one system to another, the returns of those which move in elliptic orbits, and the changes in the form and intensity of light which they undergo at each appearance, will be observed ; and also the perturbations which all those stars produce in the planetary motions, those which they experience themselves, and which at approach to a large planet may entirely derange their motions ; finally, the changes which the motions and orbits of the planets and satellites experience from the action of the stars, and perhaps likewise from the resistance of the etherial media ; such are the principal objects which the solar system offers to the investigation of future astronomers and mathematicians.”—LA PLACE’s *System of the World*, HARTE’s *translation*, vol. ii. p. 241.

## P. 50, l. 5.

*Shakspeare, whate’er I may presume to call.*

“ He unites in his existence the utmost elevation and the utmost depth ; and the most foreign and even apparently irreconcilable properties subsist in him peaceably together. The world of spirits and nature have laid all their treasures at his feet. In strength a demigod, in profundity of view a prophet, in all-seeing wisdom a protecting spirit of a higher order, he lowers himself to mortals, as if unconscious of his superiority, and is as open and unassuming as a child.”—SCHLEGEL’s *Lectures on Dramatic Literature*, vol. ii.

## P. 50, l. 12.

*As Hamlet's melancholy mood we quit  
For Hal's light badinage and Falstaff's wit.*

How beautifully Goethe, in his *Wilhelm Meister*, delineates the character of Hamlet! It is too long to give in a note, but I have ventured to introduce the concluding part of this admirable exposition.

" To me it is clear that Shakspeare meant in the present case to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a soul *unfit* for the performance of it. In this view, the whole piece seems to me to be composed. An oak-tree is planted in a costly jar which should have borne only pleasant flowers in its bosom : the roots expand ; the jar is shivered. A lovely, pure, noble, and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve which forms a hero, shrinks beneath a burden it cannot bear and must not cast away. All duties are holy for him ; the present is too hard. Impossibilities have been required of him ; not in themselves impossibilities, but such for him. He winds and turns and torments himself ; he advances and recoils ; is ever put in mind, ever puts himself in mind ; at last, does all but lose his purpose from his thoughts, yet still without recovering his peace of mind."

## P. 51, l. 3.

*One like a meteor—Nations gazed, admired.*

Byron.

## P. 53, l. 4.

*Each gentle verse that Pope and Harley wrote.*

How beautiful and unaffected are the following lines in the Epistle addressed by Pope to the Earl of Oxford :—

" And sure if aught below the seats divine  
Can touch Immortals, 'tis a soul like thine.  
A soul supreme in each hard instance tried,  
Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,  
The rage of power, the blast of public breath,  
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death."

And yet there are writers who have asserted that Pope was no Poet, that he was a mere versifier, and deficient in natural feeling!

## P. 53, l. 21.

*That "old man eloquent," whose mind was stored.*

Burke.

## NOTES

TO

## FIFTH EPISTLE, ON PERFECTIBILITY.

## P. 57, l. 15.

*There may be planets in which beings dwell.*

" All that till now their rapt researches knew,  
 Not called in slow succession to review,  
 But as a landscape meets the eye of day,  
 At once presented to their glad survey."

*Rogers' Pleasures of Memory.*

## P. 57, l. 20.

*The rainbow-circled glory-throne.*

" And there was a rainbow round about the throne in sight like to an emerald."—Rev. iv. 3.

## P. 57, l. 22.

*As flame when touching flame its strength combines.*

" All that I shall now say of it is, that a good man is united to God as a flame touches a flame and combines into splendour and glory; so is the spirit of a man united into Christ by the Spirit of God."—JEREMY TAYLOR.

## P. 59, l. 19.

*Historians fancy that a king is born  
 To trouble men, like great Astolfo's horn.*

" Dico che 'l corno è di si orribil suono  
 Ch' ovunque s' ode fa fuggir la gente;  
 Non può trovarsi al mondo un cuor si buono  
 Che possa non fuggir come lo sente."

*Ariosto, canto xv. stanza 15.*

## P. 59, l. 21.

*Princes will have their toys.*

Anastasius claims, in anticipation of his future grandeur :—“Chill of age nor of climate shall stop me ; I shall grasp at all—become another Potemkin, rule an empire, have a court ; alternate between arranging fêtes and planning campaigns; pay my card-money in diamonds ; make mosaic-work of provinces ; plant orange-trees and citron-groves on hanging terraces of icicles ; and, when tired of illuminations and the Neva, set fire on the Bosphorus, and transport the seat of empire from the vicinity of the White Sea to the shores of the Black Sea.”—*Memoirs of Anastasius*, vol. iii. p. 16.

Forbes, in his “Oriental Memoirs,” (vol. iii. p. 284,) that teem with description of Oriental magnificence, speaking of Asufud Dowlah, son of the famous Nabob of Oude, says : “I saw him, in the midst of this precious treasure, handling his jewels, that amounted to eight millions sterling, as a child does his toys.”

## P. 61, l. 9.

*Vain hope! still Shakespeare towers unmatch'd.*

When Campbell, in his noble poem, “The Pleasures of Hope,” with all the sanguine enthusiasm of youth, anticipates the improvement of mankind, he yet admits that Shakspeare will never be equalled :

“ Yes, there are hearts, prophetic hope may trust,  
That slumber yet in uncreated dust,  
Ordain'd to wake the adoring sons of earth  
With every charm of wisdom and of worth ;  
Ordain'd to light with intellectual day  
The mazy wheels of Nature as they play ;  
Or, warm with Fancy's energy, to glow,  
And rival all but Shakspeare's name below.”

## P. 62, l. 7.

*Many through gay saloons who laughing pass,  
If window'd were their bosoms as with glass,  
Would, as in Eblis' hall each glittering form,  
Disclose to view the ever-burning worm.*

“ They went wandering from chamber to chamber, hall to hall, and gallery to gallery—all without bounds or limit ; all distinguishable by

the same lowering gloom, all adorned with the same awful grandeur, all traversed by persons in search of repose and consolation, but who sought them in vain ; for every one carried within him a heart tormented in flames."—*Vathek*, p. 217.

P. 63, l. 15.

*Even gravitation, of material laws  
The rule, may sink into a wider cause.*

"Perhaps the day may come when even gravitation, no longer regarded as an ultimate principle, may be resolved into a yet more general cause, embracing every law that regulates the material world."—*SOMERVILLE on the Connexion of the Physical Sciences*, p. 409.

## NOTES

ON THE

## SIXTH EPISTLE TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

P. 70, l. 22.

*When will it reappear? alas! obscured  
Is native worth, or exiled, or immured.*

Italy may still boast her Guerazzi, Manzoni, Silvio Pellico. Well might they exclaim in the language of one of their finest modern Latin authors,

O patria! O longum felix longumque quieta  
Ante alias! patria O Divum sanctissima tellus!  
Dives opum, fœcunda viris, latissima campis  
Uberibus, rapidoque Athesi et Benacide lympha,  
Ærumnas memorare tuas, summamque malorum  
Quis queat? et dictis nostros sequare dolores  
Et turpes ignominias, et barbara jussa.

FRACASTORIUS.

P. 72, l. 3.

*Opposing, as repels the surge a tower  
Of strength, the earth-o'errushing papal power.*

“ Si on considère que c'est dans un temps où presque toutes les nations tremblaient devant la puissance pontificale, que les Vénetiens surent tenir leur clergé dans la dépendance et braver souvent les censures ecclésiastiques et les interdits sans encourir jamais aucun reproche sur la pureté de leur foi, on sera forcé de reconnaître que cette république avait devancé de loin les autres peuples dans cette partie de la science du gouvernement.

“ Dans toute la durée de son existence, au milieu des revers comme dans la prospérité, cet inébranlable gouvernement ne fit qu'une seule fois des concessions à la cour de Rome, et ce fut pour détacher le pape Jules II. de la ligue de Cambrai.”

DARU, *Histoire de Venise, Tome iv., Livre 28*, pp. 241-42.

P. 73, l. 4.

*Great Henry bent the knee to Gabrielle.]*

Gabrielle d'Estrées, mistress of Henry the Fourth, King of France, over whom she possessed great influence; she would have been raised to the throne by her distinguished lover, had she not been carried off by poison in her 34th year.

P. 73, l. 7.

*Fame chronicles the pure reward of love,  
The House of Agnes and her favour'd grove.*

Agnes Sorèl, “ la belle des belles,” was the Mistress of Charles VII., who built a chateau for her at La Guerche, in the canton of Grand-Pressigny. He built for her, in the environs of Chinon at Huismes, another house.

“ Ce sont aujourd’hui des métairies, dans lesquelles le travail a succédé à l’oisiveté, au luxe, et aux amours; nouvelle et triste amélioration de notre siècle de fer.”

De CROY.

P. 73, l. 19.

*Shut in his cage of iron, Commines pined.*

Commines was confined in an iron cage in the château de Loches, by command of Louis the Eleventh.

“ Sous Louis XI. furent construites dans ce château deux cages de fer que l'on y voyait encore en 1739. Ces cages avaient huit pieds de large sur environ sept de hauteur, et étaient formées de barreaux en bois fort épais, revêtus de fer et très serrés. Le célèbre Commines fut renfermé pendant près de huit mois dans l'une de ces cages, et y commença la rédaction de ses Mémoires.”

## P. 73, l. 22.

*Whom his Physician frightened with a word.*

"C'est dans cette affreuse demeure (Plessis-les-Tours) que Jacques Coittier son médecin le faisait trembler à chaque instant en le menaçant de la mort."—*Souvenirs pittoresques*.

"Ce médecin avoit pris un tel ascendant sur son esprit qu'il luy faisoit faire tout ce qu'il vouloit. Il lui parloit non seulement avec toute sorte de liberté, mais encore avec insolence, et il luy disoit quelquefois, Je scay bien qu'un matin vous m'envoyerez comme vous faites d'autres, mais ajoutoit-il en jurant, vous ne vivrez point huit jours après."—*Histoire de France par le Père Daniel*.

## P. 74, l. 3.

*As pendant to this second Antonine,  
Chenonceaux boasts the gentle Catherine ;  
A most illustrious dame by right divine.* }

Catherine de Medicis frequently resided at Chenonceaux, and whenever the Protestants were defeated by force, or circumvented by treachery, there commemorated the event by great but not very decent entertainments.

"La reine-mère voulut donner des marques de sa joie ; elle fit, à son tour, une fête à Chenonceaux. Pour les frais de ces fêtes, on leva une taxe en forme d'emprunt sur les serviteurs du roi, et même sur quelques Italiens qui surent bien se faire rembourser avec intérêt. La fête de la reine-mère surpassa en magnificence celle que le roi son fils venait de donner (au château de Plessis-les-Tours). Les dames y servirent aussi les braves capitaines ; mais elles étaient à moitié nues et leurs cheveux épars. Les filles d'honneur de la reine étaient vêtues de damas de couleur. \* \* \* \* Cette fête, dit d'Aubigné, fut une de celles où l'on se permit le plus d'actes contre la décence, et ce qui indigna le plus, c'est que ces vilaines actions se passaient devant les reines."—*La Cour de Cathérine de Médicis, Tome i. page 322.*

## P. 74, l. 14.

*Too old for love, no more by conquest crown'd,  
The great state actor a dark bigot frown'd.*

Louis the Fourteenth, who enacted the part of a king "strutting and

fretting his hour" on the stage remarkably well. The force of flattery could not well go further than it was carried by Le Brun at Versailles, who painted the apotheosis of his master on the ceiling in the "Grande Galerie des Glaces."

No city suffered to a greater extent in consequence of the revocation of the edict of Nantes, than Tours. More than three thousand families were obliged to go into exile, and carried into Holland their vast capitals. The population was rapidly reduced from eighty to thirty-three thousand souls. The bigotry of the monarch was even more ruinous to his kingdom than his boundless extravagance.

#### P. 75, l. 5.

*Great Rabelais, whose mine of wit ne'er fails,  
Whose genius oft a mystic curtain veils,  
Of Chinon was.*

"What is the oldest city in the world?" asked Pantagruel. It is Chinon, Sir, or Cainon in Touraine, said I. I know, returned Panta gruel, where Chinon lies, and the painted cellar also, having myself drank there many a glass of cool wine; neither do I doubt but that Chinon is an antient town, witness its blazon. I own it is said twice or thrice

Chinon,  
Petite ville, grand renom;  
Assise sur pierre ancienne,  
Au haut le bois, au pied la Vienne."      RABELAIS.

#### P. 75, l. 11.

*Who lived at Ussé? certes, gallant knights.*

"La Touraine comptait les Seigneurs de Saintré au nombre des familles dont elle se glorifiait. Le héros du roman que nous venons de citer partagea tous les exploits du célèbre Boucicault (Meingre, le Maréchal de) et entre autres la gloire de la fameuse passe d'armes de Calais. C'est de ces deux gentilshommes tourangeaux, reputés les plus braves chevaliers de leur temps, que l'on disait,

Quand ce vient à un assaut  
Mieux vaut Saintré que Boucicault:  
Quand on vient à un traité,  
Mieux vaut Boucicault que Saintré."

P. 75, l. 19.

*But, no fictitious hero, great Vauban.*

“Le Maréchal de Vauban, duquel il avait épousé la fille, s'était plus à embellir le séjour d'Ussé, où il venait se délasser de ses nobles travaux ; cet illustre guerrier y avait élevé de superbes terrasses terminées par un bastion appelé encore aujourd'hui le Bastion de Vauban.”—*Souvenirs Pittoresques de la Touraine.*

P. 75, l. 23.

*A monarch, sensual and religious, lived  
At Chambord.*

“Là Henri faisait pénitence entre ses mignons et ses moines, mœurs et religion du bon temps.”—*Simple Discours de Paul-Louis Courier.*

P. 75, l. 25.

*There Francis, squire of dames, displayed a show.*

Francis the First, King of France, who, as Bayle justly remarks, had the most splendid qualities of mind united to the greatest faults. Merzerai observes of him—“Le roi François, premier qui, avoit une noble passion pour toutes les belles choses s'estoit merveilleusement plu aux magnificences, croyant qu'elles servoient à faire paroître sa grandeur ; et comme il se persuadoit que la beauté des dames rehausseroit l'éclat de ses pompes, joint qu'il estoit d'inclination amoureuse, il avoit le premier accoutumé ce beau monde à hanter la cour.” And Moreri says of him—“On dit que ce prince n'eut jamais son pareil en liberalitez, douceur et magnificence ;” but adds, “*Les femmes le gâterent quelquefois.*”

P. 76, l. 15.

*Courier ; his frequent arrows barb'd with wit.*

Paul Louis Courier, (inhabitant of Luynes, a small town in the neighbourhood of Tours,) though comparatively little known in England, was one of the most distinguished writers of the present day, and his works already rank among the French classics, on account of their purity of style, equal to that of the Augustan age of French literature. His brochures are written with great bitterness and extraordinary power

of language ; his expressions are vigorous and terse, possessing an originality and strength seldom to be met with in French authors. His Letters (mostly written in haste amid the din of a barbarous warfare carried on in Calabria against the brigands of that country,) are models of composition. He condemned the treatment experienced by the poor Italians from the agents of Napoleon. He valued his Homer more than his baggage, and exposed himself to greater danger in his antiquarian researches, than in advancing through the country of an enemy always in ambush, as an officer of the artillery. His pamphlets, chiefly directed against the court and clergy, produced a great sensation in Paris. For his " Simple Discours sur la Souscription pour Chambord," he was condemned to two months' imprisonment and the payment of three hundred francs. He was assassinated at no great distance from his house, April 10, 1825. In his last pamphlet he seems almost to have anticipated his premature fate :—

" Non, détournez ce calice ; la ciguë est amère et le monde de soi se convertit assez sans que je m'en mêle, chétif. Je serais la mouche du coche qui se passera bien de mon bourdonnement. Il va, mes chers amis, et ne cease d'aller. Si sa marche nous paraît lente, c'est que nous vivons un instant. Mais que de chemin il a fait depuis cinq ou six siècles ! A cette heure, en plaine roulant, rien ne le peut plus arrêter."

—*Pamphlet des Pamphlets.*

#### P. 76, l. 21.

*And Béranger—how brilliant is his song.*

Béranger, the great Lyric Poet of France, at once the Tyrtæus and Anacreon of his day, lives now in retirement in the neighbourhood of Tours.

Since I wrote the above, he has been persuaded by his friends to return to Paris.

#### P. 77, l. 5.

*In this, their " pays de Cocagne," they drink  
And eat their fill.*

" Pays de Cocagne," a "land that flows with milk and honey, a country to live in par excellence." Such was it in the days of Rabelais :—

“ De Touraine tant et tant de biens nous viennent que nous fnt dit un jour par gents du lieu par-cy passants, que le Duc de Touraine n'a en tout son revenu de quoy son saoul de lard manger, par l'excessive largesse que ses prédécesseurs ont faite à ces sacro-saints Oiseaux, pour icy de Faisans nous saouller, de Perdreaux, de Gelinotes, Poules d'Inde, gras Chappons de Loudunnois, Venaisons de toutes sortes, et toutes sortes de Gibier. Beuvons, amys ; voyez cette perchée d'oiseaux, comme ils sont douilletts et en bon point des rentes qui nous viennent.”—*Rabelais, Pantagruel*, lib. iv. chap. 6.

## P. 77, l. 11.

*Live then, as gentlemen of Tours, or flies  
That flash above the Loire their thousand dyes.*

“ La terra molle e lieta e dilettosa  
Simili a se gli habitori produce.”

A great variety of beautiful winged insects abound on the banks of the Loire. On these ephemeral beings the author of the “ Etudes Historiques, Statistiques, &c., sur le Département d'Indre-et-Loire,” makes the following fanciful remarks :—

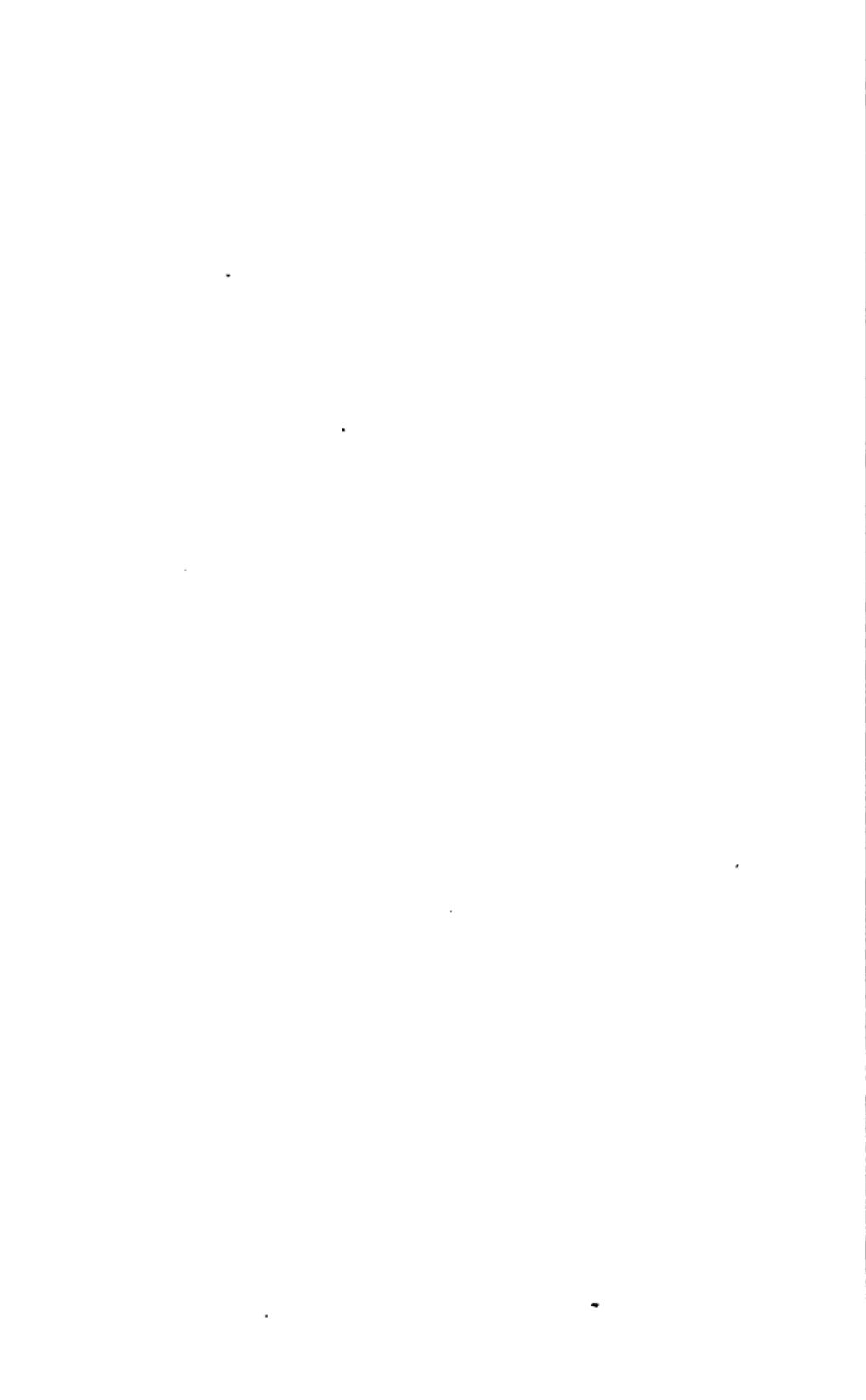
“ Oh quel lot admirable Dieu n'a-t-il pas dé parti à cette foule innombrable qui brille des plus belles couleurs, et des formes les plus délicieuses. N'est-ce pas ainsi qu'une âme tendre, une sainte Thérèse devait rêver les joies du paradis, si tristes et si arides lorsqu'on nous les représente excitées par des temples de pierres précieuses ou par des lambris d'or ? ”

In that exquisite Poem by Rogers, “ Epistle to a Friend,” we have the following allusion to the floating beehives :—

So through the vales of Loire the beehives glide,  
The light raft dropping with the silent tide ;  
So, till the laughing scenes are lost in night,  
The busy people wing their various flight ;  
Culling unnumber'd scents from various flowers,  
That scent the vineyard in its purple hours.



**POLITICAL POEMS.**



## POLITICAL POEMS.

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### THE VIEW.

---

Say, why was man so eminently raised,  
Amid the vast creation ! Why ordain'd  
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,  
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame ;  
But that the Omnipotent might send him forth,  
In sight of mortal and immortal power,  
As in a boundless theatre, to run  
The great career of justice ; to exalt  
His generous aim to all diviner deeds ;  
To chase each partial purpose from his breast,  
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,  
To hold his course unfaltering.—AKENSIDE.

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#### I.

THE world has seen much change ; yet here art thou,  
Mont Blanc, while generations pass away ;  
Thy vast heights glistening with untrodden snow,  
On which the sun at eve imprints his ray ;  
There lingers yet the mild farewell of day ;  
The blue lake sleeps below in tranquil sheen :  
Here among Nature's miracles I'll pray  
To Nature's Deity, how vast the scene !

The loveliest works of God—the grandest here are seen !

## II.

Here from our slumbers light we rise to feel  
The consciousness of being ; fresh and free  
The soul pours forth its orisons with zeal  
To the great Spirit of Eternity  
That was, that is, and shall for ever be.  
The fertile valleys, giant mountains, prove  
The Omnipresence of the Deity !  
Blest emblems of his wisdom, power, and love,  
Pervading all things here—around, below, above.

## III.

The golden sun has colour'd all the woods !  
Fresh views succeed ; each brighter than the last !  
There barren rocks are channell'd by the floods,  
Here Flora's beauties cannot be surpast.  
Lausanne, a universe of charms thou hast !  
There Winter 's fetter'd in his icy bed :  
Steeps rise o'er steeps immeasurably vast ;  
While the rude crags projecting overhead,  
Strike in the stoutest hearts a momentary dread !

## IV.

The ambitious rhododendron climbs the snow ;  
Pines darken round the mountain's sides ; behold !  
A thousand rills from icy caverns flow,  
Rushing o'er rocks irregularly bold,  
Where the tenacious sapling keeps its hold :

Below the dark stream with collected force,  
Still rolling on as it has ever roll'd,  
Through the wide plains shapes its resistless course,  
**As rude as Ocean's self—as grand as is its source.**

## v.

Look on these glorious wonders ! think of Him,  
Lord of a million worlds, that have, perchance,  
Greater phenomena !—Mine eyes grow dim,  
With gazing on these heights as we advance :  
Now all things seem enveloped in a trance,  
Save when at times the avalanche doth fall,  
Startling the ear ; still at a vast distance  
The masses of thick-ribbed ice appal  
The soul, as if they form'd the world's extremest wall !

## vi.

The prospect lengthens : far and far beneath  
See cities, mansions, beautifully placed,  
While the smoke rises in a frequent wreath  
From cottages by greenest arbours graced.  
These, like man's proudest works, may be defaced  
By War's unsparing hand ; but yonder trees,  
Self-planted, by thick-woven shrubs embraced,  
They with their towering grandeur long will please :  
How can the spoiler's axe fell forests such as these ?

## VII.

The buoyancy of spirits—the wild hope  
 Of something undefinable—the joy  
 Of giving thus to all my feelings scope,  
 Feelings, which man's injustice can't destroy,—  
 These bring back former years, and I'm a boy,  
 Joyful as sailor in his bounding bark,  
 Whose rapid course no sudden squalls annoy,  
 Wild as the stag that spurns his narrow park,  
 Light as the young chamois, blithe as the mountain lark !

## VIII.

Is not the soul immortal ? Whence its thought ?  
 Its constant aspirations after bliss ?  
 Its vast capacity for good, if nought  
 But a fortuitous element it is ?—  
 Away, nor preach a doctrine such as this !  
 For, by yon blessed sun-rise, there's a road,  
 Be but our faith unmoved, we cannot miss,  
 That leads us to that ever-blest abode  
 Where Mind perceives all things without a dark'ning  
 cloud.

## IX.

At Vevai lies our Ludlow : there he dwelt,  
 The patriot exile ; there he loved to roam ;  
 There to the Father of all Mercies knelt :  
 There Freedom woo'd him in her own sweet home,

Presenting to his view an ample tome,  
 Wherein is writ, (in characters how true !)  
 That an unyielding spirit doth become  
 Man, when the many, govern'd by the few,  
 Give to their masters praise that to their God is due.

## x.

Yes, the fresh air that penetrates around  
 Bids us think nobly ; mountains, too, sublime  
 The soul ; the free-wing'd things that here abound  
 Tell us that passive virtue is a crime,  
 When tyrants would destroy the work of time !  
 Gaze on ! thy feelings here will teach thee more  
 Than doubtful legends, or than lying rhyme ;  
 Gaze on, and Heaven's magnificence adore !  
 Does not thine heart exult now to its very core ?

## xi.

But, gloomy Calvin, how couldst thou prevail  
 With thy dark doctrines, and ascetic pride,  
 Where the ripe harvest smiles along the vale,  
 Where glows the vintage near Lake Leman's tide,  
 And all was mirth and cheerfulness beside ?  
 Why didst thou not to northern regions hie,  
 Or in some dreary wilderness abide ?  
 Why spread thy faith where Heav'n and earth deny  
 The truths of thy heart-withering creed of destiny !

## xii.

Yet Genius, eagle-eyed, has dared to raise  
The torch of truth on high, and here his few,  
His favour'd sons look'd up, with unblench'd gaze,  
On its eternal brightness ; those who knew  
The dignity of man, and prized it too.  
Alas ! to her, whose philosophic mind  
Show'd more than manly strength, a long adieu !  
What, though her thoughts were somewhat o'er-refined,  
She yet was Freedom's daughter—Pride of womankind !

## xiii.

Sweet wanderer ! art thou not happy now,  
Climbing the mountain steep with fairy feet,  
Thy cheeks carnation'd with health's vivid glow,  
Not flushing with the ball-room's sickly heat ?  
Is not thy simple rural feast more sweet  
Than gorgeous suppers ? and the lovely things  
That court thy steps, companions far more meet  
For Nature's child, than those poor fashionlings  
Who taint a woman's heart, then pierce it with their  
stings ?

## xiv.

Thou might'st a model to Canova be  
For young Diana, with thy steps of lightness ;  
And none of living sculptors, none save he,  
Could image forth thy look of angel brightness.

His Psyche's scarce excels thy bosom's whiteness !  
 Such as thou art, all-beauteous, and all-fair,  
 Oh, may'st thou never trust the world's *politeness*,  
 But always breathe with joy as pure an air,  
 Fresh as is yon wild-flower, that shuns the sun's full  
 glare.

## xv.

Had man no other duties, he might live  
 In yonder vale ; his second Paradise,  
 Enjoying all that pure content can give ;  
 And while he lives, be, without learning, wise,  
 Winning by silent prayer his heavenly prize.  
 But this must never be : who would forsake  
 His post, though thick beset by enemies ?  
 No ! rather let him be the more awake,  
 Give back his foemen blows that he is forced to take.

## xvi.

It is the lot of all to be reviled,  
 And who can hope to 'scape that general lot !  
 Not I : the traitor-friend, who lately smiled  
 And cringed before me, now remembers not  
 Past favours ; what, are benefits forgot ?  
 Ay more, ingratitude will cant, and hate,  
 Hate, with his ready sponge, will quickly blot  
 Out from the memory's tablet, sign or date  
 Of friendship there ; and then hypocrisy will prate !

## xvii.

No matter ; tares will grow up with the wheat ;  
 And none but knaves deem all mankind the same.  
 Though in society there be deceit,  
 Yet *there* prevails the love of honest fame ;  
 Still on her altars Friendship's holy flame  
 Burns undiminished—misanthropes may rail,  
 And sceptics smile, yet many could I name  
 Whose honest zeal was never known to fail,  
 Even in the hour of need, but then did most prevail.

## xviii.

The true friend's heart as yonder lake is calm ;  
 Pure as yon snows, but firm as mountain rocks :  
 His voice is as the cheerful morn, a balm  
 To the hurt mind that's felt the world's rude shocks ;  
 His looks as shining as the sun's bright locks :  
 This high-soul'd being fearlessly will shield  
 A falling brother from the scorner's mocks.  
 Oh ! when the book of life shall be unseal'd,  
 How gladly shall his name by Angels be reveal'd !

## xix.

Evils there are ; but many self-created  
 In this our busy world : why should we grieve  
 And murmur at our destiny, when fated  
 To be alone ? why should we learn to weave  
 The web of thought too finely, to deceive

Ourselves, not others ? still, where'er thou art,  
 In cities, or in villages, relieve  
 The poor man's wants, thou wilt perform thy part  
 Well on the stage of life, and blunt e'en Envy's dart !

## xx.

Adieu, sweet country ! Of Helvetia's wrongs,  
 Even in my childhood, have I thought, and wept,  
 When the war-cry was heard, where late the songs  
 Of Innocence spread mirth around, where slept,  
 The child securely ; where the goat-herd kept  
 His flocks untroubled : then the spoiler came,  
 Treading in innocent blood where'er he stept,  
 Hell's horrid offspring—Anarchy his name,  
 Affecting Freedom's voice fair Freedom's cause to shame.

## xxi.

Had France no Washingtons, Timoleons, then,  
 To point the way to Virtue's temple ? Read  
 The latest records of Corinna's pen \*,  
 And Gallia's woes will make thy bosom bleed.  
 The plant she nourish'd was a poisonous weed ;  
 Her friends were foes, none prized the golden mean ;  
 Each wild lawgiver had his separate creed ;  
 All spoke in vain, the soldier rush'd between :  
 Th' imperial consul's pomp then closed the eventful scene.

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\* Madame de Staél.

## xxii.

All things have their alloy ; go southwards on,  
See Italy, with varied landscapes gay,  
A waste of sweets ; the sun ne'er shone upon  
A lovelier country with a brighter ray !  
Her very winter's softer than our May.  
What are its natives now, but imps from hell  
Peopling a Paradise ? Though kinglings pray,  
Those who degrade the human mind, as well  
As Satan's self, 'gainst God's high purposes rebel !

## xxiii.

Great Loyola, how well thy sons succeed,  
Dwarfing man's intellect to tread him down !  
'Tis not enough that he must toil and bleed  
To win for fellow-man, perchance a crown :  
But Superstition scares him with her frown.  
Poor wretch ! to beg, to flatter, stab, or steal,  
(Such are the vices Jesuits spare,) alone  
He loves ; alas, to whom shall we appeal ?  
Oh ! when will monarchs learn to prize the general weal ?

## xxiv.

Here is Religion, robed in rich attire,  
To please the eye, not meliorate the heart ;  
Her pageantries, her glittering shrines inspire  
Devotion, in which *moral*s have no part.  
Does God delight in works of human art ?

He heedeth not the labour of man's hands ;  
 He loves a soul devoid of guile and art ;  
 Fear him, and love him, honour his commands,  
 But his all-perfect state no earthly pomp demands !

## xxv.

Quick are the Italian's feelings, prompt to wrong ;  
 Why may they not be then alive to good ?  
 In this sweet land of Music and of song,  
 The powers of the mind cannot be rude.  
 What then doth breed revenge and deeds of blood ?  
 The vivid spirit that delights the muse,  
 Not the less willing when she's fiercely woo'd.  
 Those impulses, how dangerous their abuse,  
 Which when directed well heroic acts produce !

## xxvi.

'Twas here the light of science first broke forth  
 Amid the Gothic gloom of former ages ;  
 What change ! that light's diffused throughout the  
 earth,  
 Yet Barbarism's evil genius rages  
 E'en in a country long since famed for sages.  
 Invasions, civil wars, the jealous strife  
 Of princes, sully here the historian's pages.  
 Awake, Italia's sons, awake to life ;  
 Throw off your foreign yoke, but scorn the inglorious  
 knife !

## xxvii.

Where Mind to Marble gives a living grace—  
 Where Music's inspiration's fully felt—  
 Where Poetry all passions doth embrace  
 In language form'd to rouse the soul or melt—  
 Where too the Muse of Painting long has dwelt ;—  
 Can there be wanting courage-wakening men  
 Who have not to imperial tyrants knelt ?  
 Be what ye were in ages past again,  
 Brave Milanese, the spoilers must re-seek their den.

## xxviii.

And he who mid dark cypresses and urns  
 Mourns o'er the buried mighty ones, in verse  
 Plaintive as nightingale's sweet song—he burns  
 To avert from Lombardy's fair plains the curse  
 Of foreign slavery ; what plague is worse ?  
 In vain Bologna boasts her learned youth ;  
 In vain Firenze is of arts the nurse ;  
 The prisoner hates the light ; and lovely truth,  
 When seen and not embraced, heightens our woes in  
 sooth.

## xxix.

But Leopold's kind genius yet presides  
 O'er rich Etruria's gardens : *there* is man  
 Comparatively happy ; there resides  
 Smiling Content. Though short may be the span

Of life, when princes do what good they can  
They live for ever, not in marble busts,  
While the poor subject's looks are pale and wan—  
Not in some courtly verse that lauds their lusts,  
But in that general wealth the stranger ne'er distrusts.

## xxx.

The exuberant produce Ceres here brings forth,  
(For *here* if husbanded she cannot fail,)  
Shows him at once the patriot monarch's worth.  
The numerous houses, studding hill and dale,  
The fattening olive with its foliage pale,  
The cheerful peasantry, (for years must pass  
Ere laws that tend to improve mankind can fail  
In doing good, though scarce observed, alas !)  
Honour his memory more than monuments of brass.

## xxxI.

I dream not of Utopias, nor a race  
Of patriot kings ; men may be better'd yet :  
If power be but administer'd with grace,  
Let monarchs shine in robes all gorgeous ; let  
The statesman boast his star and coronet :  
But as for those who first insult and scorn,  
Then catch within their Machiavelian net  
The freeborn mind, though diadems adorn  
Their brows, they hardly rank o'er knaves ignobly born.

Oh ITALY ! rich in thy wood-cover'd mountains,  
Thy rainbow-crown'd falls, and their ever-green fountains ;  
Thy skies in the thunder-storms, even, are bright,  
With the rapid effulgence of rose-colour'd light ;  
Thy shores do embrace, with their vast arms, the deep,  
On whose blue tranquil bosom the sun loves to sleep ;  
While silvery mists round its islets are gleaming,  
And gauze-clouds along the horizon are streaming ;  
And Horace yet lives near his favourite hill ;  
(The delicate air breathes his poetry still ;)  
Thy temples decay ; still their ruins are seen,  
Half grey through old time, or with ivy half green ;  
The fig-tree, pomegranate, pinastre, and vine,  
The blossoming almond-tree's blushes, are thine :  
But thy heroes are dust, and thy spirit is fled,  
And the last of thy warriors, the White-Plumed, is dead !

## xxxii.

Amid rich orange-trees, whose beauteous fruit  
Glow like the western sun with deepen'd hue ;  
Where carelessly the southern plants up shoot,  
Their green contrasting with the sky's deep blue—  
Think ye to find Arcadian fables true ?  
Vain hope ! pale misery sallows every face,  
Yet still to Nature's works full praise is due :  
Oft in the peasant's wretched looks ye trace  
Some lineaments unspoil'd as yet of manly grace.

## XXXIII.

Such were my thoughts when fast from Ischia's isle  
The little vessel bore me ; as the glare  
Of noon-day soften'd down itself awhile,  
A passing breeze o'er Baiae's bay so fair  
Gave a delicious fragrance to the air.  
Sunny Neapolis ! thy loveliness  
Of clime, thy fruitage, thy luxurious fare,  
Pamper thy sons with sensual excess ;  
And warm thy daughters fair with dreams of wanton-  
ness !

## XXXIV.

Here all is strenuous idleness ! the hum  
Of men, like children bustling about nought ;  
The bawling mountebank, and frequent drum,  
Are glorious substitutes for troublous thought ;  
While business is unheeded and unsought.  
Here to the last they whirl around ; the bier  
Bears to the grave some noisy trifler, caught  
By death ; the world's epitome is here ;  
The sight provokes a smile, commingled with a tear !

## XXXV.

Give Italy *one* Master, she would thrive  
Again, and triumph in her boundless stores :  
But bigots with their deadening influence drive  
Wealth from her lands and commerce from her shores,

While Heaven its choicest gifts in vain out pours.  
 When Monks, in locust-swarms, oppress the soil,  
 When the vile spy of Government explores  
 The people's wealth—the industrious will not toil  
 To enrich their *puny* Masters with a greater spoil.

## xxxvi.

Nor splendid portraitures, nor beds of state,  
 Nor the rich ceiling's gay magnificence ;  
 Nor sumptuousness of feasts, nor massy plate,  
 Nor all the vain adornments of expense ;  
 Nor marble statues, though Canova's, whence  
 Beauty an almost breathing charm puts forth ;  
 Nor heads of bronze, that seem inform'd with sense,  
 Can give to sorrowing hearts a moment's mirth,  
 Or soften down the pangs of care-worn sons of earth !

## xxxvii.

“ Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow,”  
 Thought doth pervade the universe ; we seem  
 More than this world can circumscribe to know :  
 Yet is our life but one protracted dream—  
 For moralizing fools an endless theme.  
 He, whom gaunt evil smites—whose days, though few,  
 In thought are numberless, he well may deem  
 That under Heaven there is nought that's new,  
 His sole delight at length fair Nature's scenes to view.

## XXXVIII.

What is the pomp of art to him who loves  
On Chimborazo's height to breathe keen air ?  
Or with a Humboldt fortunately roves  
Through forests deep ?—Though all is savage there,  
Yet Nature seems to him for ever fair.  
As with the river's slow majestic course  
Onward he roves, forgetful of past care,  
His soul mounts up unto that very source  
Whence all existence springs, with the strong eagle's  
force !

## XXXIX.

Eternity—how wonderful it is !  
A shoreless Ocean—nothing, everything !  
To be for ever what I shall be—this  
Far, far exceeds the mind's imagining,  
Though it would soar for ever on the wing,  
To reach a Kepler's, Newton's height !—'tis vain :  
Yet some still dream of a perpetual spring :  
Fond dreams that may awhile delight the brain,  
But by our waking sense are banish'd with disdain.

## XL.

See Cæsar baffled by a little state !  
Such is the will of HIM who doth command  
Empires to rise, decay, regenerate :  
Who weigheth worlds as balls within His hand ;

Whose wrath not Hell's fierce legions may withstand ;  
 Who is enthroned in light, Ancient of Days !  
 The pure Intelligence, whose wisdom plann'd  
 This universal frame. His be the praise !  
 Creatures of clay, to HIM your loud thanksgivings raise !

## xli.

The mind that well doth exercise its powers  
 Shall to the perfect beauty be allied,  
 When, from this grosser frame released, it towers  
 Above the reach of earth-born care or pride.  
 Yet must it be through ages purified,  
 Ere it can live near God's eternal throne,  
 Ere it can bask in glory's luminous tide,  
 That sun of suns, unmixed and alone,  
 Whose everlasting light on earth has never shone !

## xlii.

Oh could I seek at length those happy Isles  
 Where 'tis a sensual pleasure even to breathe ;  
 Where Nature in her classic livery smiles,  
 And gives to Byron's muse a deathless wreath ;  
 Where youth is life, age slumbers into death ;  
 Where bowers to meditation dear abound ;  
 Where glow the heavens above, the flowers beneath ;  
 Where every nook is consecrated ground ;  
 And songs of other times float in the air around ;

## XLIII.

Then might appear to me dear Liberty,—  
But in a dream—whole hosts before her driven !  
A sun-beam is her spear—she strikes, and see  
Its touch consumeth like the burning levin,  
Or like a comet hurl'd to earth from heaven !  
A fierce disdain is flashing from her eye !  
Thus look'd Apollo, when, asunder riven,  
The monster serpent writh'd in agony,  
Then all convulsed, at length expired with hideous cry !

## XLIV.

She triumphs now ; a laureate band attend  
Her steps, while Æschylus awakes the lyre ;  
Before her now the mighty masters bend :  
“ A slave ’s no man !” thus sings their Godlike Sire : \*  
His strains the whole triumphant race inspire.  
O glorious sight !—And is it all a dream ?  
No—no ! Columbia has her souls of fire ;  
The dawning light of science there doth gleam,  
There Poets must arise, since Liberty ’s the theme !

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\* Homer.

## NOTES ON "THE VIEW."

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P. 109.

This little Poem was written in the Autumn of the year 1818, during a tour through Switzerland and Italy.

P. 112, l. 9.

*Light as the young chamois.*

The chamois is an animal remarkable for its activity in scouring along the craggy rocks, and in leaping over the precipices. It is a species of antelope, though Linnaeus has classed it in the goat genus under the name of *rupi capra* or mountain goat.—*Care's Travels in Switzerland*, Vol. I., Letter 29, pages 342-44.

P. 113, l. 15.

*But, gloomy Calvin, how couldst thou prevail?*

Calvin was born at Noyon, in Picardy, in the year 1509. He first studied the Civil Law: afterwards, retiring to Basil, he turned his thoughts to the study of Divinity, and published there his *Institutions*, which he dedicated to Francis I. He was made Professor of Divinity at Geneva, A. D. 1536. The year following he prevailed with the people to subscribe a confession of faith, and to renounce the Pope's authority; but, carrying the matter a little farther than was agreeable to the Government, he was obliged to retire from Geneva, upon which he set up a French church at Strasburgh, in Germany, and was himself the first minister of it. But the town of Geneva inviting him to return, he came back thither in September 1541. The first thing he did was to settle a form of discipline and consistorial jurisdiction, and he gained himself many enemies by his inflexible severity in maintaining the

rights and jurisdiction of his consistory. He was a person of great parts, indefatigable industry, and considerable learning. He died in the fifty-sixth year of his age, in 1594.—*Boughton's Dictionary*, article *Calvinists*.

## P. 114, l. 8.

*What, though her thoughts were somewhat too refined?*

I allude to the works of Madame de Staél; but more particularly to the third volume of her "*Allemagne*," and to her philosophical works. Her last (*Considérations sur les Principaux Evènemens de la Révolution Française*) has no theoretical refinements whatever. Her language is sober and correct, though sufficiently energetic; and her ideas, if I may so express myself, quite *English*.

## P. 115, l. 6.

*Had man no other duties.*

"I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees its adversary; but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat."—MILTON's *Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing*.

## P. 118, l. 6.

*What are its natives now, but imps from hell  
Peopling a paradise?*

This is the character an Italian gave me of his own countrymen. All are not such, however. Italy, trampled upon and degraded, still may possess many men of virtue and spirit; but, in the present state of things, what can *they do* towards ameliorating the condition of their countrymen? "The victim by turns, of selfish and sanguinary factions, of petty tyrants, and of foreign invaders, Italy has fallen, like a star from its place in heaven; she has seen her harvests trodden down by the horses of the stranger, and the blood of her children wasted in quarrels not their own: *Conquering or conquered*, in the indignant language of her poet, *still alike a slave*; a long retribution for the tyranny of Rome."—HALLAM's *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*, vol. i. page 255.

## P. 120, l. 8, 9.

*Be what ye were in ages past again,  
Brave Milanese.*

The efforts which the Milanese made to resist the tyranny of Frederic Barbarossa, may rival the noblest exertions of the Spartans or the Athenians.—See *Sismondi, Histoire des Républiques Italiennes du Moyen Age, tome ii. passim.*

## P. 120, l. 10.

*And he who 'mid dark cypresses and urns:*

Ugo Foscolo. See his "*Carme de' Sepolcri,*" and his "*Lettere di Jacopo Ortis.*"

## P. 125, l. 2.

*On Chimborazo's height to breathe keen air.*

"Thus, on the shore of the South Sea, after the long rains of winter, when the transparency of the air has suddenly increased, we see Chimborazo appear like a cloud at the horizon ; it detaches itself from the neighbouring summits, and towers over the whole chain of the Andes, like that majestic dome produced by the genius of Michael Angelo over the antique monuments which surround the Capitol."—HUMBOLDT's *Researches*, vol. i.

## P. 125, l. 31.

*Far, far exceeds the mind's imagining.*

"But, gracious God, how well dost thou provide  
For erring judgments an unerring guide !  
Thy throne is darkness in th' abyss of light,  
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight."—DRYDEN.

## P. 126, l. 7.

*Shall to the perfect beauty be allied.*

"The first fair, and pulchritude itself."—SR. CYAN.

## P. 126, l. 13.

*That sun of suns, unmixed and alone.*

"O luce eterna, che sola in te sidi."—DANTE.

## P. 127, l. 3.

*A sun-beam is her spear—she strikes, and sees.*

Chatterton has given this all-piercing weapon to Power.

"Power wythe his heafod straught unto the skyes,  
Hys speere a sonne-beame, and hys sheelde a starre."

*Chorus to Goddesyn.*

## ENGLAND.

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Αἱ τ' ἦγε κατεύχομαι  
Θεοπίσσασα πρευμενῶς  
Ἐπισσόντους βίου τύχας διησίμους  
Γαῖας ἔξαμβρόσαι  
Φαιδρὸν ἀλίου σέλας.

*Eschyl. Eumen.*

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### I.

WHAT are Helvetia's woods, Ausonia's bowers,  
Compared with England's home-attractions ? Rove  
Where'er we may, we waste away those hours  
That sure were better spent with friends we love,  
Such as the royal casuist might approve.  
But England has her beauties, her green fields ;  
Her rising grounds o'ertopp'd with many a grove ;  
The wealth her land so prodigally yields,  
That yet from violent hands the arm of justice shie lds.

## II.

And thou, Charissa, with thy smiling train  
 Of infants, in this island art renown'd ;  
 Let others sing the dark-eyed maids of Spain,  
 Here beauty's modest gracefulness is found ;  
 Here love domestic is by valour crown'd :  
 Ah ! happy isle, where Faction vainly roars :  
 Her wild war-cry we heed not ; we are sound :  
 With flag reversed, rebellion quits our shores,  
 And peace exulting smiles, and virtue God adores.

## III.

“ Whatever is, is best ;” the blasts from hell  
 Of irreligion cannot shake the tree  
 Of truth, that in our happy isle has well  
 Driv'n deep its roots : the true philosophy  
 Is Christian faith, from superstition free.  
 England of Heaven asks no miraculous voice  
 To silence foul-mouth'd infidelity.  
 No ! in the gospel-light her sons rejoice :  
 That worship must be pure, where reason points the choice.

## IV.

What mighty minds have here conjointly raised  
 An altar to their Maker ; there up-piled  
 The gifts of truth and eloquence amazed  
 Surrounding nations. Gentle as a child

Was Newton, Cowper as a seraph mild !  
 Yet were they champions of the faith, and kept  
 The ark of their religion undefiled.  
 Here never has Devotion's genius slept,  
 Nor o'er her ruin'd fanes meek Piety has wept \*.

## v.

Those who do fear it always hate the light.  
 Let man but know his duties, he pursues  
 His proper good ; 'tis only in the night  
 Of ignorance that uncertain are his views,  
 That Cleons his most credulous heart abuse.  
 But knowledge like Ithuriel's spear will show  
 Impostures stripp'd of all their borrow'd hues.  
 What is the fruitful source of human woe ?  
 The fear lest men become too wise the more they know.

## vi.

Vain fear ! before Religion's rising sun  
 The fogs of Superstition break away.  
 Let sophists to the den of error run  
 And hide them from the intellectual ray

\* " Such to this British Isle, her Christian Fanes,  
   Each linked to each for kindred services ;  
   Her spires, her steeple-towers with glittering vanes  
   Far kenn'd, her chapels lurking among trees,  
   Where a few villagers on bended knees  
   Find solace which a busy world disdains." — WORDSWORTH.

That this “best sun” sheds forth on us to-day.  
 Though tyrants dread opinion, ‘tis the base  
 Of every government, its only stay.  
 Good God ! what crimes the moral world disgrace,  
 When prejudice would drive right reason from its place !

## VII.

Are not the gifts of eloquence and wealth,  
 Beauty and talent, easily abused ?  
 Thus into minds not guarded well, by stealth  
 The poison of false doctrine is infused.  
 E’en freedom has been, often is, misused !  
 Yet by instruction man is lifted here  
 High in the scale of being, not amused  
 With grovelling joys, but panting for a sphere  
 Where mind shall live with mind through Heaven’s  
 “ eternal year.”

## VIII.

As rushing whirlwinds ’mid the stagnant air,  
 In Eastern climates, suddenly arise—  
 Thus slaves whom passions prompt, or fell despair,  
 Rush on their despot-master. Lo ! he dies.  
 How weak the state which terror guards, or lies !  
 But when fair mercy, justice, truth support  
 The throne, let statesmen ope the people’s eyes ;  
 Their knowledge is as an unshaken fort  
 To which ’gainst all assaults the monarch might resort.

## IX.

Let others fashion works that charm the eye  
And please the moral taste ; we cannot strive  
In these with Greece and Italy to vie—  
We teach the master-science how to live.  
Long may our dear, dear country's glories thrive ;  
May never pestilence consume her strength ; may God  
Far, far away domestic discord drive ;  
But, must we bow beneath his chastening rod,  
*Ne'er may the rebel's bones rest 'neath his father's sod.*

## NOTES ON “ENGLAND.”

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P. 131, l. 5.

*Such as the royal casuist might approve.*

“*Hamlet.* Give me the man that is not passion’s slave, and I will wear him in my heart’s core ; ay, in my heart of hearts, as I do thee.”—*Shakspeare.*

P. 132, l. 3.

*Let others sing the dark-eyed maids of Spain.*

See Lord Byron’s *Childe Harold*, Canto the First.

P. 133, l. 10.

*That Cleons his most credulous heart abuse.*

Cleon was the low demagogue of Athens.—See *Thucyd.* lib. 3.

P. 134, l. 4.

*Good God ! what crimes the moral world disgrace.*

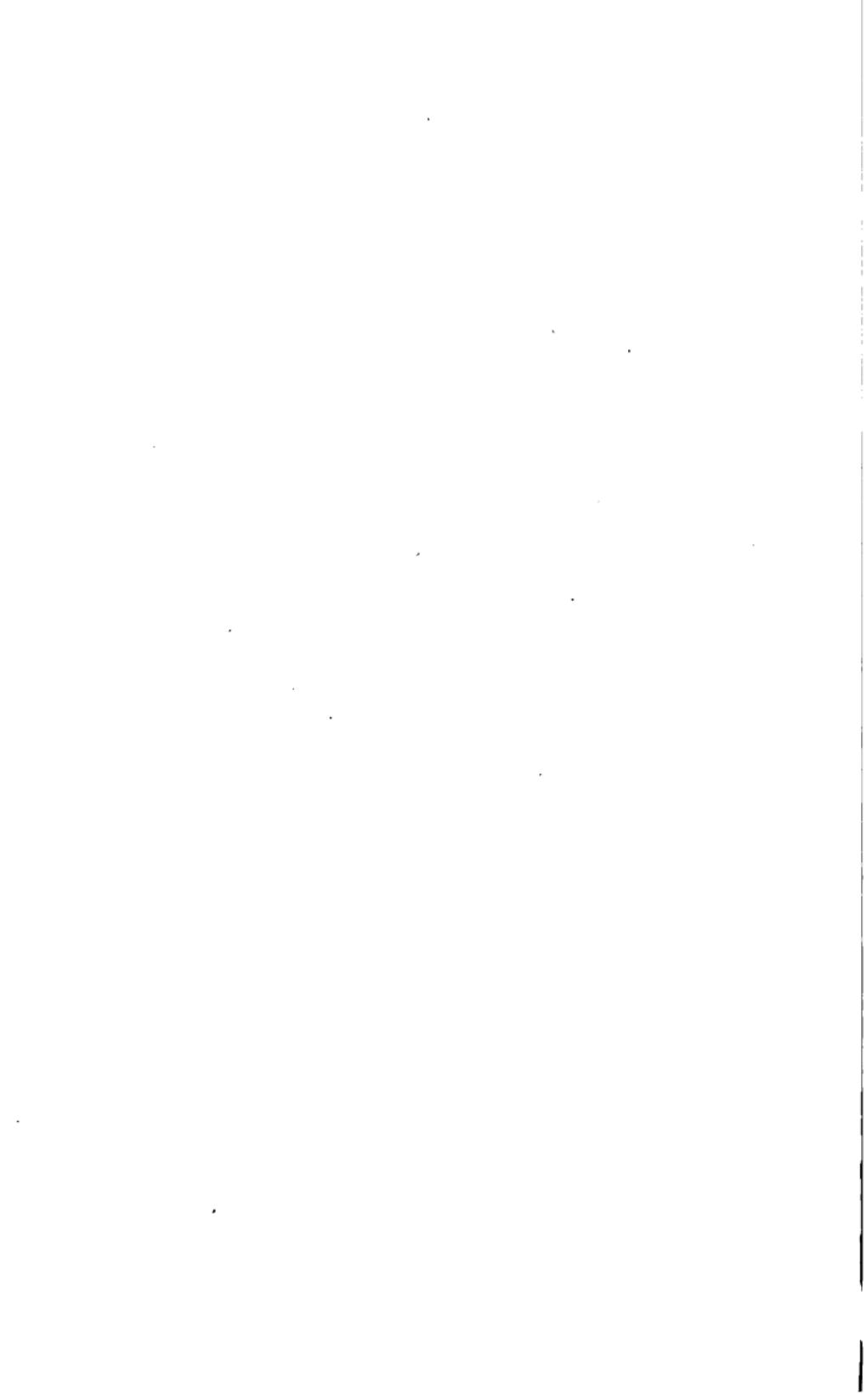
“L’auteur du Raoud-al-rakhiar rapporte que Mahomet a prédit que son peuple ou sa religion périssoit par deux choses, par l’ignorance et par l’avarice.”—*D’Herbelot*, article, GEHEL.

P. 134, l. 15.

*As rushing whirlwinds 'mid the stagnant air.*

If we have any doubt of the dreadful evils arising from the ignorance of the people, let us turn to the page of history, let us look to the cru-

sade against the unoffending Albigenses, the convulsions that happened at Paris (equalled only in atrocity by the enormities of the late Revolution,) during the unhappy reign of Charles VI., to the private wars and deadly feuds that, during the middle ages, desolated Germany and Scotland, and then (unless we are bigots, or knaves,) we shall be convinced of the necessity of enlightening the people. It is the Cardinal de Retz who says, that the lower orders are suspicious. They are so, indeed, since they have always been deceived ! " Is the limit of human wisdom to be estimated in the science of politics alone by the extent of its present attainments ? Is the most sublime and difficult of all arts, the improvement of the social order, the alleviation of the miseries of the civil condition of man, to be alone stationary, amid the rapid progress of every art, liberal and vulgar, to perfection ? " " The convictions of philosophy insinuate themselves by a slow, but certain progress into popular sentiment. It is vain for the arrogance of learning to condemn the people to ignorance, by reprobating superficial knowledge. The people cannot be profound ; but the truths which regulate the moral and political relations of man are at no great distance from the surface." —*Mackintosh's Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, pp. 110-123.



## AMERICA.

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"La constitution des Etats-Unis ressemble à ces belles créations de l'industrie humaine qui comblient de gloire et de bien ceux qui les inventent, mais qui restent stériles en d'autres mains.—TOCQUEVILLE, *de la Démocratie en Amérique.*"

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### I.

Two mighty powers for mastery contend,  
Like principles opposed of good and ill ;  
Sworn foe to freedom and determined friend :  
One would on earth pour forth of light a flood,  
The other would extinguish it in blood.  
Russia, America—to these perchance  
Old states hereafter may be forced to bend.  
Have free-men been triumphant to advance  
The cause of autocrats ? Why bled insulting France ?

### II.

For years o'er Europe, in advancement slow,  
Yet still enlarging, has a shadow stole ;  
Portentous shadow ! vaster will it grow,  
O'erspreading of our ancient world the whole,

Till for free thought remains no sunny knoll.  
Autocracy, that statesmen duped adore,  
While declamation's harmless thunders roll  
O'er Germany, secures her prey, and more  
Craves, force and fraud despise the lib'ral jurist's lore.

## III.

The ornaments of life Columbia wants,  
And decorative graces, but she rears  
A fabric, though no splendours *there* enchant  
Idolaters of rank, that man reveres ;  
The aspect of Utility it wears.  
Its ever-crescent strength to contemplate  
Patriots rejoice, through vista long of years ;  
And art will bring refinement, to create  
Love of the beautiful in minds ambitious hopes elate.

## IV.

See ! a young nation, whose united will  
One spirit animates, one heart impels,  
While slumber ancient dynasties, or ill  
Conceiving domineer till man rebels,  
In works ensuring future wealth excels.  
Authors, an immaterial class, are prized  
No more than monks were in their cluster'd cells ;  
But schemes, old states dream not, are realized,  
By speculation's far-discriminating mind devised.

## v.

A new earth's verdurous magnificence  
Seems from a recent deluge to emerge :  
Lakes with a thousand islands gemm'd ; immense  
Forests, and far along the horizon's verge  
Blue mountains cresting like the ocean's surge ;  
Earth-shaking rush of falls, and roar of flood,  
And fell oft seam'd by the tornado's scourge ;  
These bards have sung, in sad or lively mood,  
But their auxiliar charms remain yet to be woo'd.

## vi.

Yet o'er America must nature grand  
Her imagery rare hereafter show  
To the clear-sighted poet ; in that land  
She may have riches Wordsworths do not know ;  
Her Helicons, whence streams untasted flow.  
And illustrations beautiful to draw  
From new phenomena, above, below,  
Genius will thirst, with rapture and with awe  
Beholding sights that hitherto unheeding craftsmen saw.

## vii.

Sculpture need not ideal forms contrive,  
Nor painting borrow from the Italian clime  
Its flush of beauty ; loveliest models live  
To wake the artist's genius, in spring-time

Of youth ; then for the muse what seeses sublime !  
 While sculpture may embody moral worth,  
 Beauty wooes painting ; for the loftier rhyme  
 Nature in all her majesty shines forth :  
 Her new apocalypse appears from the Occident and  
 North.

## VIII.

Meanwhile activity on restless wing  
 Flies on, inventive industry her guide ;  
 In the new world, of enterprise the spring  
 Is felt, rolls thither population's tide,  
 And unpruned forests perish in their pride :  
 To-day, a vigorous race push, unappall'd  
 By danger, mighty labours far and wide ;  
 To-morrow, farms will thrive and cities wall'd,  
 Where late through herbage rank amphibious monsters  
 crawl'd.

## IX.

And bright-eyed science, like the morning star,  
 Illumes the land that liberty hath blest :  
 Progressing still in knowledge, thousands are  
 (Labour their pleasure is, their unrest, rest)  
 Spreading their bloodless triumphs o'er the West ;  
 Millions shall through far distant valleys be  
 Of treasures, undeveloped yet, possest :  
 Colossal empire of the great and free !  
 Strong is thy youth, who can thy strength adult foresee ?

How from a grain of mustard-seed has grown  
This noble tree, o'ershadowing the earth !  
Thousands have to its grateful shelter flown  
From scathe of persecution fierce, a dearth  
Producing, where she smote the soil, of worth !  
Regenerate through the land by crime unstain'd,  
There Liberty has had her second birth ;  
Mightier in virtue than enthusiasts feign'd  
Her to be in those days at Athens when she reign'd.

## x.

When all particular interests are bound  
Up with the state, each feels that the dispraise  
Of his loved land is an attempt to wound  
His own self love, he to the stranger's gaze  
A morbid sensibility betrays.  
Who dares affirm, (the American denies)  
That the sun shines elsewhere with brighter rays ?  
That Albion with her glorious daughter vies  
In beauty, valour, wealth, aught nature, art, supplies ?

## xi.

Democracy, gigantic, fickle power,  
Acts on the government by fits and starts,  
Repealing by her fiat laws an hour  
Ago she will'd. What are the counter-arts  
By which the state-machine repairs its parts ?

It is the home-religion's gentle sway,  
 That to extravagant spirits peace imparts ;  
 Of institutions new the only stay,  
 When young equality would break and cast their bonds  
 away.

## xii.

Religion, order, law, the triple cord  
 Of states, self-honouring liberty admires ;  
 She wields, to vindicate her rights, the sword,  
 But checks her sons' inordinate desires,  
 And strikes not when caprice her aid requires.  
 Noble is her ambition—to increase  
 Man's happiness, not kindle raging fires  
 Of war throughout the world, but arts of peace  
 To multiply, and mind from thraldom base release.

## xiii.

Union is strength, and keen intelligence  
 The ties that union framed still closer draws ;  
 And intercourse is quicken'd by it, hence  
 An uniformity of manners, laws—  
 Hence mutual wants of peaceful trade the cause.  
 Where vast streams cut illimitable plains  
 The wheel of commerce turns without a pause :  
 No barriers to improvement mountain-chains ;  
 Nought is achieved while yet unlabour'd soil remains.

## xiv.

What if the federal Union be dissolved ?  
The states remain, and knowledge must increase,  
As plans of generous policy evolved  
From unity of action promise peace—  
As strife between the few and many cease :  
Nathless the Union will through ages last,  
Firmer than the Achæan league of Greece ;  
History records not, in her annals past,  
Like brotherhood of states, strong, war-defying, vast.

## xv.

Affections, language, principles the same,  
Maintain the Union more than balanced powers.  
Since individual states too often claim  
Supremacy, opinion proudly towers,  
Opposed to reason, that retiring cowrs ;  
The sacred federation has a charm,  
E'en when the cloud of faction o'er it lowers,  
That fails not to avert the threatened harm ;  
The charm of names that aye the hearts of freemen  
warm.

## xvi.

Great Washington ! in simple grandeur shines  
Thy glory, far above the vulgar glare  
Of Cæsar's—gems there are that heaven refines,  
Till they have nothing earthly—oh ! how fair

Is self-denying power, that virtue rare.  
The guardian of his country's weal secures  
A pure renown, if he avoid the snare  
To which ambition oft the wise allures ;  
He who can brave the storm not alway sun endures.

## XVII.

That lust of sway, of noble souls the vice,  
Seized not on Washington—to save *he* fought ;  
A hero, whom no flattery could entice  
From the straight path of duty ; every thought  
Was for his country ; his firm judgment brought  
Into subjection passions all must feel,  
Who in the school of warfare have been taught :  
But Washington's disinterested zeal  
Rose above passion's impulse, for the common weal.

## XVIII.

He saw the war-cloud over Europe burst  
Unmoved ; he heeded not the popular cry  
Of war with England, faction's shout accurst :  
Why should America, who might defy  
The world at home, to foreign conflicts fly !  
Strong sympathies she had with what appear'd  
The glorious struggle of her late ally  
In the same cause for which Columbia rear'd  
Her standard ; sympathies her watchful guardian fear'd.

## xix.

He dared the popular feeling to oppose,  
Tho' strong the current ran, its strength he braved ;  
Despising evil tongues—he felt that those  
Who then against his righteous counsels raved,  
Would own from broils their country he had saved,  
When o'er America, while Europe bled,  
The mingling flags of peace and freedom waved :  
A light from which dark tyranny has fled  
Will long o'er nations free its healthy influence shed.

## xx.

Are not the churches ocean-lights, that placed  
On rocks, through tempests fierce of ages lighten ?  
If faith direct its course, the more is chased  
By storms the bark of life, the more *they* brighten ;  
Nor clouds can trouble then, nor meteors frighten,  
Though yet night-mists of superstition veil  
The East, the horizon there appears to whiten  
With gospel-light, and hearts prophetic hail  
The day when truths divine shall through the world  
prevail.

## xxi.

One universal chorus will arise  
Of praise to the Triune, though pride disdains  
An unity of worship, and would blend  
Falsehood with truth, hating as mental chains

The service of belief that faith ordains.  
The mystery that reasoning doubt repels,  
Lost dignity for fallen man regains :  
Man, whom to free from death the Word that dwells  
In light of light came down on earth, all worlds excels.

## xxii.

But transatlantic liberty with pride  
Increases slaves, and multiplies her sects  
Till freedom seems oppression : words divide  
Those whom the bond of common faith connects.  
Man for a shadow fights, and truth neglects.  
Him, who devotion's genuine spirit feels  
Faith from a vain logomachy protects :  
Time will not stay for us his chariot-wheels ;  
It is enough to know what clearly Heaven reveals.

## xxiii.

As the *malaria* rages where the air  
Seems purest on the hills o'erlooking Rome,  
Thus, where each citizen is deem'd the heir  
Of liberty plague-spots of slavery come :  
Nature has never written in her tome  
That colour gives monopoly to "whites"  
Of freedom : freely through the forests roam  
Beasts fair and tawny, having equal rights.  
With others soars the black eagle to equal heights.

## xxiv.

It is not colour of the skin, but vice,  
That men imbrutes—the negro is a man,  
A soul has of inestimable price  
Ransom'd from death, deny it those who can  
Doubt the full virtue of redemption's plan.  
Capacities are in the colour'd race,  
Though narrow seems of intellect their span,  
That when improved, and visited by grace  
Supernal, will with zeal religious truths embrace.

## xxv.

How long shall this anomaly endure,  
Opposed to Nature's universal scheme ?  
Can good produce thus evil ? From the pure  
Fountain shall issue forth a poisonous stream  
That enemies of virtue may blaspheme ?  
Though planters in the southern states are fear'd,  
Slavery is the indignant preacher's theme ;  
Thy voice at length, Humanity, is heard,  
E'en where as yet thy cause most hopeless had appear'd.

## xxvi.

Those who would nations aggrandize, the wind  
But sow, the whirlwind reap ; some empires have  
A more prolong'd existence, others find,  
Ere a few centuries pass by, their grave :  
When gone, rolls o'er them equally thy wave,

Eternity ! where now the counsels deep  
Of statesmen deem'd omnipotent to save ?  
All these, as if they were an useless heap  
Of senile tales, away time ruthless loves to sweep.

## xxvii.

Alas ! is profitless the working brain  
Of the sagacious counsellor ? the lot  
Of all must be oblivion—why complain ?  
There is a world where envy settleth not,  
That blight of fame ; where worth is ne'er forgot !  
Where shall be disentangled by the mind  
Of evil here the inextricable knot ;  
Where glittering show of virtue does not blind  
The good, where those are known who loved indeed  
mankind.

## xxviii.

There is the germ of virtue, that has been  
Imperfectly developed here, matured.  
Many, whose merits are on earth unseen,  
Shall have their generous wishes thought-immured  
Changed into active good, in heaven secured.  
And there shall be, conforming minds among,  
Fruition of enduring fame assured,  
And love in energy of action strong,  
And joys intense express by eloquence of song.

## NOTES ON “AMERICA.”

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P. 142, l. 7.

*Meanwhile activity on restless wing.*

“Sans cette fièvre de travail, sans cette tension perpétuelle de l'esprit vers les entreprises utiles et les spéculations, sans cette indifférence pour les plaisirs, sans ces idées politiques et religieuses qui répriment impérieusement toutes les passions dont le but n'est pas de travailler, de produire, de gagner, croit-on que les Américains eussent accompli leurs prouesses industrielles? Avec un autre système moins exclusif pour la production, ils en seraient peut-être encore à projeter de franchir les Alléghanys.”—*Lettres sur l'Amérique du Nord, par CHEVALIER,* tome i. p. 349, duod. ed.

P. 143, l. 10.

*When all particular interests are bound.*

“La politique étrangère de la démocratie américaine est profondément égoïste, c'est que l'ambition nationale est le propre des nations qui grandissent.”—*CHEVALIER, tome ii. p. 412.*

“L'habitant s'attache à chacun des intérêts de son pays comme aux siens mêmes. Il se glorifie de la gloire de la nation : dans les succès qu'elle obtient, il croit reconnaître son propre ouvrage et il s'en élève ; il se réjouit de la prospérité générale dont il profite. Il a pour sa patrie un sentiment analogue à celui qu'on éprouve pour sa famille ; et c'est encore par une sorte d'egoïsme qu'il s'intéresse à l'état.”—*De la Démocratie en Amérique, par ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE, tome i. p. 158.*

## P. 144, l. 1.

*It is the home-religion's gentle sway.*

"La liberté voit dans la religion la compagne de ses luttes et de ses triomphes ; le berceau de son enfance, la source divine de ses droits. Elle considère la religion comme la sauve-garde des mœurs ; les mœurs comme la garantie des lois, et le gage de sa propre durée."—*De la Démocratie en Amérique par ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE*, tome i. p. 71.

## P. 145, l. 10.

*Affections, language, principles, the same.*

"Il y a un fait qui facilite admirablement aux Etats Unis l'existence du gouvernement fédéral. Les différens états ont non-seulement les mêmes intérêts, à-peu-près la même origine et la même langue, mais encore le même degré de la civilisation ; ce qui rend presque toujours l'accord entre eux une chose facile."—*De la Démocratie en Amérique, par ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE*, tome i. p. 286.

"Citizens by birth or choice of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of American, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles."—*Farewell Address of WASHINGTON to the People of the United States*, 1796.

## P. 148, l. 12.

*"Faith from a vain logomachy protects."*

"But this is that close kept palladium,  
Which once removed brings ruin evermore :  
This stirr'd, makes men foresettled, to become  
Curious to know what was believ'd before :  
Whilst faith disputes that used to be dumb ;  
And more men strive to talk, than to adore."

DANIEL.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

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### I.

Now is the spirit from on high pour'd forth  
On man ; and where the dragons lay encaved  
Fresh streams of water flow : now triumphs Worth,  
By purple tyranny no more enslaved,  
That through the world too long uncheck'd has raved.  
Knowledge her blessings spreads from clime to clime,  
Peace smiles where late war's crimson banners waved ;  
Thought, like an eagle soaring in his prime  
Of strength, exulteth now, since zeal for truth's no crime.

### II.

The crowning city beautiful appears,  
Like a fair bride enrobed in rich attire,  
Glorying in the gather'd wealth of years,  
Outshining, in her grandeur, far-famed Tyre ;  
She has whate'er man's proudest hopes desire :  
Her Merchant-Sons, since fortune favours pride,  
To high companionship with kings aspire.  
As if instinct with life her vessels glide,  
Most glorious to behold, o'er her proud river's tide.

## III.

Her daughters too, whose intellectual grace  
Heightens their beauty, that they seem to be  
Less of a mortal than celestial race,  
Are rationally homaged, and more free  
Than in the boasted days of chivalry ;  
When, closely pent within the castle walls,  
Languish'd unseen the dames of high degree,  
Till on some gaudy day the lovely thralls  
Like costly idols shone adored in gorgeous halls.

## IV.

Wisdom is in her halls. To none refused  
Are wisdom's precious gifts, as heretofore,  
When clerks their knowledge selfishly misused ;  
All may the tracts of science now explore :  
Perish the vain monopoly of lore !  
The gloom-dispelling radiance of the morn  
Delighteth not the rising traveller more,  
Than it doth glad my heart, that lofty scorn  
Recoils from the repellent strength of wisdom lowly born.

## V.

Oft are those artificial fountains dry,  
That skill for grandeur labours to create ;  
But streams the mountain's natural founts supply,  
Flow on for ever beautiful and great ;  
To give them birth, they need not toys of state :

Thus may the much-forced mind of high-born youth  
 Prove to the rearer's hand a plant ingrate :  
 While that which nature nourishes in sooth  
 But partial culture asks to reach the heights of truth.

## VI.

Unlike the roll that in the heavens appeared,  
 (Wherein and eke without were written “woe  
 “And lamentation,”) to the Seer revered,  
 Is the bright volume Wisdom shows us now,  
 Where joy and truth in brilliant colours glow.  
 Inquiry nerves the mind and quickens thought,  
 The source from which our purest pleasures flow.  
 Bounds to research there are which spirits fraught  
 With learning's stores would pass ; in vain, their efforts  
 end in nought.

## VII.

The mind that thus its boundaries would pass  
 Is as a restless creature in its cage :  
 On unforbidden ground though much it has  
 Yet to acquire ; still science may engage  
 Its fullest powers, or Niebuhr's \* novel page !  
 Much to unlearn we have, and more to learn  
 As here we journey on to life's last stage,  
 Within the confines of our route ; why yearn  
 For mysteries which to know e'en Seraphs vainly burn ?

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\* The celebrated, indefatigable, and liberal German Historian of Rome.

## VIII.

Yet to the Sabbath those who toil will look,  
And the seal'd volume of a world unseen  
For man has greater charms than Nature's book,  
Though *there* are pages for inspection keen  
Unroll'd as yet : Geologists I ween  
Have made but little progress in their lore !  
What shall be known, compared with what has been,  
Will be, as if a noon-day sun rose o'er  
This earth, intenser light on favour'd man to pour.

## IX.

Philosophy is like the ladder high  
In Padan-Aram, when in vision blest  
The Patriarch saw uprising to the sky  
And then descending Angels, to his breast  
Giving the promise of a glorious rest :  
Thus, by thy aid, Philosophy, is man  
Enabled to discern, though care-opprest,  
His relative state of being, since began  
Time to unfold his wings, and life's first current ran.

## X.

Impregnating all space, and mind effused  
From its great parent-stock through worlds above  
And worlds around this globe of ours diffused  
Those elements in which all creatures move

And live ; the universal bond is love.  
 What pleasure 'tis in mind to trace the ties,  
 Numerous as are the leaflets in a grove,  
 That join our quick sensations as they rise  
 Fast as each shadow brief along the mountain flies.

## xi.

High metaphysics are as faintly seen  
 As the gigantic mountain's shadowy height  
 When twilight draws her veil o'er such a scene  
 As heaven unrolls on earth for man's delight,  
 Late glowing in the sunset's purple light :  
 All may distinctly gospel-truths behold,  
 They are with ever-living splendours bright ;  
 Thus doth the noon-day sun in rays of gold  
 Along the fertile vale each object fair unfold.

## xii.

The moral atmosphere doth lighten now  
 As with a paradise-clearness,—thus appear'd  
 The sky o'er Jordan's stream ; a purple glow  
 Invested heaven and earth as Jesus near'd  
 That Prophet, whom the Triune effluence cheer'd.  
 By man, (unsocial bigotry may frown,)  
 The bonds of brotherhood are more revered  
 Than in the olden times ; is pride o'erthrown ?  
 She quails, though on her head glitters the jewell'd crown.

## xiii.

Life is a mystery, here we are placed  
 All on a level, wherefore vaunt the proud ?  
 Have they the genuine form of truth embraced ?  
 If not, in what do they excel the crowd  
 Whom the thick-coming shades of error shroud ?  
 Oh ! not to such vain spirits is it given  
 To dissipate life's overhanging cloud,  
 Or to direct for man the way to heaven !  
 They have too much of earth's all-vitiating leaven.

## xiv.

And strongly waxes now the word of God ;  
 And very swiftly runneth through the world  
 Zeal, potent as the Seer's life-giving rod :  
 The banners of religion are unfurl'd  
 Far, and Aherman from his throne is hurl'd.  
 Through culture's aid the naked rocks may smile,  
 Mantled in emerald green, with dew impearl'd ;  
 The seeds of truth shall ripen in each isle,  
 That now is rank with weeds of superstition vile.

## xv.

Priestcraft in vain the flaming sword would turn  
 On all around who dare invade her own  
 Peculiar Eden ; noble spirits spurn  
 Her narrow laws, despise the bigot's frown,

And Tabernacles build for Truth alone !  
Religion, central sun, pours forth her light  
O'er all the minor orbs of knowledge thrown ;  
Man, conscious of his intellectual might,  
Rejects heart-withering creeds, that would o'erpower  
right.

## NOTES TO "THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE."

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### P. 153, l. 1.

*Now is the spirit from on high pour'd forth  
On man ; and where the dragons lay encaved,  
Fresh streams of water flow.*

"For in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert."

"And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water : in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes." —ISAIAH, xxxv. 6, 7.

"The imperfection of political institutions," says HUMBOLDT, "may for ages have converted places where the commerce of the world should be concentrated, into deserts ; but the time approaches when these obstacles will exist no longer. A vicious administration cannot always struggle against the united interests of men, and civilization will be carried insensibly into those countries, the great destinies of which nature itself proclaims, by the physical configuration of the soil, the immense windings of the rivers, and the proximity of the two seas that bathe the coasts of Europe and Africa."

"Let the wilderness and the cities thereof lift up their voice, the villages that Kedron doth inhabit ; let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the tops of the mountains."

"*Nosque ubi primus equis Oriens afflavit anhelis,  
Illic sera rubens accendit lumina Vesper !*"

### P. 153, l. 7.

*Peace smiles where late war's crimson banners waved.*

"The fruits of the Spirit are peace," &c.

"The morality of peaceful times is directly opposite to the maxims

of war. The fundamental rule of the first is to do good, of the latter to inflict injuries. The former commands us to succour the oppressed, the latter to overwhelm the defenceless. The former teaches men to love their enemies, the latter to make themselves terrible even to strangers. The rules of morality will not suffer us to promote the dearest interest by falsehood, the maxims of war applaud it when employed in the destruction of others. That a familiarity with such maxims must tend to harden the heart, as well as to pervert the moral sentiments, is too obvious to need illustration. The natural consequence of their prevalence is, an unfeeling and unprincipled ambition, with an idolatry of talents and contempt of virtue; whence the esteem of mankind is turned from the humble, the benevolent, the good, to men who are qualified by a genius fertile in expedients, a courage that is never appalled, and a heart that never pities, to become the destroyers of the earth. While the philanthropist is devising means to mitigate the evils and augment the happiness of the world, a fellow-worker together with God in exploring and giving effect to the benevolent tendencies of nature, the warrior is revolving in the gloomy recesses of his capacious mind plans of future devastation and ruin. Prisons crowded with captives, cities emptied of their inhabitants, fields desolate and waste, are among his proudest trophies. The fabric of his fame is cemented with tears and blood; and if his name is wafted to the ends of the earth, it is in the shrill cry of suffering humanity, in the curses and imprecations of those whom his sword has reduced to despair."—*HALL's Reflections on War.*

The mighty BURKE, when with surpassing eloquence he preached up a crusade against republican France, admitted that nothing short of extreme necessity will justify war.

"The blood of man should never be shed but to redeem the blood of man. It is well shed for our family, for our friends, for our God, for our country, for our kind. The rest is vanity, the rest is crime."  
—*Letter on a Regicide Peace.*

#### P. 153, l. 8.

*Thought, like an eagle soaring in his prime.*

"Methinks I see a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see

her as an eagle musing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam, purging and unsealing her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance, while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about amazed at what she means."—MILTON's *Speech for Unlicensed Printing*.

P. 153, l. 13.

*Out-shining, e'en in grandeur, far-famed Tyre.*

"The power of the city of Tyre on the Mediterranean and in the West is well known ; of this Carthage, Utica, and Cadiz are celebrated monuments. We know that she extended her navigation even to the ocean, and carried her commerce beyond England to the north and the Canaries to the south."—TAV.

HERODOTUS says that in his time there was a temple dedicated to Hercules, which was enriched with many magnificent donations, especially with two pillars, the one of finest gold, the other of smaragdus : see also PERRY's *View of the Levant*, page 135.

See the splendid and sublime description of Tyre, in EZEKIEL, chap. 27.

"Tyre was the centre to which all kinds of goods were conveyed, and from which they were again distributed in the districts where each was demanded. The vast gain thus acquired must have left a constantly increasing surplus of wealth, especially of the most compendious kinds of wealth—the precious metals, in that metropolis of the ancient commercial world."—JACOB on the *Precious Metals*, vol. i. page 96.

P. 154, l. 1.

*Her daughters too.*

In the far-famed days of chivalry the ladies had no real influence, and while their names were passports for every sort of violence on the part of the proud chevaliers, who, self-constituted champions of justice, went about the country inflicting the very wrongs they pretended to avenge ;—they themselves were deprived even of the ordinary benefits of education, and were shut out from the enjoyment of air and exercise. They were too costly for ordinary use, and while mocked with the semblances of an admiration almost amounting to idolatry, were in

wreality treated like infants. How many weary hours did they endeavour to beguile in employing their delicate fingers on tapestry-work !

How seldom were they admitted into the society of their affected worshippers but real tyrants ! Unacquainted with the light accomplishments that gave such a grace to the female sex, they knew nothing of those more serious studies that women in the present day pursue with a success truly wonderful.

They had not even that engaging simplicity of character that almost atones for ignorance. Theirs was an affected simplicity, if I may use the term, superinduced by a cold and artificial system of education ; and being only intended to shine on particular occasions, they were thrown aside like lumber when the unsubstantial pageantries over which they presided disappeared. But a veneration for the days of chivalry is one of those fallacies that reason will soon dissipate.

#### P. 154, l. 12.

*When clerks their knowledge selfishly misused.*

" When the Roman empire became a prey to the Barbarians, they gave up as little as possible of their ancient independence, and when roused by a sense of real or imaginary wrongs, they were ready at all times to assert with their swords the rights they had inherited from their ancestors.

" But in the changes that became necessary in their written laws, in the instructions to public officers for the administration of their internal government, and in the legal forms required for the secure possession and transmission of property, to which they had formerly been strangers, they were compelled to have the aid of provincial churchmen and lawyers, the sole depositaries of the religion and learning of the times. These men, trained in the despotic maxims of the imperial law, transfused its doctrines and expressions into the judicial forms and historical monuments of their rulers ; and thus it happened that if the principles of imperial despotism did not regulate the government, they found their way into the legal instruments and official language of the Barbarians."—ALLEN's *Inquiry into the Rise and Growth of the Royal Prerogative*, page 15.

## P. 155, l. 2.

*Why yearn  
For mysteries, which to know e'en Seraphs vainly burn?*

Ma quell' alma nel Ciel che più si schiara,  
Quel Serafin, che'n Dio più l'occhio ha fiso,  
Alla domanda tua non soddisfara :  
Perocchè sì s'innoltra nel abisso  
Dell eterno statuto quel che chiedi,  
Che da ogni, e creata vista è scisso.

DANTE, Canto 21. *Il Paradiso.*

## P. 156, l. 1.

*Yet to the Sabbath those who toil will look.*

" For all that moveth doth in change delight,  
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally  
With Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight :  
O that great Sabaoth, God, grant me that Sabaoth's sight ! "

SPENSER.

" But if there be a real and necessary, not merely a shadowy agency in heaven, as well as on earth ; and if human nature is destined to act its part in such an economy, then its constitution, and the severe training it undergoes, are at once explained ; and then also the removal of individuals in the very prime of their fitness for useful labour, ceases to be impenetrably mysterious.

" This excellent mechanism of matter and mind, which beyond any other of his works declares the wisdom of the Creator, and which under his guidance is now passing the season of its first preparation, will stand up anew from the dust of dissolution, and then with freshened powers, and with a store of hard-earned and practical wisdom for its guidance, shall essay new labours, we say not perplexities, perils, in the service of God, who by such instruments chooses to accomplish his design of benevolence. . . . Shall not the very same qualities which are here so sedulously fashioned and finished, be actually needed and used in that future world of perfection ? " — *Natural History of Enthusiasm*, page 157.

" The truths which we have been capable of attaining here may still, by that condensation and diffusion of which I have spoken, form an

element of that transcendent knowledge which is to comprehend all the relations of all the worlds in infinity, as we are now capable of tracing the relations of the few planets that circle our sun ; and by a similar diffusion, those generous affections which it has been our delight to cultivate in our social communion on earth, may not only prepare us for a purer and more glorious communion, but be themselves constituent elements of that ever-increasing happiness which, still prolonging and still augmenting the joys of virtue, is to reward, through immortality, the sufferings and the toils and the struggles of its brief mortal career."

BROWN'S *Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind*, vol. ii. page 311.

## P. 156, l. 2.

*And the seal'd volume of a world unseen.*

"But his peremptory, final, unalterable decree he keeps in the cabinet of the eternal ages, never to be unlocked, till the Angel of the Covenant shall declare the unalterable final sentence."—JEREMY TAYLOR.

Man, who is of "such stuff as dreams are made of," is ever anxious to lift up the curtains of eternity, and to discover the secrets of another world ; but neither Dante with his "eagles" and his "roses," nor Davy in the "Vision" that graces the mild and mellow production of his last years, ("Consolations of a Philosopher,") nor Hope, whose last work (would that instead of it he had left us as a legacy another "Anastasius !") only proves the absurdity of human speculations when employed on a subject beyond the reach of human intellect ; no, none of these lights of the world can give us a glimpse of our future state of existence.

Vain are all such speculations ; all we know is, that when "an immortal spirit has finished its earthly career," to use the beautiful language of a celebrated preacher, now, alas ! no more, "an event has occurred, the issues of which must ever baffle and elude all finite comprehension by concealing themselves in that abyss, that eternity which is the dwelling-place of Deity, where there is sufficient space for the destiny of each among the innumerable millions to develop itself, and without interference or confusion to sustain and carry forward its separate infinity of interest."

## P. 156, l. 5, 6.

*Geologists, I ween,  
Have made but little progress in their lore.*

"In those sciences which have attained the highest degree of perfection, the skill of the Creator and the ends and uses of the different parts are most apparent.

"Geology has not yet made sufficient progress to carry us far in this path of inquiry, but we see enough to discover that the very disorder into which the strata on the surface of the globe are thrown, and the inequalities which it presents, are absolutely necessary to its habitable condition."—BAKEWELL's *Geology*, page 480.

M. Fresnel, M. Arago, and our own illustrious countryman Dr. Young, have made discoveries in the nature of light which enabled Dr. Ure beautifully to illustrate the third verse in the first chapter of the Book of Genesis, "Let there be light, and there was light."—See his work on Geology, book i. chap. 2, *Of Light independent of the Sun*.

Guided by the cautious spirit of inductive philosophy, what may not future philosophers accomplish !

## P. 157, l. 1.

*The universal bond is love.*

And in that depth  
Saw in one volume clasp'd, of love, whate'er  
The universe unfolds; all properties  
Of substance and of accident beheld  
Compounded, yet one individual light  
The whole."

Cary's DANTE, *The Vision of Paradise*,  
canto xxxiii. verse 80.

"Terra verò non erat neque aér, nec coelum, Erebi autem in infinito gremio  
Omnium primum parit irritum furva nox ovum;  
Ex quo, temporibus exactis, propullulavit Amor desiderabilis,  
Radians tergo aureis alis, celerrime ventorum vertigini similibus.  
Ille vero alato mistus Chao et caliginoso, in Tartaro ingente  
Edidit nostrum genus, et primum eduxit in lucem."—Aristoph. *Aves*.

See BRYANT's interpretation of the above lines in the second volume of his *Mythology*, quarto edition, page 350.

## P. 157, l. 2.

*What pleasure 'tis, in mind, to trace, &c.*

"The principle of association constitutes one of the most active, and may be considered as one of the primary, properties in the human mind. Into its agency some philosophers have been inclined to resolve all our mental phenomena. That in mind, as in matter, every change must have a cause, is a truth unquestionable; and that we can generally discover the connecting principles which govern the train of our ideas, is equally true. Yet every person who devotes much attention to the varying states of his own mind, watching its thoughts and investigating their causes, must be conscious that ideas occasionally start up for which it is impossible to account. I am well aware how easily the causes may escape our attention. Our ideas, perceptions, and feelings are frequently of that evanescent nature, and follow one another in such rapid succession, that, unless arrested for a moment, they elude our recollection. But while this fact is acknowledged, it is at the same time, we believe, a truth, confirmed by every one's experience who makes what passes within himself the subject of narrow and rigid attention, that thoughts, and names especially, often instantaneously present themselves, to which the train of thought immediately preceding and perfectly remembered has no conceivable relation. A cause must exist, but that cause, we apprehend, cannot always be found in the principle of association."—CROMBIE'S *Natural Theology*, vol. ii. page 14, note.

## P. 157, l. 6.

*High speculations are as faintly seen.*

"So whoever shall entertain high and vaporous imaginations, instead of a laborious and sober inquiry of truth, shall beget hopes and beliefs of strange and impossible shapes.

"For the mind of man is far from the nature of a clear and equal glass, wherein the beams of things should reflect according to their true incidence; nay, it is rather like an enchanted glass, full of superstition and imposture, if it be not delivered and reduced."—BACON.

"High speculations," says JEREMY TAYLOR, "are barren as the tops

of cedars, but the fundamentals of Christianity are fruitful as the valleys or the creeping vine."

"Every mind not infatuated by intellectual vanity must admit that it is only some few necessary points of knowledge, relating to the constitution and movements of the spiritual and infinite world, that can be made the matter of revelation to mankind, and these must be offered in detached portions, apart from their symmetry. Meanwhile the vast interior, the immeasurable whole, is not merely *concealed*, but is in itself strictly incomprehensible by human faculties."—*Natural History of Enthusiasm*, p. 308.

## P. 158, l. 14.

*And Aherman from his throne is hurl'd.*

"Aherman ; c'est ainsi que les anciens Persans appelloient le principe du mal, opposé à Ormosd, le principe du bien."—D'HERBELLOT, article *Aherman*.

"In the deep windings of the grove no more  
 The hag obscene and grisly phantom dwell ;  
 Nor in the fall of mountain stream, or roar  
 Of winds, is heard the angry spirits' yell ;  
 No wizard mutters the tremendous spell,  
 Nor sinks convulsive in prophetic swoon,  
 Nor bids the noise of drums and trumpets swell,  
 To ease of fancied pangs the labouring moon,  
 Or chase the shade that blots the blazing orb of noon."

BRATTIE'S *Minstrel*, canto ii. stanza 48.

## POLAND.

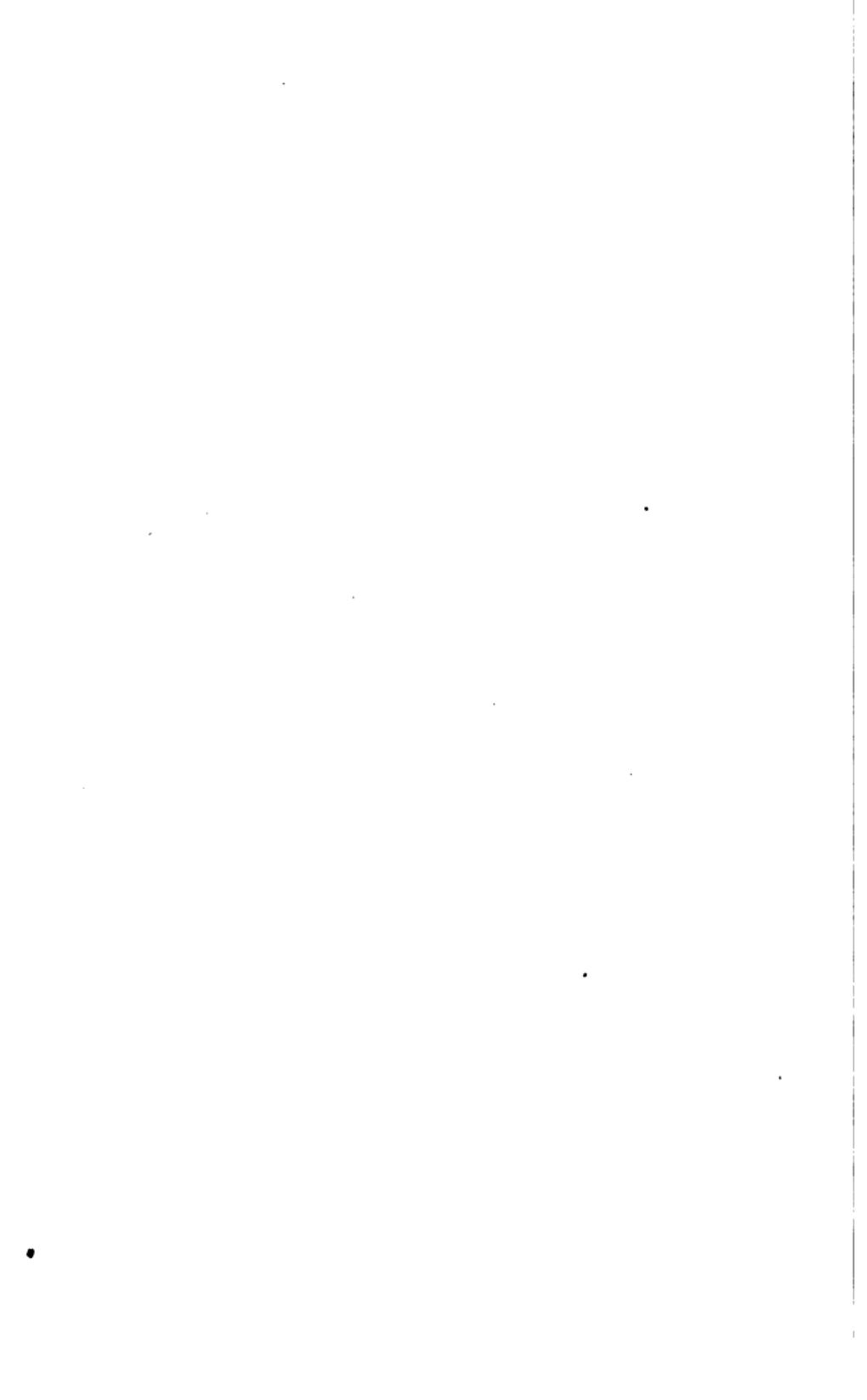
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The following verses were suggested to me by the perusal of the brilliant work of Rulhière, "Histoire de l'Anarchie de Pologne," a work highly commended by the late Sir James Mackintosh in the Edinburgh Review, as well as in his private letters.

In this history, the arts and violence employed by Catherine *the Great* to embroil and subsequently ruin Poland, are admirably developed. The agents of her designs, her hypocrisy, cruelty, and injustice, are exhibited in all their proper colours.

The Author becomes highly animated when pointing his indignant eloquence against the oppressors and betrayers of Poland.

The harangues of Mokranouski and Pulawski may rival the best speeches in Thucydides and Livy. Frederick of Prussia was a great warrior, who, notwithstanding his pretensions to the name of a philosopher, never suffered his conscience to stand in the way of his ambition ; but what induced the religious and amiable Maria Theresa, the patroness of the Author of "Attilio Regolo," to acquiesce in the dismemberment of Poland ? She had her share in the spoils ; but it was not the lion's share. Her conduct would be a matter of surprise, did not the experience of every day prove what a wide difference there is between theory and practice,—between the profession of generous sentiments that cost nothing, and the acting up to those sentiments in opposition to the suggestions of self-interest. Coxe does not attempt to defend the conduct of the Empress-Queen in this nefarious transaction, but coldly says she "felt or affected to feel sorrow" in consenting to the partition of Poland.



## POLAND.

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Le desperate strida  
Odi, e i singulti, e le querele e i pianti  
Delle donne tremanti,  
Che, al fiero aspetto dei comun perigli,  
Stringonsi al senno i vecchi padri e i figli.—**FILICAIA.**

Hear ye the march as of the Earth-born Forms  
Array'd against the everliving Gods ?  
The crash and darkness of a thousand storms  
Bursting their inaccessible abodes  
Of crags, and thunder-clouds ?  
See ye the banners blazon'd to the day,  
Inwrought with emblems of barbaric pride ?

*SHELLEY, "Ode to Naples."*

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LUXURY with her paralysing mace  
Had broke the vigour of a noble Race,  
That loved of fêtes the vain magnificence,  
And all the waste of prodigal expense.  
Ease-loving men, and traitors, it is fear'd,  
To check the march of Freedom then appear'd.  
They shrunk from deeds their Country's cause required,  
And recreant some against that cause conspired.  
Catherine, who on the throne her minion placed,—  
Good Heavens ! a throne by Sobieski graced,  
The prize of Europe's chivalry, a throne  
Coveted as the Conqueror's laurel crown,—

“ Be on my head the blood of Poland, mine  
The blame !” exclaim’d the frontless Catherine.  
Voluptuous Amazon ! in peace or war  
Alike renown’d ; a Mistress or a Czar !  
When mad ambition goads a Queen, or lust,  
You might her “ magnanimity ” distrust.  
Though meretricious glory gilds her name,  
Insulted, ravaged Poland blasts her fame.  
Ambitioning, though mantled in the robe  
Of moderation, to subdue the globe,  
Russia a self-styled arbitress became  
Of parties that she gloried to inflame :  
Through Poland strong her noxious influence grew—  
Old factions she revived, engender’d new.  
In this sad drama Russia play’d her part,  
Subtle, through Europe with a Tartuffe’s art ;  
Of justice canted, justice ! and deceived  
Those who forgot her acts, her words believed.  
The scene was darken’d ; slaughter on the stage  
Rush’d with her Northern wolves, intense their rage,  
Howling for rapine ; fast and fast a horde  
Succeeding horde, o’er ravaged Poland pour’d  
Their fury, prompt to murder, burn, destroy ;  
Such demon acts the master-fiends enjoy !  
All that could be by valour-crested men  
Achieved, was done by brave Sarmatians then.  
Thousands half-arm’d fought gallantly, and fell ;  
They dared, as gentle Catherine said, rebel :

Presumptuous men, against maternal sway  
They rose; of war in all the disarray !  
The half-form'd bands, with partial conquest flush'd  
Against the Northern hordes collected rush'd  
And broke ; though scatter'd, here and there again  
Sprung up like fires volcanic, but in vain.  
Imprudent ! When emotions strong confuse  
The senses, who the path of prudence choose ?  
Some noble chiefs, of wealth immense possest  
All hazarded to save the state opprest.  
The coldest hate of arms invasive feel ;  
That hate sublimes a chivalrous spirit's zeal.  
Radzivil with an energy untamed,  
For savage greatness, and rude splendour famed,  
Like Kings in the heroic ages, grand  
In soul, shone first among a daring band  
With whom adventures high so natural seem'd,  
They realized romance that others dream'd.  
Even from the tombs the voices of the dead  
Rose on their ears, of comrades massacred ;  
Or cries of fetter'd brethren, from the night  
Of dungeons, urged them to unequal fight.  
Like Knights with superhuman prowess fraught,  
As told by Bards in olden times they fought ;  
Each for his country fought, as if the charm  
Of her existence rested in his arm :  
His sun-bright panoply was justice, shield  
Truth, yet he perish'd on the battle-field.

Like fair Clorinda\* star of glory glow'd  
 The Maid† who near her brother hero rode :  
 Her aspect bright the plumed warriors cheer'd,  
 Their guide to conquest when the foe appear'd.  
 And chivalry's wild-fire a purer flame  
 Through woman's self-devotedness became.  
 The strength of purpose, and instinctive zeal  
 For right, her gentle nature will conceal  
 When smooth the surface is of life ; let waves  
 Run high, the storm undaunted woman braves.  
 Though nursed in pleasure all fatigue she bears,  
 And danger with the hardiest Soldier shares !  
 Could valour irrepressible, that rose  
 Brighter, as darken'd round a cloud of foes,  
 Could valour save their father-land, the bold  
 Patriots had saved her—triumph'd Russian gold,  
 Aided by contests that prevailed among  
 Nobles thus weaken'd, else in union strong.  
 O ! had they merged all jealousies in one  
 Impulse to crush the common foe alone ;  
 Sarmatia might have flourish'd still unbroke,  
 And never felt a barbarous nation's yoke !

In vain Pulawski‡ came a god in war,  
 Flashing o'er prostrate hosts his scymitar.

\* The hero in Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered."

† The sister of Radzivil.

‡ Casimir Pulawski. See Rulhière, tome iv. p. 105.

Courteous in camps as Sydney, perfect knight,  
Terrific as a lion in the fight !  
Unconquerable spirit ! that would dare  
*Hope against hope*, where heroes might despair.  
Vain his heart-piercing eloquence, that tore  
To pieces cant of diplomatic lore,  
Insult to common sense, that with parade  
Of sentiment mock'd rights it dared invade !  
Brave as the Maccabees, as good their cause,  
The brothers for their country fought and laws\*.  
Whence but from love of country they derived  
Untiring courage that defeat survived  
Or cruelties unutterable, these  
Terror-producing engines despots please.

Repnine, with gross debaucheries o'erstain'd  
O'er the mock king a subtle viceroy reign'd.  
If fail'd intrigue, for violence prepared,  
Seldom his sword the worthy Russian spared.  
Whether as fox or blood-hound, he imbruted  
His nature as imperial Catherine suited.  
Creatures subservient to the art or spleen  
Of power even Repnines in this age are seen,  
To break, enforce the laws, whate'er may be  
For seizing on their neighbours' goods the plea.

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\* The three Pulawskis.

Such pranks they play ! these masters of the world,  
Till from their heights by death o'ermastering, hurl'd,  
Then for a day,—but charity let fall  
The curtain, Heaven knows we are sinners all.

What now avails, Potemkin, thy o'ergrown  
Wealth, or thy clime-subduing genius shown  
In wonder-works of art ? barbaric taste  
There revell'd in a boundlessness of waste !

Again the North urged o'er the land her brood  
Of darkness, swelling like a winter flood ;  
They with the besom of destruction swept  
Away defenceless age ; brave patriots kept  
For a worse doom were from their country torn  
To sink beneath accumulated scorn ;  
Enforced by tyrants merciless and rude  
To drain the cup abhorrd of servitude ;  
Or perish in Siberian wilds : their crime ?  
That, which good men a virtue deem sublime !

Great Catherine, greater Frederick, if great  
Be those who spoil an unoffending state,  
Alighting like fell vultures on their prey,  
Tore Poland as she struggling, bleeding lay.  
England and France look'd on, as Poland fell,  
Nor strove by *words* the spoilers to repel ;

Had they but interposed, with strength renew'd  
Freedom had started up, her foes subdued,—  
Girt with a moral power had driven back,  
Quailing beneath her frown, the ravenous pack.

Sarmatia fell with all her chivalry ;  
Had but from France the fiat gone, Be free—  
Napoleon, then all-powerful to save  
Poland, had shone as generous as brave ;  
And the resuscitated state had pour'd  
Her legions forth at her Deliverer's word  
To check the Autocrat's barbaric pride,  
And roll back on himself war's bloody tide.

Ready as wills their Despot-Lord for ill,  
Such were the Russians, such remain they still—  
Faithless in treaties, furious in the field,  
Most to be dreaded when they *seem* to yield,  
With *vices* of the civilised and savage  
Impregn'd, they circumvent the world and ravage.  
While specious manifestoes have a tone  
Of moderation that their acts disown,  
With arts deceptive they confound the weak,  
To snare the Sultan rouse then crush the Greek.

Russia, the very wrongs she deprecates,  
So cunning is her policy, creates ;

Protectress of the Sultan, how protect ?  
As knaves an heir whom Guardians lax neglect ;  
Hers is Silistria, for a debt unpaid,  
A debt for what, 'gainst Mehmet Russian aid !  
O may not Russia win her way by fraud,  
While Dragomans her moderation laud  
Till o'er Stamboul her shout of triumph swells,  
That peals re-echo from the Dardanelles :  
“ Death-knell to Britain's commerce, in that hour  
Totters the fabric of her Indian power.”

## NOTES TO “POLAND.”

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### P. 171, l. 1.

*Luxury, with her paralysing mace, &c.*

“ Mais si nous jetons les yeux sur cette assemblée, nous verrons avec étonnement que malgré trente années de mauvais choix, malgré cette longue et trompeuse tranquillité qui avait laissé dans toutes les grandes charges des hommes vieillis dans le luxe et dans toutes les commodités de la vie, la Pologne avait encore un sénat : tant la liberté, même dans ses abus, peut encore former de grandes âmes, tant elle soutient encore long-temps les hommes contre le manège des cours, contre tous les maux du luxe, et de la corruption des mœurs ! ”

“ Heureuse cette république si la crainte des armes étrangères avait pu, au milieu de ses divisions, y devenir, comme chez les anciens Romains, le nœud de la concorde intérieure.”—*Histoire de l’Anarchie de Pologne, par Rulhière*, tome ii. p. 43.

### P. 172, l. 1.

*“ Be on my head the blood of Poland, mine  
The blame,” exclaim’d the frontless Catherine.*

On the subject of the projected partition of Poland it appears that Frederick, in his correspondence with Catherine, urged, perhaps sincerely, his apprehension of general censure.

Catherine answered, “ I take all the blame upon myself.”

“ Catherine,” as the Edinburgh Reviewer observes, “ was the great criminal. She had for eight years oppressed, betrayed, and ravaged Poland—imposed a king on that country—prevented all reformation of the government—fomented divisions among the nobility—and, in one word, created and maintained that anarchy which she at length used

as a pretence for dismemberment. Her vast empire needed no accession of territory for defence, or, it might have been hoped, even for ambition. Yet by her insatiable avidity for new conquest from Turkey, she produced the pretended necessity for the partition. In order to prevent her from acquiring the Crimea, Moldavia, and Wallachia, the courts of Vienna and Berlin agreed to allow her to commit an equivalent robbery on Poland, on condition that each of them should rob the same country to the same amount; thus preserving the balance of power by an agreement that their booty should be equal, and preventing Russia from disproportionate aggrandizement by seizing on the provinces of a state with which they were all three in peace and amity, and whose territories they were bound by treaties, and pledged by recent declarations, to maintain inviolate."

P. 172, l. 9.

*Ambitioning, though mantled in the robe  
Of moderation, to subdue the globe.*

"The Empress not only solemnly promises her new subjects the free and public exercise of their religion, and security in their property; but also declares that looking upon them now as her *dear children*, she renders them all in general and without exception equal sharers in all the rights, liberties, and prerogatives which her ancient subjects enjoy. In return for all these graces and benefits, it is only expected that they will render themselves worthy of them by a sincere love of their new country, and an inviolable attachment to so *magnanimous* a sovereign."—*Annual Register for 1772*, vol. xv.  
p. 36.

"Quelle gloire," exclaims the eloquent Rulhière, "cette princesse eût réellement acquise, si, faisant en effet ce qu'elle paraissait faire, elle eût protégé chez une nation voisine et amie, une nouvelle législation devenue nécessaire, et n'eût point mêlé à cette belle idée toutes les contradictions qui la détruisent?

"Quel avantage elle aurait pu sequérir pour elle-même, si, bienfaisante de cette nation toujours fidèle dans ses traités, elle se la fût attachée par reconnaissance, sans menacer ces infortunés républicains d'un joug qu'ils repoussaient avec effroi, et qu'elle leur faisait sentir

avec dureté avant même qu'il fût imposé?"—*Histoire de Pologne*, tome ii. p. 406.

PULAWSKI, however, in his spirited harangue to the confederates, well describes Catherine in a few words:—

"Cette femme ambitieuse et perfide qui, ne croyant à aucune vertu, a cru de son intérêt de les feindre toutes," &c.; and again, "Cette fausse gloire dont elle est si amoureuse sera également flétrie par nos défaites ou par nos victoires."—*Histoire de Pologne*, tome iii. p. 31.

P. 173, l. 3.

*The half-form'd bands with partial conquest flush'd.*

"Ainsi on voyait un peuple désarmé dont le territoire dans toute son étendue était occupé par une armée ennemie, nombreuse, disciplinée, formidable, et sans cesse recrutée—un peuple trahi par son roi et par une partie de son sénat, dans un pays sans forteresses et même sans montagnes, ces asiles naturels de l'indépendance,—se soulever de toutes parts, et attaquer à coups de sabre des batteries de canon. Ils étaient souvent dispersés; ils se ralliaient à quelques lieues de là; et ces nombreux avantages, que les Russes avaient soin de publier pour contenir les esprits, se réduisaient à ce que les troupes confédérées, n'ayant pas quelquefois de quoi charger un fusil, n'ayant souvent point d'autres armes que des barres de fer, se dispersaient lorsqu'elles étaient attaquées par de l'artillerie."—*Histoire de Pologne par Rulhière*, tome ii.

P. 173, l. 13.

*Radzivil with an energy untamed.*

"C'était dans l'Europe entière le seul qui restât encore de ces grands seigneurs si renommés dans l'histoire des siècles derniers, et véritablement égaux à la plupart des souverains de ces temps-là. Il possédait cinq millions de revenus, plusieurs forteresses, et entretenait près de six mille soldats."

"Le jeune Radzivil, que l'imbécillité de son père avait fait éléver comme dans les temps barbares, n'était presque jamais sorti des forêts de la Lithuanie. Etranger à tous les arts, à toute politesse, il avait une confiance féroce dans sa force corporelle, dans le nombre de ses amis, dans la valeur de ses soldats, et surtout dans la droiture de ses inten-

tions ; car un sentiment de justice et de grandeur le conduisait dans sa férocité ; et il avait, quoique sans esprit, un sens droit quand la passion du vin n'en obscurcissait pas la lueur."—*Histoire de l'Anarchie de Pologne*, tome ii. pp. 51. 55.

## P. 175, l. 13.

*Or cruelties unutterable.*

"On vit alors tous les usages par lesquels les nations les plus barbares ont adouci le fléau de la guerre, violés à l'égard des confédérés ; toutes les capitulations devenues des pièges ; la foi donnée aux prisonniers toujours trahie ; un colonel russe, nommé Drewitz, massacrant de sang-froid des gentilshommes qui s'étaient rendus prisonniers de guerre, faisant expirer les chefs dans les supplices inventés en Russie pour les esclaves ; les faisant quelquefois lier à des arbres pour les exposer comme un but à l'adresse de ses soldats ; d'autres fois les faisant enchaîner, pour que leurs têtes, enlevées avec dextérité au bout des piques, représentassent tous les jeux d'un carrousel. On vit ainsi le carnage, qui n'a pour excuse que la nécessité des combats, devenu par ces horribles variétés l'amusement des vainqueurs. La barbarie fut encore poussée plus loin. Cet homme laissait errer dans les campagnes des troupes entières à qui il avait fait couper les deux mains ; d'autres fois, par une inconcevable férocité joignant l'ironie et l'insulte à la cruauté la plus inouïe, il faisait écorcher ces malheureux tous vivans, de manière que leur peau représentât sur eux l'habillement polonais!"—*Histoire de Pologne*, tome iii. p. 124.

## P. 175, l. 15.

*Repine, with gross debaucheries o'erstain'd.*

"C'était un jeune Russe dont le caractère altier et féroce se trouva entièrement incompatible avec le caractère d'une nation faible par ses désordres, mais encore fière et présomptueuse. L'attachement aux lois était pour lui un mot sans idées, et il ne parvint pas même après quelques années de séjour parmi ces républicains à entendre ce que c'est qu'un homme libre."—*Histoire de l'Anarchie de Pologne*, tome ii. p. 145.

His influence over Stanislaus Augustus became very considerable : at first acquired by intrigue, it was afterwards maintained by violence.

## P. 176, l. 5.

*What now avails, Potemkin, thy o'ergrown wealth, &c.*

For the description of the Taurian Palace that Catherine built for Potemkin, see Tooke's "Life of Catherine the Second," vol. iii. p. 46; where the magnificence of that splendid but fanciful edifice is fully detailed. The artificial winter-garden is thus described :—

"The walks of this garden lead between flowery shrubs and fruit-bearing hedges in serpentine directions over little hills and a variety of bowers, occasioning at every step some new surprise. The eye, when weary of the luxurious mixture of gaudy colours in the vegetable world, recreates itself in contemplating the choicest productions of art. Here a Grecian head invites our admiration ; there the attention is fixed by a motley collection of fishes in crystal vases. We turn from these objects to enter a grotto of mirror-glass, which reflects the trees and plants, and statues and flowers, in multiplied diversity ; or to gaze at the singular mixture of colours in the faces of the obelisk. The genial warmth, the odour of the nobler plants, the voluptuous silence that reign in this enchanting garden, lull the fancy into sweet romantic dreams ; we think ourselves in the groves of Italy, while torpid nature, through the windows of this pavilion, announces the severity of a Northern winter."—Pp. 47, 48. See the account of the entertainment he gave to the Empress at the same palace, the reality of which exceeded in grandeur the most splendid fictions of Oriental romance.

This favourite, in his hours of listlessness, o'ersurfeited with pleasures and honour, used to amuse himself with weighing his diamonds.

"*Atque utinam his potius nugis tota illa dedisset  
Tempora sœvitæ.*"—JUVENAL.

This was at least a more harmless amusement than that of massacring thirty thousand Tartars, without distinction of age or sex, in cold blood.

## P. 177, l. 13.

*Ready, as wills their Despot-Lord, for ill,  
Such were the Russians, such remain they still.*

DARU thus describes the artful policy of Russia in 1791 :—"La Russie, qui n'avait rien à espérer du démembrement de la France, n'avait pas non plus à redouter la propagation des idées qui fer-

mentaient dans le midi de l'Europe ; mais, pour avoir un autre objet, son ambition n'en était pas moins ardente. Elle voulait écraser les Turcs et consommer l'envahissement de la Pologne. Pour pouvoir le faire sans contradiction, il fallait occuper ailleurs la Suède, la Prusse, l'Autriche, *l'Angleterre*, et leur laisser entrevoir des agrandissemens qui serviraient de prétexte à ceux qu'elle méditait elle-même."—*Daru, Histoire de Venise*, tome v. p. 368.

The acute LECKIE, in his "Essay on the Balance of Power in Europe," published in 1817, has the following apposite remarks : "The interest of the more civilised world is to defend and preserve the advantages it enjoys : to do this, its only means are to increase its collective strength, and to watch every motion of Russia, in order to prevent her future encroachment. The portion of Poland acquired by that power at the last treaty, at the expense of Austria and Prussia, places the latter totally at her mercy : eastern Prussia and Silesia, separated by the duchy of Warsaw, annihilate the frontier of that kingdom. In the north, Finland, as far as the gulf of Bothnia, has submitted to the master of Poland. Prussia and Austria have by the result been *great losers by the destruction of Polish independence.*"—LECKIE on the *Balance of Power in Europe*, page 351.

### P. 178, 1. 3.

*Hers is Silistria, &c.*

See the able pamphlet "England, France, Russia, and Turkey," in which the artful policy of Russia is fully developed ; how she obtains by her intrigues and duplicity in negotiation, what she never could have acquired by her arms in war !

### P. 178, 1. 9.

*Death-knell to Britain's commerce, &c.*

"On the occupation of the Dardanelles disappears the importance of our possessions in the Levant. They were only valuable because the Turks held these straits. When Russia is there, they are valueless, and will soon be untenable ; although the expenses of harassing observation may greatly increase our internal embarrassments."—*England, France, Russia, and Turkey*, page 91.

Already has the Prussian commercial league, dictated by Russia, partially shut out our manufactures from the markets of Germany; and the occupation of the Dardanelles by Russia would entirely exclude them from the commerce of the East.

"Our India possessions," says the very intelligent author of the passages before quoted, "shall we fight for them on the Dneiper as directing the whole Mussulman nation; or shall we fight for them on the Indus, at Bagdad, or in Persia, single-handed, close to the insurrections she will raise in her rear, and when she is in possession of Turkey?"—Page 91.

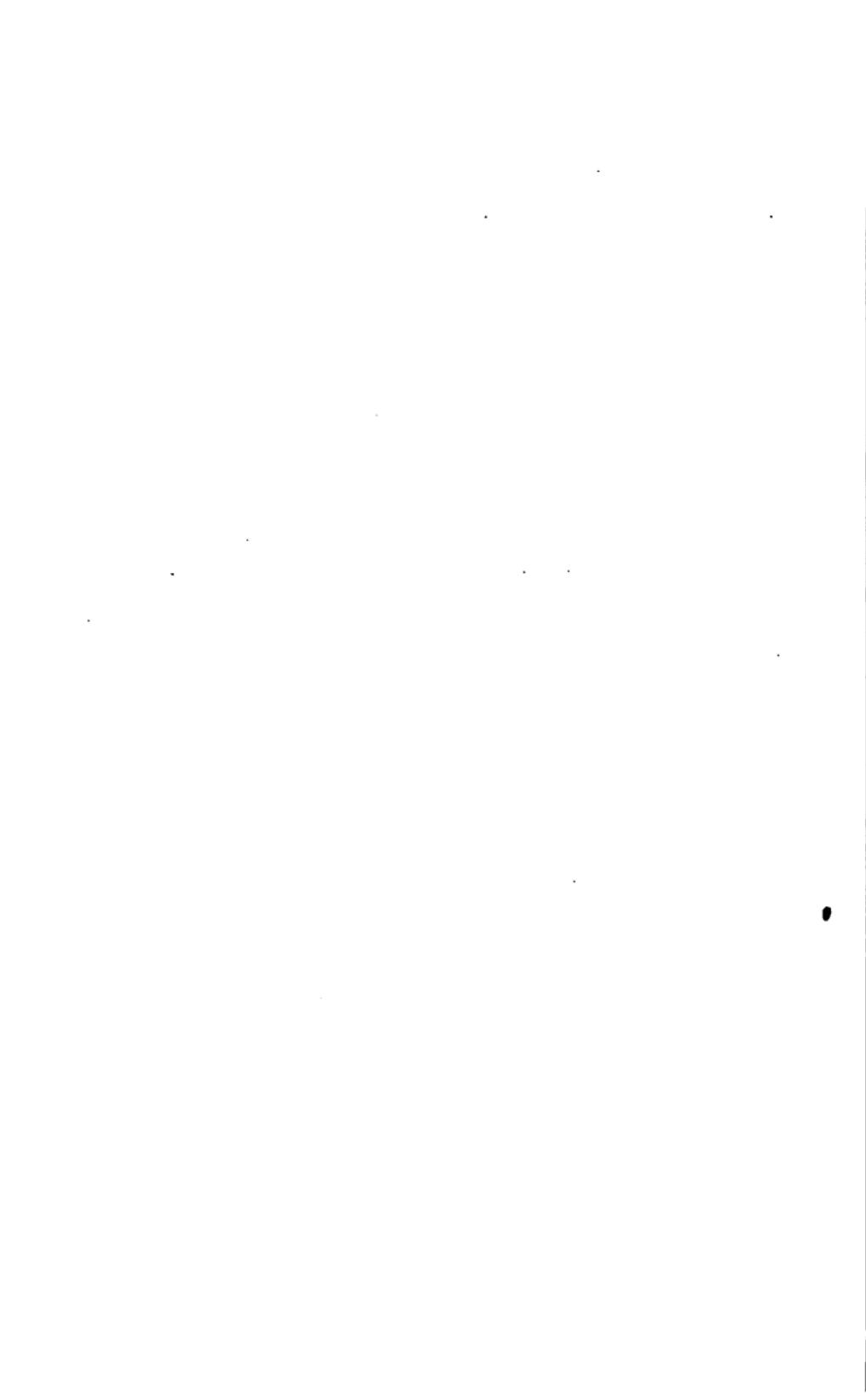
Has not Russia Anapa, and thus has she not virtually destroyed the commerce of Circassia? Anapa, "the channel through which the produce of the interior reached the Black Sea, and through which the manufactures of Europe, and more especially of England, passed for this central region."—*Portfolio*, No. 7, p. 374.

These Circassians are fine fellows, and still nobly struggle against the aggressions of Russia, in spite of the treachery of their pashas, and the abandonment of them by the Porte to the tender mercies of European (*id est, Russian*) civilisation. They are not conquered. If a diversion were made in their favour, they would soon drive back their invaders; the Georgian population, not yet subdued, would revolt against the iron dominion of Russia, and Poland again be free.

"Addam urbes Asiam domitas pulsumque Niphaten."

VIRGIL.

Though we have not sufficient political science to understand the diplomatic machinery, with its wheel-within-wheel, of Russia, we know for what object that machinery has been constructed, and can, if we please, by a very simple method of counteraction, render it any time inefficient in its operation.



**POEMS,  
CHIEFLY DESCRIPTIVE.**



## A SWISS SCENE.

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"But sunwards lo you ! how it towers sheer up, a world of mountains, the diadem and centre of the mountain region ! a hundred and a hundred savage peaks, in the last light of day : all glowing of gold and amethyst, like giant spirits of the wilderness ; there in their silence, in their solitude, even as on the night when Noah's deluge first dried."

*Sartor Resartus*, page 158.

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VIEW'D from the terraced walks that round me glow,  
How beautiful, Mont Blanc, thy heights of snow  
Bathed in rose light, reflecting from the sun  
A farewell splendour when his course is run !  
They, like the gates sublime of Heaven, divine  
Jasper and alabaster seem to shine.

What thought the world-bemocking wit Voltaire  
While gazing on the might of beauty there ?  
Felt not the anti-optimist that hour  
The force immense of Love's all-present power  
Prevailing 'mid the gorgeousness of noon,  
Or when on upland smiles the yellow moon,  
Or when mild eve comes on, and gentle hearts  
Hold converse as the summer-day departs ?

Gaze on yon massive argentry of cloud  
Glittering like battlements of opal proud,  
Hanging o'er mountain-pyramids,—the mind  
Might image worlds of chrysolite behind.  
Gaze on the moon, yon globe of mellow light,  
Tranquil as woman's virtue and as bright ;  
Lo ! as she rises all harsh colours melt  
Away,—the harmony of love is felt.  
Wide valleys, rich in golden harvests, green  
Meadows, blue rivers rolling fast between,  
Cities with dark grey walls and swelling domes,  
Mountains whose sides the deep pine-forest glooms,  
All are intensely hush'd ; one hue alone  
Prevails, one charm o'er all by silence thrown.

Oh ! how magnificent even in repose  
Is power at morning's dawn or evening's close ;  
How grand, when stars through boundless depths of sky  
Watch silent !—citadels of light on high.

From the o'er-canopying horizon man  
Draws wisdom books teach not, nor ever can :  
The Poetry of Nature heaven, earth, air  
Express :—what solemn imagery there !

The mind, embracing all, in words would fain  
To mind convey its flow of thoughts—in vain :  
They permeate too subtly, are entwined  
Too closely with the sympathies of mind.

Poets may render back in colours true  
 Objects that their clear spirits brighten through ;  
**If** on their pages images imprest  
 Delight—what are their feelings inexpress ?  
 Fresh as the dew from Heaven or mountain rills,  
 Brilliant as are at noon-day sun-bright hills  
 May be the poet's language—yet there live  
 Within his being thoughts no words can give !  
 The deepening sense of infinite that is  
 Analogous to a beheld abyss,  
 Stability in granite rocks descried,  
 Eternity in Ocean's endless tide,  
 These and such like analogies between  
 Nature and man,—the world unseen and seen,—  
 These are heartfelt ; and is not man to heaven  
 Allied by such mute intimations given ?

And our humanities, are they not found  
 Mingling with life above, below, around,  
 From eagle-eyed ambition danger-proof  
 That stands on glory's pinnacle aloof,  
 Down to smooth serpent-flattery that charms  
 With variegated falsehoods those she harms ?

The summer trance of loveliest grandest things  
 Semblance of beatific vision brings.  
 How all on earth is like a silver haze  
 Of light—it disappears—what scenes amaze !

The gently-moving forest trees appear  
To bow unto the sun, God's image here,  
(Faint image though he be) cloudless, alone,  
As angels bend before the Almighty's throne !  
Wing'd beings in his radiance full of glee  
Disport like infant souls from sorrow free.  
As from the fount of Glory spirits take  
Multiplied splendours, wavelets o'er the lake,  
The clear, calm, ample lake, appear like lines  
Of fire,—the whole a sun reflected shines.

The Alps, even magnified by distance, view,  
Their summits, coloured with carnation hue  
Too glorious for this world material, seem  
Sky-woven, product of a waking dream.  
Gone is the blush of Heaven ; Eve's rosy veil  
Withdrawn, the mountain-tops as death are pale.

Approach the monuments of time that was  
And shall be till away the world must pass :  
Emblems sublime of wisdom, they appear  
Stable as truth, as contemplation clear,  
Reposing 'mid the deep serene, a range  
Of Nature's mightiest works, defying change.  
Rush by their base wild surges of a river  
Like generations of mankind for ever.  
Gain eminence o'er eminence,—behold  
Vast scenes as of a planet strange unroll'd,

Circuitous immensities, where broods  
 Horror o'er everlasting solitudes,  
 Pyramidal, high-towering, castle-shaped,  
 By Art in her gigantic structures aped.  
 Advance ! your eyes no moving objects greet—  
 A world unpeopled lies beneath your feet ;  
 Interminable glaciers like a heap  
 Of frozen waves by suns unwaken'd sleep,  
 Ice-seas, or wildering wastes of ice, the same  
 For ever—slippery as an after-name !

'Tis the sublime of desolation ! far  
 Spread wreck of the elements' primæval war.  
 (How different from the landscapes seen of late,  
 Gayer than any Fancy might create !  
 Vineyards on vineyards rising in due grades,  
 Beautiful dells, groves prodigal of shades.)  
 There saw Saussure an universe deprived \*  
 Of life, and felt that he alone survived !

\* " Le repos et le profond silence qui regnaient dans cette vaste étendue, agrandie encore par l'imagination, m'inspiraient une sorte de terreur ; il me semblait que j'avais survécu seul à l'univers, et que je voyais son cadavre étendu sous mes pieds."—*Tentatives pour parvenir à la Cime de Mont Blanc.* Œuvres de SAUSSURE, tome iii., p. 478.

The whole description of the setting sun, as beheld by the author from an immense rock on one side of Mont Blanc, and of the subsequent closing in of night, a simple narration of phenomena, is very sublime.

There is a very fine passage, descriptive of the scenery of the North Cape, in Acerbi's Travels, that has some resemblance to the above description of Saussure—" There everything is solitary, everything is sterile, everything

Sails through mid air a solitary cloud,  
Like to a spirit seeking its abode  
Above the silent shadowy vale of death ;  
Such seems the rugged continent beneath.  
In all his naked strength there, face to face,  
Is Power beheld—there man forgets his race ;—  
There only, for in forest depths may live  
Some hermit whose rude hut may shelter give ;  
Some pilgrim's foot the arid sands may press  
Of the inhospitable wilderness.  
War-ravaged lands and cities desolate,  
Uncultured plains, and wrecks of regal state,  
Are still memorials of heroic crime,  
The spoiler man, *his* gewgaws spoil'd by time.  
But scarce accessible to chamois wild,  
Coeval with past ages, rocks up-piled,  
Girt with serpentine ice, distinct appal ;  
Of human action they no thoughts recal.

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sad and despondent. The shadowy forest no longer adorns the brow of the mountain. The singing of the birds, which enlivened even the woods of Lapland, is no longer heard in this scene of desolation. The ruggedness of the dark grey rock is not covered by a single shrub. The only music is the hoarse murmuring of the waves ever and anon renewing their assaults on the huge masses that oppose them. The northern sun creeping at midnight, at the distance of five diameters, along the horizon, and the immeasurable ocean in apparent contact with the skies, form the grand outlines in the sublime picture presented to the astonished spectator. The incessant cares and pursuits of anxious mortals are recollected as a dream; the various forms and energies of animated nature are forgotten; the earth is contemplated only in its elements, and as constituting a part of the solar system."

*Acerbi's Travels*, vol. ii., page 111.

Where wild goats leap from crag to crag on high,  
 Turn we to lake-o'ershadowing mountains nigh,  
 Or jagged or columnar, what a mass !  
 Frown others, lengthening in their liquid glass.

Towering o'er the magnificent array  
 Of clouds that stream along their sides mid-way,  
 Aërial steeps far spread their grandeur, zoned  
 By forests of luxuriant growth, pine-crowned.  
 'Tis thus on genius mighty, though untaught,  
 That Heaven bestows exhaustless wealth of thought.

Peaks, that the spirit of light seems to subdue  
 Into crystalline shapes of purple hue,  
 Sky-pointing peaks, on which, at distance kenn'd,  
 Stars seem like gods sublunar to descend,  
 Are types of noble souls, that even on earth  
 Look upward ; gifts celestial show their worth ;  
 Though firm, with light of charity yet graced,  
 They are above the storms of passion placed.

Far, far around, the Heaven-raised barriers, grand  
 As thoughts of freedom, guard Tell's native land ;  
 Valleys of loveliest aspect they inclose,  
 Like Strength protecting Beauty in repose.  
 Glassed is the brow of Freedom in the clear  
 Lake,—in the cataract her voice ye hear.

Sunbows o'erarching waterfalls, with prone  
Rapidity like lightnings flashing down,  
Shine forth, as fancy o'er the mighty streams  
Of eloquence oft throws her lovely beams.  
Châlets that garland-wise wild plants inwreath  
Above look down on castles grey beneath.  
Small as is human pride the time-worn tower  
Seems among scenes that laugh at human power.  
Vast rocks of similar form that round it press  
There mock the feudal ruin's littleness.  
What a mere toy is chivalry's pomp among  
Glories to nature's empire that belong !

GENEVA, *August 1837.*

## THE TRAVELLER.

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“ Voir, c'est avoir : Allons courir.  
Vie errante  
Est chose enivrante.  
Voir c'est avoir ! Allons courir ;  
Car tout voir, c'est tout conquérir.”

BERANGER. *Les Bohémiens.*

---

BRIGHTEN the terraced walks of Nice  
With golden fruit, her lemon groves  
Menton boasts, and there increase  
Plants that the sun of Afric loves.

Magnificent the Corniche road :  
Here, rock-built cities, there, the ocean ;  
And giant cliffs, their aspect proud  
We cannot view without emotion.

Ascending there hill after hill,  
We joyful reach each winding turn ;  
Burst on our sight new prospects, still  
For others we impatient burn :

They open—Heavens ! excelling those  
 We matchless deem'd when lately seen ;  
 Changeful, save ocean in repose  
 Embracing all, as Love serene ;

Great Nature's wonders :—yet to roam,  
 While some delight, how others hate !  
*They* cannot tear themselves from home,  
 Or daily view of household gate \*.

The traveller, his wanderings past,  
 Returns to his desired bed † ;  
 Where in his dying hour at last  
 He pangless hopes to lay his head.

Where'er he roves, in father-land  
 He wishes that his bones may rest :  
 And almost fears, if foreign hand  
 Should close his eyes, to die unblest.

\* “ Ton œil ne peut se détacher,  
 Philosophe  
 De mince étoffe ;  
 Ton œil ne peut se détacher  
 Du vieux coq de ton vieux clocher.”—BERANGER.

† “ O quid solutis est beatius curis  
 Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino  
 Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,  
 Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto ? ”—CATULLUS.

Though heavenward points the pyramid  
Of Cestius, Christian ashes near,  
To him the yews that mourn amid  
Ancestral graves as truth are dear.

He deems, perchance, there's sense of union  
In dust conjoin'd with dust revered,  
As, by analogy, communion  
Of souls in blissful orbs insphered.

Yet he delights at early morn  
To turn of Nature's book a leaf ;  
See fragments from the mountain torn,  
And ruin'd fort of feudal chief.

And then tow'rds evening in the vast  
Horizon view a sun-bright town ;  
And gain it, ere night-shadows fast  
Deepening the landscape rich imbrown.

And then to hear the Tuscan song  
In very language of Boccace  
Firenze's wooded hills among,  
Where peasant-girls have native grace.

He loves on Como's lake to sail,  
Near isles in beauty that surpass  
Calypso's, when the western gale  
Breathes o'er the heaven-reflecting glass.

## SALERNO.

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### I.

How beautiful, Salerno, is thy bay !  
How green thy heights monastic !—Let me stand  
On yonder mountain, 'tis the break of day,  
And view, outstretch'd below, a sacred land,—  
Beneath the day-blush indistinctly grand.  
Here beauty smiled, and valour boldly fought :—  
Who would not fight when beauty gives command ?  
Here, with unclouded mind, the scholar sought  
Those academes where learning every science taught.

### II.

Hail, thou thrice-blessed sun ! How very few  
With thankfulness enjoy thy genial beams,  
Or from the mountain's height are wont to view  
With feelings of delight morn's earliest gleams,  
The mist uprising o'er the distant streams !  
The morn's an emblem of our second birth,  
When we shall quit this pleasant land of dreams,  
The sun, to those who feel and know their worth,  
Predicts eternal glories for the sons of earth.

## III.

Here let me pause. The blood of Christ was spilt  
 To free mankind from death's eternal chains :—  
 Not through indulgences to cancel guilt,  
 Or from the tainted heart wash out its stains,  
 Unless repentance chasten it with pains.  
 The spiritual pride of Rome must yield  
 To pure philosophy, that now disdains  
 Those papal fiats to which kings appeal'd,  
 When mad ambition used religion as her shield.

## IV.

Ye haughty cardinals, who o'er the minds  
 Of despot sovereigns held despotic sway,  
 No heir to your self-willed ambition binds  
 Nobility with iron links to-day ;—  
 Your power anomalous has pass'd away !  
 Ye were most potent ministers, and well,  
 With eagle swiftness pounced upon your prey !  
 Yet are ye greater now than those who dwell  
 On Nicolo's vast heights, or hermit in his cell ?

## V.

Ye have upraised indeed the monarch's power,  
 That it might fall from high with greater force :  
 The chains ye forged were broken in an hour,  
 By outraged multitudes, without remorse !  
 Affection is true loyalty's prime source.

Up mounts ambition, like a sealed dove,—  
 While vulgar spirits wonder at its course  
 Higher and higher yet, it mounts above  
 Royalty's self, that scorns (how blind!) the people's love.

## VI.

A few years pass away, and then—farewell  
 To wealth and rank, and all we hold most dear!—  
 For ever and for ever we must dwell  
 With saints or dæmons,—death approacheth near.  
 Why quakes yon mighty potentate with fear?  
 He leaves a name behind; all heroes toil  
 • To gain what many have who ne'er appear  
 But in the poet's fabled lays,—they spoil  
 Others' repose, and lose their own through vain turmoil!

## VII.

Are not the heroes of romance as known  
 As Cæsar, Attila, or Ammon's son?  
 What an unreal thing is that renown  
 Which after-ages give—for battles won—  
 To him who from this bustling world is gone!  
 He wanders through the mansions of the dead,—  
 Where joy ne'er smiled, the light has never shone—  
 Vexed by the groans of those who daily bled,  
 That through else happy lands their lord might ruin  
 spread!

## NOTES ON "SALERNO."

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P. 201, l. 16.

*When we shall quit this pleasant land of dreams—*

Without entering into the fanciful and mystical ideas of Wordsworth, in regard to our present situation on earth, and a pre-existent state, I might be allowed to quote from the divine *Analogy* of Bishop Butler:—"Our present state may possibly be the consequence of somewhat past, of which we are wholly ignorant,—as it has a reference to something to come, of which we know scarce any more than is necessary to practise."

P. 202, l. 9.

*When mad ambition used Religion as its shield.*

Pope Anaclet gave the investiture of the principality of Capua to Roger the First, king of Sicily, when Robert, its own prince, was in possession of it!—*Giannone, Hist. Nap.* lib. x.

"It is the liberty of Examination," says Bentham, "which has corrected the errors of ignorance, and restores religion to its true object."

Innocent the Third pretended that he had the right of legation over Sicily:—he deposes Philip in favour of Otho, and insists upon his deposition.

"Il faut," disait-il, "ou que le prince Philippe perde l'empire, ou que je perde le souverain pontificat."—*Histoire d'Allemagne, par Barre.*

P. 202, l. 10.

*Ye haughty cardinals, &c.*

Though the vices of Richelieu and of Ximenes are in some degree sunk in the splendour of their abilities,—what shall we say of the cunning Mazarin and the turbulent De Retz?

P. 202, l. 18.

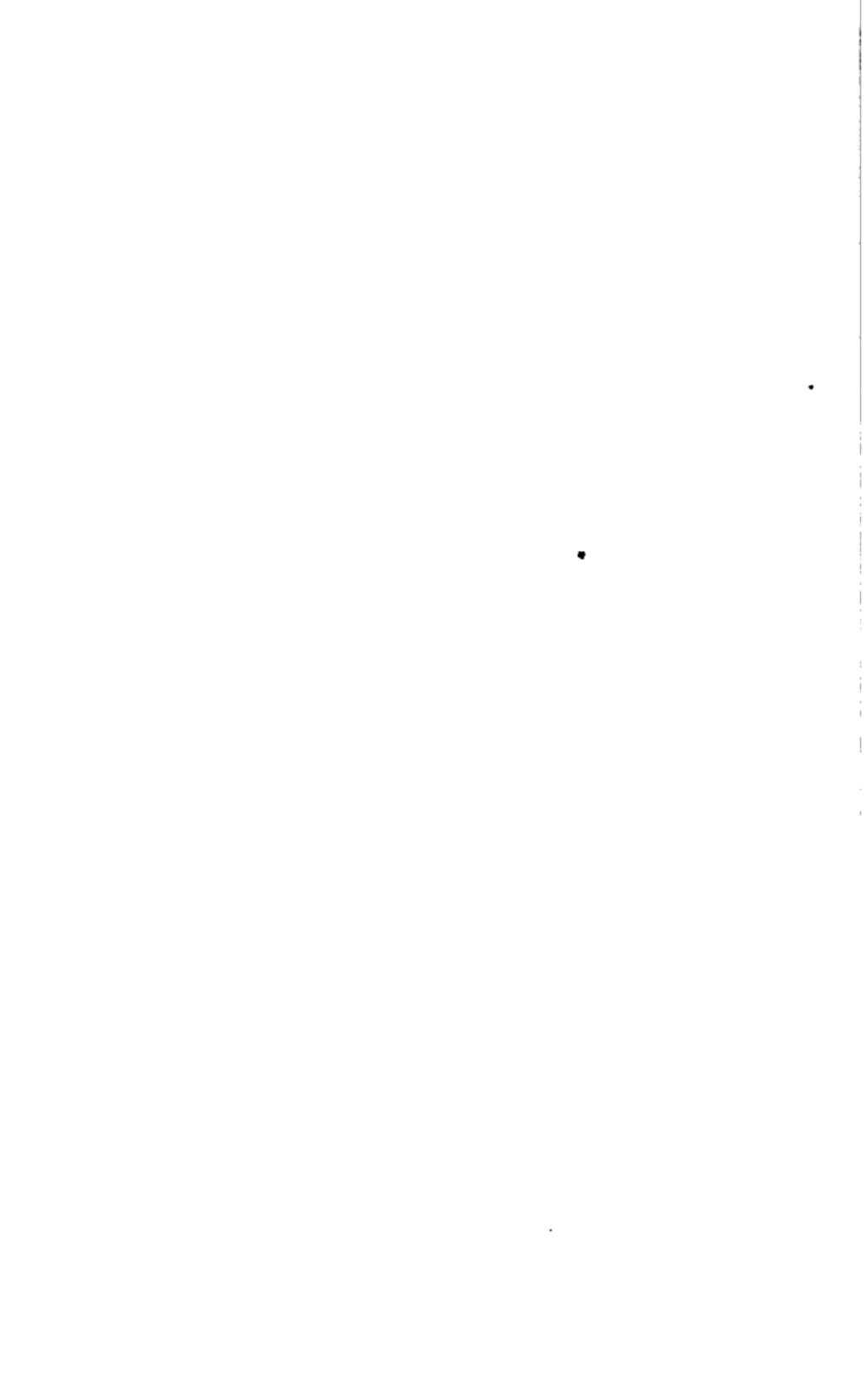
*On Nicolo's vast heights, or hermit in his cell ?*

St. Nicolo is a very lofty mountain in the island of Ischia. On its heights are the lonely dwellings of a few monks.—If they think it necessary for their salvation that they should abstract themselves from the world, why should we quarrel with their voluntary retirement? They err, at least, on the right side.

P. 203, l. 15.

*As Cæsar, Attila, or Ammon's son ?*

" Quoi donc à votre avis fut-ce un fou qu'Alexandre ?  
 Qui ? cet écervelé qui mit l'Asie en cendre ?  
 Ce fougueux l'Angély, qui de sang altéré,  
 Maître du monde entier, s'y trouvait trop serré ?  
 L'enragé qu'il était, né roi d'une province,  
 Qu'il pouvait gouverner en bon et sage prince,  
 S'en alla follement, et pensant être Dièu,  
 Courir comme un bandit qui n'a ni feu ni lieu ;  
 Et trainant avec soi les horreurs de la guerre,  
 De sa vaste folie emplir toute la terre.  
 Heureux ! si de son tems, pour cent bonnes raisons,  
 Le Macédoine eût eu de petites-maisons,  
 Et qu'un sage tuteur l'eût en cette demeure,  
 Par avis de parens, enfermé de bonne heure."—BOILBAU.



## STANZAS ADDRESSED TO THE SEA.

WRITTEN IN AUGUST, 1824.

---

"The sea is like a silvery lake,  
And o'er its calm the vessel glides  
Gently, as if it feared to wake  
The slumber of the silent tides."—MOORE.

---

### I.

Soft as a seraph's look, the calm blue sea  
Smiles with unwonted loveliness ; how dear  
Thou, glorious element, art to the free !  
The spirit-stirring waves, now hush'd, appear  
With broken sunbeams or suffused, or clear,  
Glassing the weed fantastic—Nature's waste.  
Now ruffled by the rising breeze they near  
The shore, and course each other down in haste !  
The bubbling cup of pleasure thus bemocks us while we  
taste.

## II.

There's in our minds an overpowering sense  
Of grandeur, as we view the sea, that far  
Exceeds in depth those feelings, though intense,  
With which we contemplate the brightest star  
That heralds Cynthia in her full orb'd car.  
The sea, coeval with the eternal past,  
While element with element waged war,  
Ere yet the pillars of the earth stood fast,  
Roll'd o'er the dark abyss immeasurably vast.

## III.

Then light through darkness shot its vivid ray,  
Then waves subsided, mountains rose above ;  
Then splendid in his rising, as to-day,  
The God of gladness brighten'd hill and grove,  
And all creation glow'd with roseate love.  
But chiefly the great ocean, o'er whose face  
The spirit of its God began to move,  
While yet it bluster'd through unmeasured space,  
Gloried within its bounds to feel the sun's embrace !

## IV.

A varied mass of congregated cloud,  
Purple and blue and red, the horizon round  
Floats o'er the waters, seemingly to shroud  
Some fairy isle where beauteous fruits abound ;  
Where hills uprise by golden castles crown'd ;

Whence elfin knights come forth in proud attire,  
 And lovely fays, whose feet scarce touch the ground:  
 But soon these beings of the brain expire,  
 When the disparting clouds unveil a sea of fire.

## v.

The sun is sinking fast, and now is gone  
 The vaporous enchantment ; the wide main  
 Reflects from clouds pavilions the throne  
 Of light, that still most beautiful remain,  
 An orange hue, which to depict 'twere vain !  
 These are faint shadows of those glorious sights  
 Which we shall see when, free from grief and pain,  
 We traverse planets where unbodied sprites  
 For ever will enjoy ineffable delights.

## vi.

The bard \* of Asti view'd the sea, and wept,  
 So strong were his emotions to behold  
 Its might ; as yet his sun-like genius slept,  
 'Till roused by call of passion uncontroll'd :  
 Like to the lightning's flash which clouds unfold  
 Amid a thunder-storm—through floods of tears  
 It threw a momentary ray ; the bold  
 Promise of splendour that in after years  
 Blazed in his verse, and still the sons of freedom cheers.

---

\* ALFIERI.—When this great poet first saw the sea, he could not describe the emotions which the sight of it excited in him, and therefore he gave vent to his feelings in tears.

## VII.

Home of the brave and free—for such thou art,  
Thou proudly-swelling Ocean ! how thy waves  
Delighted ATHENS once, whose lion-heart  
Despised the self-will'd tyrant's glittering slaves !  
Baffled in all his hopes, Power vainly raves.  
Now like a giant rising after sleep  
Refresh'd, COLOMBIA wakes to life, and braves  
Her late tyrannic mistress ; o'er the deep  
The sons of commerce now fresh harvests hope to reap.

## VIII.

O'ershadow'd by monopoly's dark wings,  
COLOMBIA languish'd long, but, now no more—  
And many a vessel, richly-freighted, brings  
Her wealth triumphantly to CHILI's shore ;  
Returning homewards with the wondrous store  
That nature poureth prodigally forth  
From her horn bursting with its fulness o'er ;  
Thus though proud kings unite from South and North,  
Freedom unshaken smiles, and vindicates her worth.

## IX.

Thou vasty deep ! what treasures lie conceal'd  
Within thy caverns, coral-paved, below  
The plummet's reach, that ne'er shall be reveal'd  
Till the dread angel his last tromp shall blow,  
Then all will Nature's secret wonders know ;

But they, beheld, must disappear, and melt  
 Away with fervent heat, nor ebb, nor flow  
 Of mighty waters shall be seen or felt :  
 No vestige will remain of lands where man hath dwelt.

## x.

And shall this ocean that compared might be  
 (If aught the perishable world can have  
 Liken'd unto it,) with eternity,  
 Be lost at once as is a single wave  
 That breaks upon the beach ?—this greedy grave  
 Of shatter'd navies, shall it ever cease  
 To gorge its victims while fierce tempests rave ?  
 Whate'er the great Creator wills, with ease  
 He can perform—build worlds, destroy them, if he  
 please.

## xi.

Heaven, Earth, and Ocean perish ; but the soul  
 Survives, through ages after ages blest.  
 Burning for knowledge, where new planets roll  
 'Twill wing its flight ! Here oft by care deprest  
 The mind for wisdom loses all its zest ;  
 But loosed from earth, all-seeing it will pass  
 Through boundless space, or contemplate at rest  
 Things which it darkly views as through a glass ;  
 While "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined" within its fleshly  
 mass !

## XII.

What other worlds interfluent among,  
Oceans may swell and roar, 'tis vain to think.  
Such themes befit not a poor mortal's song.  
Imagination leads us to the brink  
Of a vast precipice ; we well might shrink  
In gazing on the great obscure beneath.  
There all is fathomless—the closest link  
Of thought is broken by conjecture's breath,  
When mind attempts to soar above the depths of death !

## ADLESTROP HILL.

---

Ah, why in age  
Do we revert so fondly to the walks  
Of childhood, but that there the soul discerns  
The dear memorial footsteps unimpaired  
Of her own native vigour—but for this,  
That it is given her thence in age to hear  
Reverberations; and a choral song,  
Commingling with the incense that ascends  
Undaunted tow'rs the imperishable heavens  
From her own lonely altar ?

WORDSWORTH'S *Excursion*, book viii.

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### I.

BEAUTIFUL day thou art ! but doubly fair  
To me as from this spot I now behold  
Things of familiar loveliness ; the air  
Whispers of childhood, changeful lights unfold  
Scenes of which many a pleasant tale is told.  
Lo ! as the panorama gay is seen  
Distinctly, hamlets, mansions known of old,  
Glow in the sunshine ; cornfields, meadows green,  
And wood-surrounded domes of grandeur swell between.\*

---

\* And “ flowery gardens curtain'd round  
With world-excluding groves.”

## II.

The deep of azure by a cloud unstained  
Above ; the wild bee's solitary hum ;  
The butterflies, whose joyaunce is unfeign'd,  
Coloured, as if from gayer worlds they come,—  
Creatures not grateful less for life, though dumb :  
The swift that skims the ground with rapid wing,  
The thousand thousand flowers we cannot sum,  
The streams that from moss-covered founts offspring,—  
All in the Sun rejoice, their earth-o'ergazing king.

## III.

Here the pavilion stands, where children bright  
At morn assembled for the dance or game,  
Lively as fays, as delicate Ariel light ;  
Though they are grown to womanhood, there came  
To Fancy's eye apparently the same  
To-day, their young successors full of joy :  
And as the sun subdued his fiercer flame,  
The dance commenced, that charmed me when a boy,  
And simple sports that gave delight without alloy.

## IV.

The presence of the past is bodied forth,  
Or in plantation deep, or covert glade ;  
Though my coevals planted toward the north,  
Grown with our growth, flourishing as we fade,  
Throw out a wider amplitude of shade,

It seemeth that this hill-encircling zone  
 Of beech and firs but yesterday was made ;  
 There to assist illusion, yon grey stone  
 Remains, of old the work-directing planter's throne.

## v.

The numerous steps of time that rise between  
 Childhood and age mature, when upward view'd,  
 Interminable seem ; when downward seen,  
 The mental eye with smooth descent illude :  
 'Twixt *was* and *is* how brief the interlude !  
 As we reseek a spot the heart that cheers  
 With the remembrance of a sport pursued  
 In childhood, visibly *there* it re-appears ;  
 Vanisheth like a rapid dream long interval of years !

## vi.

And what is Time's progression ? the same breeze  
 That in my boyhood fann'd me, on this hill  
 Around me plays ; yon patriarchal trees  
 Unchanged remain, the ever lively rill  
 Runs through the garden rapidly at will ;  
 The stars that cheered my nightly walks, here shed  
 Their spiritual influence on me still.  
 One proof, alas ! there is, that years have fled—  
 Some who have here with me rejoiced are numbered  
 with the dead.

## VII.

Feelings they had to harmony attuned  
 Of Nature, song of birds, and voice of streams ;  
 They with their ever-present God communed,  
 Tracing his finger in the reddening gleams  
 Of morn, or noon-day sun's resplendent beams \*.  
 They *saw* his fiat in the lightning's speed ;  
 They *felt* an evidence with which earth teems  
 Of life revived, as plants sprung from the seed,  
 And in the rainbow's sign God's promise loved to read †.

## VIII.

Now are they spirits glorified, and far  
 Look through the unapparent, as they rise  
 Swift as Elijah in his fiery car  
 Through spaces infinite,—before their eyes  
 Truth now withdraws the veil of mysteries.  
 All they perceive that sought on earth behind  
 A cloud by man not penetrable lies ;  
 All they perceive as mirror'd in the mind,  
 That, ere creation was, wisdom eterne design'd.

\* “ Wherever God will thus manifest himself, there is Heaven, though within the circle of this sensible world.”—SIR THOMAS BROWNE'S “ *Religio Laici*. ”

† How beautifully Jeremy Taylor, whose works are an inexhaustible magazine of poetical images, illustrates the covenant of our redemption by that of the rainbow! “ For this Jesus was like the rainbow which God set in the clouds as a sacrament to confirm a promise, and establish a grace ; he was half made of the glories of the light and half of the moisture of a cloud ; he was sent to tell of his Father's mercies, and that God intended to spare us ; but appeared not but in the company or in the retinue of a shower and of foul weather.”

## IX.

I love an avenue—'tis like the aisle  
 Of a cathedral—solemn, ample, grand,  
**If** at the close a venerable pile  
 Grey, turreted, the interspace command,  
 Looking tranquillity as evening bland  
 Comes on, and to the rookery return  
 Darkening the air in flights a cawing band :  
 But memory's spirit doth within me burn  
 As yon majestic elms in ranks I now discern.

## x.

Each tree has its peculiar charms allied  
 To early recollections : on the bough  
 Of one I dared, a venturous wight, to ride ;  
 And where another far its arms doth throw  
 Around, a verdant arbour framed below—  
 A bower of bliss indeed, though not so gay  
 As that which Spenser's picturing fancies show,  
 In which Acrasia, fair enchantress lay,  
 And spread her net for idle knights through the long  
 summer-day \*.

## xi.

The spirit might (affections here embrace  
 The home in which is cast our early lot)  
 Hereafter recognise some glorious place,  
 That slumbering in this world it had forgot—

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\* See Spenser's "Fairy Queen," Book ii., Canto xii., Stanza 42, and the following stanzas, in which the great poet combines all his powers of description with the utmost harmony of versification.

A sweeter home than earth's most cherish'd spot—  
 Some orb of beauty words cannot relate,  
 Circling the spirit free as yet from blot  
 Of sin, ere its probationary state  
 Began—But here in vain we strive to speculate.

## xii.

Oft when the thunderstorm has ceased, I've gazed  
 From this green hill on such a sight divine  
 As Wordsworth's Solitary sad amazed ;  
 That cannot be described in verse like mine,  
 But lives embodied in the glowing line  
 Of Rydal's mighty Bard : earth, air, and sky  
 With mountain-structures cloud-built domes outshine  
 All palaces by Fancy raised—the eye  
 In pageantries of Nature may faint types of Heaven  
 descry.

## xiii.

Outbursts of sunlight after summer shower  
 With luminous distinctness gild the leaves,  
 Circulate smiles o'er petals of each flower  
 That bending for the loss of splendour grieves.  
 Thus man from Heaven consoling light receives  
 With waters of affliction when opprest ;  
 Hope of its weight the drooping soul relieves,  
 And virtues brighten forth, that in the breast  
 Beneath Prosperity's broad glare would undiscerned  
 rest.

## xiv.

We drink in, as it were, the flow of life  
Around us, that insoul'd becomes a part  
Even of our being : thought is ne'er at strife  
With thought, when love of Nature's at the heart,  
That bids all good to enter—ill, depart.  
They who from mountain-heights look o'er the vale,  
Smile, from its touch secure, at Envy's dart :  
They on the placid lake who love to sail,  
Care not what contests fierce in cities proud prevail.

## xv.

Those who hereafter view the golden corn  
Waving below, (the reapers and their lord  
Gone, and replaced by others lately born,)  
May have their minds with imagery stored  
Richer than that my humble lays afford :  
May they while garnering up boon Nature's wealth  
Add these my little gleanings to their hoard,  
And kindly think of him who here by stealth  
From dull pursuits some moments snatched to breathe  
the gales of health !

*August, 1833.*

## NOTES TO "ADLESTROP HILL."

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P. 218, l. 6.

*Oft when the thunderstorm has ceased I've gazed, &c.*

I allude here to the description of the magnificent spectacle seen among the mountains, in the second Book of Wordsworth's Excursion, by the Solitary. I cannot resist the temptation to transcribe part of it.

"The appearance instantaneously disclosed  
Was of a mighty City,—boldly say  
A wilderness of building sinking far  
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth—  
Far sinking into splendour without end !  
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,  
With alabaster domes and silver spires,  
And blazing terrace upon terrace high  
Uplifted ; here, serene pavilions bright,  
In avenues disposed ; there, towers begirt  
With battlements that on their restless fronts  
Bore stars—illumination of all gems.

\* \* \* \* \*

O 'twas an unimaginable sight !  
Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks and emerald turf,  
Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky,  
Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,  
Molten together, and composing thus,  
Each lost in each, that marvellous array  
Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge  
Fantastic pomp of structure without name,  
In fleecy folds voluminous enwrapp'd."

## WARWICKSHIRE.

---

Nec tam Larisse percussit campus opimæ,  
Quam domus Albuneæ resonantis,  
Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lucus, et uda  
Mobilibus pomaria rivis.

HORATII, liber i. Od. 7.

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### I.

HERE is the aspect of the country grand ;  
Green are the meads through which clear rivers flow ;  
Here o'er the road, as guardians of the land,  
Vast oaks their venerable branches throw ;  
And in the sunlight woods continuous glow,  
Where Perdita might choose her choicest store  
Of flowers with artless comment to bestow  
On high-born swains ; and where, with Hellenore  
Laurel-crown'd, sylvan boys from openings might out-  
pour.

### II.

Here Flora's spots of loveliness surpass  
Armida's gardens or Alcina's isle :  
Gay flower-beds, fountains bosom'd in soft grass,  
And bowers, o'er which with parasitic wile

Wind flower-inwoven creepers, here beguile  
 The slave to Mammon of his golden cares,  
     As plays o'er Avon's stream eve's roseate smile.  
 And Nature here her richest livery wears,  
 Flourishing as her poet's fame, whose throne no rival  
     shares.

## III.

Beautiful are the fields that brighten round  
 Stratford, where fairies dance beneath the moon ;  
 And Ariels, as he sleeps on sacred ground,  
     Such poetry is in the air, at noon  
     Visit the day-dreams even of rustic loon.  
 Juliet before the eye of fancy glows  
     With love, far lovelier than in grand saloon  
 The richest gems of beauty : Shakspeare throws  
 There round the mind a charm it never elsewhere knows.

## IV.

Mightiest of mighty bards ! may I unblamed  
     Approach thee with the homage of my praise ?  
 Hamlet, Macbeth, scarce by historians named,  
     Familiar to our minds from earliest days,  
     Haunt us *all*, "like a passion" in thy plays.  
 'Twas thine all characters of life to hit  
     Or in the soul sublime emotions raise,  
 Or melt with tenderness, delight with wit ;  
 Then people fancied worlds with beings for them fit.

## v.

And Warwickshire of Somerville can boast,  
 The Poet of the Chase, she cannot spare  
 (Though Avon's Bard is in himself a host)  
 Her claim to names enroll'd in annals fair  
 Of fame, since days of Shakspeare somewhat rare.  
 'Tis said, the county has become effete \*  
 With bringing forth Creation's richest heir :  
 Yet Warton offered up, as was most meet,  
 Incense of praise to Dugdale in a sonnet sweet.

## vi.

They were congenial spirits, and they drunk  
 Deep from the fount of antiquarian lore ;  
 Their works monastic piles in ruin sunk  
 To grandeur architectural restore,  
 And renovate their Norman fame of yore.  
 In Warton's verse fair dames and barons bold,  
 And Gothic pageants, pass the mind before :  
 Vast local treasures Dugdale's tomes unfold  
 That might have been for aye buried in records old.

## vii.

The spirit of the Nimrod-Bard survives  
 Not in heroic verse, but toast or song :  
 The sport, now heighten'd into racing, gives  
 Strength to the weak, and glory to the strong.

---

\* There is a caustic saying of Dr. Parr's on record, that " Warwickshire produced Shakspeare, and became effete."

Re-echoing woods the joyous cry prolong  
 Of "forward!" swift as breeze o'er waving corn,  
 Hounds sweep unequall'd in their pace along  
 Large fields from Radbourne Gorse \*, and Boxall's †  
 horn  
 Can make the heart rejoice on dull November's morn.

## viii.

Where is the sage oracular that dwelt  
 Whilome at Hatton, *cloud-compelling* Parr ?  
 Who, boldly speaking what he strongly felt,  
 With Tories waged interminable war.  
 Though paled by Porson's light, he was a star  
 Of magnitude, and gloried in a name  
 Through realms of knowledge celebrated far ;  
 And many, by the splendour of his fame  
 Attracted, to the great high-priest of learning came.

## ix.

His feasts were sumptuous on his natal day ;  
 His viands excellent, and old his wine :  
 On the smooth sideboard shone in bright array  
 • His plate, magnificent for a Divine ;  
 Fair as the yet unmelted flagons shine

\* A famous covert in Warwickshire.

† Who knows not Bill Boxall, the celebrated huntsman to the Warwickshire hounds ?

In banquet-rooms of high-born thanes : he loved  
 To welcome in his guests, and *make* them dine.  
 Then went the grace-cup round ; the cloth removed,  
 Toasts follow'd,—some too strong for gentler spirits  
 proved.

## x.

Rich as the colours of the rainbow shone  
 His eloquent discourse, whate'er the theme ;  
 Whether he spoke of mighty statesmen gone,  
 Their names like bubbles, buoyant on Time's stream—  
 Glittering, though evanescent as a dream ;  
 Or as his guests with old Falernian warm'd,  
 Flash'd with the goblet round wit's frequent beam :  
 Sunny old man ! his imagery charm'd  
 Ripe scholars, *wise* self-love his satire oft alarm'd.

## xi.

Kenilworth Castle ! history relates  
 Its pristine grandeur, and tradition tells  
 A tale of more than even romance creates,  
 Though fancy aids the work with magic spells,  
 Of pomp, that splendours of the East excels.  
 What deities salute the Virgin Queen \* ?  
 Each sea-god who in coral cavern dwells !  
 Triton and Proteus strange, in vesture green  
 Diana with her nymphs—the gods of Greece are seen !

\* See Laneham's Letter describing the magnificent pageants presented before Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle in 1575 ; also Gascoigne's Princely Pleasures.

## xii.

And Glory, with her glittering wings extended,  
Mantles at sunset these time-hallowed towers :  
Here features beautiful with stern are blended ;  
Evergreen ivy arches rough imbowers,  
And crumbling walls are crown'd with gay wild  
flowers  
As if in mockery of their former state ;  
Luxuriantly green through frequent showers  
Thickens the couch-grass near the castle-gate,  
Where gaudy vassals stood their lord's approach to wait.

## xiii.

And are the ensigns of thy grandeur gone,  
(" Thus unlamented pass the proud away !")  
Proud Leicester—thou aspirant to the throne,  
Homaging with thy chivalrous array  
The Gloriana of our Spenser's lay ?  
Thou art immortalised, but not thy lot  
To have the guerdon of Fame's purest ray  
By genius pour'd around thy name by Scott ;  
The portrait is too true to life—'twere best to be forgot !

## NOTES TO "WARWICKSHIRE."

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I would have ventured a few stanzas in praise of Warwick Castle, that rivals "the proud keep of Windsor, rising in the majesty of proportion, and girt with the double belt of its kindred and coeval towers," were I not aware that no description of mine could do it adequate justice. I have selected a stanza or two from an unpublished Poem, "Lines on Warwick Castle," that has been much admired. The author is, I believe, a physician of eminence at Edinburgh.

"Discern ye not the mighty master's power  
In yon devoted saint's uplifted eye ?\*  
That clouds the brow and bids already lower  
O'er the first Charles † the shades of sorrow nigh ?  
That now on furrowed front of Rembrandt gleams ;  
Now breathes the rose of life and beauty there,  
In the soft eye of Henrietta ‡ dreams,  
And fills with fire the glance of Gondomar ?§

"Here, to Salvator's solemn pencil true,  
Huge oaks swing rudely in the mountain blast ;  
Here grave Poussin on gloomy canvas threw  
The lights that steal from clouds of tempest past.  
And see from Canaletti's glassy wave,  
Like eastern mosques, patrician Venice rise !  
Or marble moles that rippling waters lave,  
Where Claude's warm sunsets tinge Italian skies.

\* \* \* \* \*

---

\* Ignatius Loyola, by Rubens.

† Charles the First, by Vandyke.

‡ Henrietta Queen of England, by Vandyke.

§ Gondomar, by Velasquez.

"Hark ! from the depths beneath the proud saloon  
     The water's moan comes fitful and subdued,  
     Where in mild glory yon triumphant moon  
         Smiles on the arch that nobly spans the flood.  
     And here have kings and hoary statesmen gazed,  
         When spring with garlands decked the vale below,  
     Or when the waning year had lightly razed  
         The banks where Avon's lingering fountains flow."

## P. 222, l. 15.

*Mightiest of mighty Bards.*

What commentators and eulogists, English or German, can do justice to Shakspeare? And he was born at Stratford in *this* county ; " Think of that, my masters," and on this day (April 23rd). Seven cities laid claim to Homer ; Stratford claims Shakspeare, and no town or city in the world can dispute that claim.

Let us feast on his works to-day ; and if they want any garnish, let it be the garnish of Mrs. Jameson's admirable " Characteristics of Women." How beautiful (perhaps a little too ornamented) is the chapter on " Juliet !" Mrs. Jameson has sprung a new mine ; she has discovered unsuspected beauties in Shakspeare, inexhaustible as his foster-mother Nature.

In Drake's " Memorials of Shakspeare," there are some admirable delineations of the characters of the great poet by the most distinguished writers of the present day,— Schlegel, Göthe, Campbell, Coleridge. Perhaps the finest of the sketches, all of which are excellent in their way, is that taken from Blackwood's Magazine (p. 93). But no description of Shakspeare's genius by a writer of talent and taste can convey to the reader what the writer himself *must* feel. To attempt such a description is

" To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
     To throw a perfume on the violet."

Oh Shakspeare !

" Each year brings forth its millions ; but how long  
     The tide of generations shall roll on,  
     And not the whole combined and countless throng

Compose a mind like thine!—though all in one  
Condensed their scattered rays, they would not form a sun."

BYRON.

This note may seem impertinent; but surely a Warwickshire man is privileged to be garrulous about *his* Shakspeare.

## P. 223, l. 1.

*And Warwickshire of Somerville can boast.*

"A greater than Somerville," Michael Drayton, was born at Harts-hill in Warwickshire, 1563. See his Life in the Biographia Britannica, vol. iii. page 1744, folio edition. In the thirteenth song of his Poly-Olbion, Drayton gives us a lively description of a stag-hunt in the forest of Arden, in Warwickshire. "The comprehensive largeness which this Ardene once extended (before ruine of her woods) makes the Author limit her with Severne and Trent."—*Illustrations to the thirteenth song in the Poly-Olbion*, folio edit. 1613, page 216.

## ON THE BIRTH OF DRAYTON AT HARTSHILL.

"Lux Haresulla tibi (Warwici villa tenebris  
Ante tuas cunas obsita) prima fuit.  
Arma, viros, veneres, Patriam modulamine dixi:  
Te Patris resonant, arma, viri, veneres."

## P. 223, l. 8.

*Yet Warton offered up, as was most meet,  
Incense of praise to Dugdale in a sonnet sweet.*

## SONNET WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF DUGDALE'S "MONASTICON."

Deem not devoid of elegance the sage,  
By fancy's genuine feelings unbeguiled,  
Of painful pedantry the poring child,  
Who turns of these proud domes the historic page,  
Now sunk by time, and Henry's fiercer rage:  
Think'st thou the warbling Muses never smiled  
On his lone hours? Ingenuous views engage  
His thoughts, on themes unclassic falsely styled  
Intent, while cloister'd Piety displays  
Her mouldering roll; the piercing eye surveys  
New manners, and the pomp of early days,  
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictured stores.  
Nor rough nor barren are the winding ways  
Of hoar antiquity, but strown with flowers.

P. 224, l. 7.

*Cloud-compelling Parr.*

Dr. Parr loved his pipe—no man was more happy than he was with—

"His calumet of peace and cup of joy."

I had the pleasure for many years of an intimate acquaintance with the late Dr. Parr, who was as distinguished for his benevolence and hospitality, as for his great talents and extraordinary erudition. What Lord Grey, in his fine classical language, said of Windham, may be applied to Parr:—"He was a man of a great, original, and commanding genius, with a mind cultivated with the richest stores of intellectual wealth, and a fancy winged to the highest flights of a most captivating imagery." And here may be added, as applicable to Parr, the concluding part of Lord Grey's eulogium on the same distinguished statesman. "He had indeed his faults; but they served, like the skilful disposition of shade in works of art, to make the impression of his virtues more striking, and give additional grandeur to the great outline of his character."—See "Life of Windham," pre-fixed to his Speeches, vol. i. page 160; and Hansard's Debates, June 6, 1810.

Parr was no great admirer of modern poetry, but he always spoke with enthusiasm of Lord Byron's poetical genius, and when his name was mentioned often exclaimed,—

"Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,  
Ut magus, et modò me *Thebis*, modò ponit Athenis."

Dryden was a great favourite with Parr, who used to quote with delight the paraphrase of the 29th Ode of the third Book of Horace, so admirably executed by Dryden as, in the opinion of such a scholar as Parr, to be equal to the original. High praise indeed!

Dr. Parr's opinion of Warburton is well known: he particularly admired that celebrated writer's character of Bayle; but thought that in delineating Bayle's, he drew the character of Bishop Warburton!

His favourites among our English divines were, Butler, Jeremy Taylor, and Paley. He rather underrated Horsley, who, he said, was indebted for the great theological erudition displayed in his controversy with Priestley, to Bishop Bull.

## P. 224, L 15.

*His feasts were sumptuous on his natal day.*

Dr. Parr never appeared to such advantage as when he was presiding, in all the pride of honest hospitality, at his own table in his parsonage-house at Hatton; he overflowed with kindness towards all around him. At that table have I met Magee, and Maltby, and Basil Montagu, and several of the most distinguished wits and scholars of the present day. The most substantial fare was added to

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

Then our host—

"Vehemens et liquidus, puroque simillimus amni,  
Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite lingua."

Parr literally chuckled with delight, when one of the *select*, whom he had never, to use his own phrase, "banished to Siberia," said "a good thing." He was then the "apricus senex" of Persius, or the "Bon Vieillard" of Béranger; and when we consider the great events that have taken place in this country and elsewhere since his death, he might have exclaimed in the spirit of prophecy, like the Bon Vieillard,

"La liberté va rajeunir le monde:  
Sur mon tombeau brilleront d'heureux jours."

The character of Parr is finely drawn by Archdeacon Butler, in his funeral sermon on that great scholar and benevolent man. Dr. Butler did not "daub" the memory of his friend "with undiscerning praise;" but while he did ample justice to his numerous virtues and various attainments, hesitated not to point out his faults. *I know* by experience that Dr. Parr was a warm friend, a good neighbour, a most instructive and delightful companion :

"His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani  
Munere."

P. 225, l. 3.

*Then went the grace-cup round.*

" When in the old man's hall,  
Old friends were gathered all,  
And thou with mirth didst light grave features up,  
On days of high festivity,  
And family solemnity,  
As each to each passed on the happy cup "

ANSTER'S *Translation of Faust*, p. 49.

THE  
QUEEN OF GOLCONDA'S FETE.

---

Come forth,  
And taste the air of palaces !  
BEN JONSON'S *Alchemist*.

Come egli è pressa al luminoso tetto,  
Attonito riman di maraviglia ;  
Che tutto d'una gemma è il muro schietto  
Piu di carbonchio, lucida e virmiglia.—ARIOSTO.

---

I.

THE Queen of fair Golconda is “ at home ; ”  
Her palace (its immensities must bar  
Description) is of gold ; the blazing dome,  
Of one entire ruby, from afar \*  
Shines like the sun in his autumnal car  
Crowning a saffron mountain ; e'en the proud  
Zamorim's palace is as a twinkling star  
Compared with this. And now the tromp aloud  
Proclaims the guests are come to an admiring crowd.

---

\* Du calice d'icelles sortoit une escarboncle grosse comme un œuf d'autruche, taillée en forme heptagone (c'est nombre fort aimé de nature) tant prodigieuse et admirable, que levants nos yeux pour la contempler peu s'en faillit que ne perdissons la vuë. Car plus flamboyant n'est le feu du soleil, ne l'esclair, que lors elle nous apparoissoit.—RABELAIS' *Pant.*, lib. iv. c. 43.

## II.

The ceilings, crusted o'er with diamonds, blaze.  
A galaxy of stars, room after room !  
The lights interminable all amaze ;  
But far more dazzling are the fair in bloom  
Of youth, whose eyes kind answering looks illume.  
Ah ! where the muse of greater bards must fail  
In painting female charms, shall mine presume  
To try her hand ? though smiles be stale,  
Yet she to Fancy's eye their beauties will unveil.

## III.

As delicately shaped as the gazelle ;  
As beautiful as is the blush of morn ;  
As gay as Hebe, ere, alas ! she fell ;  
Fair as Dione in her car upborne  
By little Loves, while Tritons wind the horn ;  
Splendid as young Zenobia in their dress  
(Crowns bright as sunny beams their hair adorn)  
They were. This perfect festival to bless,  
Art, Beauty, Nature, Grace, combine their loveliness !

## IV.

Oh Youth and Beauty ! Nature's choicest gems,  
All art's adornments ye for aye outshine :  
Far more attractive than the diadems  
That ever glitter'd on the brow divine

Of the wise king, or, great Darius, thine !  
Though time may dim your lustre, in my heart  
Your charms shall be enshrined, while life is mine.  
Yet sad experience will this truth impart  
To loveliest maid on earth,—a fading thing thou art..

## v.

The Prophet h's not to his faithful given  
(So prodigal of what *he* could not give)  
Such bliss refined in *his* Arabian heaven,  
As that which they enjoy who here arrive.  
Vain bliss, indeed, that through a night may live !  
Let but her joys be guiltless, Mirth again  
Will, when the season sweet returns, revive :  
Then let to-morrow bring or bliss or pain :  
All are united now by Pleasure's flowery chain !

## vi.

Fair silver pillars grace the spacious halls :  
The pavement is mosaic ; precious stones  
Enrich with intermingling hues the walls ;  
And emerald vines o'ercanopy the thrones,  
Robed in all colours that the Pavone owns.  
And music, with its magic influence, makes  
The heart responsive to its tender tones :  
A master-spirit now the harp awakes,  
Till to its inmost core each hearer's bosom shakes !

## VII.

And here and there from golden urns arise,  
 Impregn'd with perfumes, purple clouds, that throw  
 Like hues just caught from fair Ausonia's skies,  
 Throughout the palace an Elysian glow,—  
 Odorous as roses when they newly blow.  
 And couches, splendid as the gorgeous light  
 Of the declining sun, or high or low,  
 As suits capricious luxury, invite  
 To sweet repose indeed each pleasure-laden wight.

## VIII.

I pass the dance, the converse soft between,  
 As fly the hours along with rapid pace.  
 Lo ! in her chair of state Golconda's Queen  
 Sits goddess-like ; majestic is her face,  
 Yet mild, as well becomes her pride of place.  
 Even Fatima in pomp of beauty ne'er  
 Received fair Montague with such a grace  
 As this all-beauteous queen withouten glare  
 Of rank receives her guests—how winning is her air !

## IX.

Profusely gay, the exuberance of joy  
 All feel—all feel their spirits mounting high !  
 One feast of happiness, that ne'er can cloy,  
 Life seems to them, though death perchance be nigh.

Why should fair bosoms ever heave a sigh ?  
 Life is with love so closely knit, what kills  
 Love in young breasts may dim the brightest eye.  
 Yet tears, that eloquently speak of ills,  
 Are as medicinal balm when grief the heart o'erfills.

## x.

In whirls fantastical the waters dance,  
 Springing from fountains jasper-paved ; the noon  
 Of night their sparkling freshness doth enhance.  
 How glorious is the cupola ! a moon  
 Of pearl shines mildly o'er the vast saloon.  
 Fair queen of night, shall art then imitate  
 Thy quiet majesty ? in sooth as soon  
 Might the poor pageantries of regal state  
 On earth, heaven's matchless splendours vainly emulate !

## xi.

The banquet is prepared with sumptuous cost :  
 Flagons of massive gold here flame around ;  
 Amid the piles of wealth distinction 's lost ;  
 And splendours without end the mind astound !  
 All that can feast the senses here abound ;  
 Invention's highly-gifted sons unfold  
 (So fine their art, the like was never found,)  
 Peris most exquisitely wrought in gold,  
 And other delicate sprites in Eastern fables told !

## XII.

As if “instinct with living spirits,” sing  
Birds of a thousand colours ; and their hues,  
Brilliant as flowers that o'er the meads in spring  
Their gay variety of tints diffuse,  
Would e'en the painter's shrewdest ken confuse.  
And art, how wonderful ! has raised a tree  
To rival Nature—(for such toys amuse  
Those who despise dear Nature's charms ;) and see  
As the boughs stir—the birds all join in harmony.

## XIII.

Wealth, inexhaustible as Danaë's shower,  
That pen can scarcely blazon, thought conceive,  
Excels not in itself the meanest flower  
That Innocence within her hair might weave  
Wandering on Avon's banks, this lovely eve !  
Even Nature's humblest things can stir those deep  
Affections in us that will ne'er deceive.  
Cherish these deep-sown feelings, ye shall reap  
A harvest of delight, when Pride in dust shall sleep !

## XIV.

Not that I scorn this *fête* unparagon'd :  
'Tis like a well-spring amid desert sands,  
Or a rich vale where Flora sits enthroned,  
Surrounded by bleak hills, and barren lands !

What cynic would destroy love's rosy bands ?  
The paths of life are thorny ; o'er our heads  
Those grim magicians, Cares, uplift their wands !  
Why marvel, then, that Youth their influence dreads,  
And basks him in the rays the sun of beauty sheds ?

*April, 1824.*

NOTES  
ON  
“THE QUEEN OF GOLCONDA'S FETE.”

---

P. 233, l. 7.

*Zamorim's palace is as a twinkling star.*

See the seventh book of Camoëns' *Lusiad*.

P. 235, l. 20.

*Robed in all colours that the Pavone owns.*

And wings it had with sondry colours dight,  
More sondry colours than the proud *Pavone*  
Bears in his boasted fan, or Iris bright ;  
When her discolour'd bow she bends through Heaven's height.

SPENSER.

P. 236, l. 3.

*Like hues just caught from fair Ausonia's skies.*

Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit  
Purpureo.—VIRGIL.

“The setting sun produced the richest variety of tints in the opposite sky; among them was a lovely violet glow, rarely, if ever seen, in England.”—DALLAWAY'S *Constantinople*.

P. 236, l. 15.

*Even Fatima in pomp of beauty.*

The following splendid description of the beauty and attractive manners of the “fair Fatima,” is from Lady Mary Wortley Montague's Letters.

" She stood up to receive me, saluting me after their fashion, putting her hand to her heart with a sweetness full of majesty, that no court-breeding could ever give. She ordered cushions to be given me, and took care to place me in the corner, which is the place of honour. I confess, though the Greek lady had before given me a great opinion of her beauty, I was so struck with admiration, that I could not for some time speak to her, being wholly taken up in gazing. That surprising harmony of features! that charming result of the whole! that exact proportion of body! that lovely bloom of complexion unsullied by art! the unutterable enchantment of her smile!—But her eyes!—large and black, with all the soft languishment of the blue! every turn of her face discovering some new grace.

" After my first surprise was over, I endeavoured, by nicely examining her face, to find out some imperfection, without any fruit of my search, but my being clearly convinced of the error of that vulgar notion, that a face exactly proportioned, and perfectly beautiful, would not be agreeable; nature having done for her, with more success, what Apelles is said to have essayed, by a collection of the most exact features to form a perfect face. Add to all this a behaviour so full of grace and sweetness, such easy motions, with an air so majestic, yet free from stiffness or affectation, that I am persuaded, could she be suddenly transported upon the most polite throne of Europe, nobody would think her other than born and bred to be a queen, though educated in a country we call barbarous. To say all in a word, our most celebrated English beauties would vanish near her.

" She was dressed in a *caftan* of gold brocade, flowered with silver, very well fitted to her shape, and showing to admiration the beauty of her bosom, only shaded by the thin gauze of her shift. Her drawers were pale pink, her waistcoat green and silver, her slippers white satin, finely embroidered: her lovely arms adorned with bracelets of diamonds, and her broad girdle set round with diamonds; upon her head a rich Turkish handkerchief of pink and silver, her own fine black hair hanging a great length in various tresses, and on one side of her head some bodkins of jewels. I am afraid you will accuse me of extravagance in this description. I think I have read somewhere that women always speak in rapture when they speak of beauty, and I

cannot imagine why they should not be allowed to do so. I rather think it a virtue to be able to admire without any mixture of desire or envy. The gravest writers have spoken with great warmth of some celebrated pictures and statues : the workmanship of Heaven certainly excels all our weak imitations, and, I think, has a much better claim to our praise. For my part, I am not ashamed to own I took more pleasure in looking on the beauteous Fatima, than the finest piece of sculpture could have given me."

P. 238, l. 9.

*As the boughs stir—the birds all join in harmony.*

"Among other spectacles of rare and stupendous luxury was a tree of gold and silver, spreading into eighteen large branches, on which, and on the lesser boughs, sat a variety of birds made of the same precious metals, as well as the leaves of the tree. While the machinery effected spontaneous motions, the several birds warbled their natural harmony." —GIBBON's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. x. p. 38, 8vo. edit.

## BEAUTY'S CASTLE.

---

O stupenda opra, O Dedalo architetto ;  
Qual fabrica tra noi le rassimiglia ?

Ariosto, canto 34, stanza 53.

---

### I.

By opal battlements engirt appear,  
In workmanship as chaste as in design,  
Of diamond framed and gold high gates that near  
The castle built by Taste for Beauty shine ;  
On earth inimitable, work-divine ;  
Rich with a thousand rooms, that multiplied  
By crystal mirrors, deepen like a mine  
Exhaustless and illumed, a circle wide :  
Pillars of emerald grace the hall in column'd pride.

### II.

Here Beauty smiles ineffably enthroned ;  
Her smile diffusive is as solar light ;  
Her voice is musical as harp fine-toned,  
Conveying to the senses such delight  
As the world feels when sunrise chases night

Away. Her robe is as the upper sky,  
*If* there one milky-way o'erpower the sight,  
 Brilliant ; angelic shapes around her fly ;  
 The loveliest maids with these fine spirits cannot vie !

## III.

Diversely splendid, as o'er foliage glow  
 Autumnal colours, which the noonday sun  
 Mellows with golden light—or, as the bow  
 Arching the heavens, where mingling into one  
 Well-blended glory hues unnumber'd run—  
 As various flowers adorning gardens gay,  
 Where art completes what nature hath begun,  
 They shine ; or as the intermingling play  
 Of splendours flashing forth from gems Sultanas vain  
 display !

## IV.

Theirs is undying loveliness ; while years  
 Flow on they are the same ; nor grief nor pain  
 Stain or impair their charms ! They have no fears,  
 No unavailing chase of pleasures vain ;  
 No love—that withering, seldom blooms again !  
 Such are the ministering sprites that wait  
 On Beauty, fairer than the fairest train  
 Of virgins that adorn a monarch's state ;  
 Or fays that bright as stars inventive bards create.

## v.

Such seraphs are ; they may *idealized*  
Be, but no sculptors e'er their forms have wrought  
In marble ; no, nor painters highly prized  
Ever on canvas have their features caught,  
Though by such art the poesy of thought  
Is bodied forth ; no poet can reveal  
(His mind with treasured imagery fraught)  
Those superhuman beings that the zeal  
Of Fancy would disclose, but Nature will conceal.

## vi.

The glories of the fane well harmonize  
Simplicity and grandeur ; to and fro  
Like sunbeams, or quick glances of bright eyes,  
Rapid, ideal changes come and go,  
Of living pictures an unending show  
Here Fancy brightens with unwearied wing ;  
Tides of celestial music onward flow  
For ever ! voices sweeter than in spring  
Philomel's notes, in praise of Beauty ever sing !



ON  
UVEDALE PRICE'S  
“ESSAY ON THE PICTURESQUE.”

---

“Uvedale Price's Essay on the Picturesque, the most finished composition in the English language.”—DR. PARR.

---

A MASTER mind, that Taste and Genius grace,  
The fine designs of Nature's hand can trace ;  
Where they may differ, where again we see  
The beautiful and picturesque agree.  
How light, where stands a tree of beauty plays,  
The eye delighting through a thousand sprays :  
How Autumn to the landscape gives a glow  
Divine, that painters o'er their canvass throw ;  
Hence Titian's golden hue, and colouring warm,  
That has of Autumn all the mellow charm.  
How sudden bursts of sunshine in the spring  
O'er the green flourishing tree their lustre fling ;  
The delicate foliage of the leaf conceals  
In part the boughs beneath, in part reveals.

How undulate the boughs in wavy pride,  
As sweeps the light breeze o'er the river's tide :  
How distant openings through the glade invite  
Inquiry, source of ever new delight ;  
Leading the eye as in a wanton chase,  
Onwards, with happy art *creating* space :  
Itself the same, through combinations new  
Changes from every spot beheld the view,  
Advances here a wood, and there recedes  
A stream, again, far glittering o'er the meads !  
How stretch along the hills, around, above,  
Trees singly, or in groups, or lengthen'd grove.  
How fan-like branches of the cedar, spread  
Magnificently, feather overhead,  
In avenues, of which the pillar'd shade  
Attracts the devotee, or love-sick maid.  
How on its gorgeous canopy of leaves  
The widely-branching chestnut light receives.

Now, Uvedale, pour thy storm of satire down  
On that great master of improvement, Brown.  
Who would variety's fair charms deny,  
And with eternal clumps fatigue the eye ?  
Thickets and glens and every natural grace  
To that magician's tasteless art give place.  
Romantic walks and coves, projections grand,  
Are swept away by his all-levelling hand.

Oaks that around their arms majestic throw,  
If rooted in the soil proscribed, must go.  
Wild flowers, that o'er the river's margin stray  
In intertangling knots, are mown away !  
The cheerful stream, that silently beneath  
O'erhanging boughs in many a mazy wreath  
Stole on, or babbling o'er the shallows ran  
Fretting the stones, is widen'd by a plan ;  
Shrubs are destroy'd, banks levell'd down in haste,  
A sheet of water glares, so wills it Taste.

MALVERN, *October 10.*

## NOTES

TO

### UVEDALE PRICE'S "ESSAY ON THE PICTURESQUE."

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#### P. 247, l. 5.

*How light, where stands a tree of beauty plays.*

"Take a single tree only, and consider it in this point of view. It is composed of millions of boughs, sprays and leaves intermixed with and crossing each other in as many directions, while through the various openings the eye still discovers new and infinite combinations; yet in this labyrinth of intricacy there is no unpleasant confusion: the general effect is as simple as the detail is complicate."—UVEDALE PRICE *on the Picturesque*, vol. i. p. 262.

#### P. 248, l. 20.

*Now, Uvedale, pour thy storm of satire down.*

"It is to be regretted," says the amiable and highly gifted Sir Henry Stewart in his Planter's Guide (Note 13, page 411) "that Sir Uvedale Price in his valuable Essays on the Picturesque (probably the most powerful example of controversial writing and acute criticism in the language) should have somewhat lessened their effect by personal sarcasm and the bitterness of controversy. As to Brown, he has not, according to the vulgar phrase, 'left him the likeness of a dog;' and his conceit, his ignorance, his arrogance, his vanity, of all which Brown had his full share, are blazoned forth in the most glaring colours."

**ELEGIACAL POEMS.**



ODE  
ON THE LAMENTED DEATH  
OF  
THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES AND  
SAXE COBOURG.

---

Τὰ μὲν κατ' οἴκους ἐφ' ἔστιας ἄχη  
Τάδ' ἔστι, καὶ τῶνδ' ὑπερβατώτερα  
Τὸ πᾶν δ' ἀφ' Ἐλλάδος αἷς συνομένοις  
Πένθεια τλησικάρδιος  
Δόμων ἐκάστου πρέπει.—*ESCHYL. Agamem.*

---

Now all was quiet and serene,  
Hope's morning star on earth was seen,  
    Its light our bosoms cheer'd :  
Then, then, the hurricane arose,  
The dreadful tempest of our woes,  
    And nought but gloom appear'd.

The festal song is o'er—  
The voice of mirth no more  
    Is heard throughout the land :  
With quivering lips and pale,  
The young and old bewail  
    The Almighty's dread command !

Grim death ! oh what a blow thou gavest us here !  
The thought is ev'n too bitter for a tear ;  
It spreads a gloom that never will depart,  
A settled thunder-cloud around the heart.

And she is nothingness, who late  
With joy, and hope, and love elate,  
    A fairy vision seem'd !  
She realized those pleasures known  
To few, to none who wear a crown,  
    Nor ev'n of sorrow dream'd.  
But who can paint that dreadful grief  
That asks not, wishes not relief ?  
The fierce, unutterable anguish,  
    That shuddering pity must conceal :  
It gnaws within her widow'd consort's breast,  
(Ah ! happy once, with smiling pleasures blest !)  
    And will not through exhaustion languish—  
    Oh ! who would this reveal ?

Was it for *this* that Hymen join'd their hands,  
Amid a people's shouts, in rosy bands,  
That when with loyal hopes all hearts were gay  
His lovely bride should thus be torn away ?  
    We hoped to hear the merry bells :  
    Alas ! they're changed to funeral knells ;  
    Heard ye the solemn sound ?  
    Again it tolls—the bell profound.

Would it were fancy ! but she 's gone—  
The truest, dearest, loveliest one  
That e'er a nation's wishes bless'd  
That e'er a husband's love possess'd ;  
Friend to the poor, the fatherless,  
Friend to all virtue in distress !

But wherefore grieve we so ?  
There 's selfishness in woe.

Angels of love, with gratulations high,  
Welcome their sister-spirit to the sky :  
O ever-living bride ! all beauteous sprite !  
With them thou dwell'st in everlasting light.

Not hers the glare of royalty—  
The pride, or pomp of place ;  
But mild, domestic charity,  
And every winning grace.

Yet Death has dimm'd the lustre of her eyes ;  
In lifeless loveliness his victim lies ;  
Britannia, frantic, clasps her favourite's urn ;  
Wit, Virtue, Beauty, for their darling mourn.

But through the royal house,  
No loud laments arise :  
Silence that loathes repose  
There stalks with tearful eyes.

Ne'er may our querulous complaints intrude  
On the lone mourner's sacred solitude :

The flower is broken from its stem,  
The ring has lost its only gem :  
Oh ! princely Claremont, wither'd be thy bowers ;  
Cold is the hand that cull'd thy fairest flowers :  
Like them, in bloom of youth she died !  
Go, tell it to the house of pride—  
Mock the self-loving fair—  
Go, whisper in the ear of kings,  
(While Death aside the curtain flings,  
And shows his victim there,  
Cold, voiceless, joyless, motionless—)  
How vain is human happiness !

Away, away ! it is not meet  
To view her in her winding-sheet :  
I see her on her sapphire throne,  
A circling halo is her crown,  
A halo of eternal light :  
How mild her features seem, and yet how heavenly  
bright !

## LINES

TO

### THE MEMORY OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS CANOVA.

---

#### I.

WHERE is he now ? an awful question ! where ?  
'Mid spirits glorified in realms of light,  
Viewing angelic shapes more dazzling there  
Than those which gave him while on earth delight :  
Such as appear'd unto his mental sight,  
When he would dare create, what art alone  
Like his could realize, a goddess bright,  
A Hebe, or a Grace without her zone,  
Or all that poets dream of beauty's queen, in stone.

#### II.

Whate'er of beautiful, high-minded Greece  
Imagined, from Canova's chisel sprung :  
And must that master-hand for ever cease  
To mould those forms so graceful and so young,  
In praise of which the mystic bards have sung ?

Those forms, o'er which ideal loveliness  
Is, as it were, by touch ethereal flung !  
That hand, which in cold marble could express  
All-perfect beauty, youth, eternal happiness !

## III.

His delicate Hebe almost seems to move :  
So light thy step, fair daughter of the skies !  
Thou art the gentle power that waits on Jove :  
Thou art the flower of youth that never dies.  
Sure 'tis a spirit that delights our eyes !  
But Psyche, a celestial lover's pride,  
With her sweet rival in proportion vies ;  
While beaming, like a twin-star at her side,  
Cupid, as finely wrought, clasps his life-giving bride.

## IV.

O ! 'tis a super-human skill that turns  
To being such creations of the brain  
As the fond worshipper of fancy burns  
To paint in glowing colours, but in vain.  
Look on these breathing marbles—look again—  
They are the visions of our youth brought forth,  
Though motionless, yet beautiful ! no stain  
Sullies their charms ; they are not of this earth,  
But pure as when the bards' conceptions gave them  
birth.

## v.

How o'er the sculptor's manly features play'd  
The light of genius, as with modest zeal  
He spoke of those immortal works survey'd  
By him with raptures such as *he* must feel  
To whom Art loves her secrets to reveal ;  
The Phidian fragments ! beautiful—sublime,  
Whence Art gives laws 'gainst which there's no appeal.  
Such were man's labours in the olden time,  
When freedom quicken'd thought, and a soul-wakening  
clime.

## vi.

Yet in Canova's mind were nursed those fine  
Imaginings, that, but by few possest,  
We call, adoring their results, divine,  
Since those who have them are indeed most blest  
Of mortal beings, far above the rest.  
The *poetry* of sculpture must be caught  
From heaven : it gives a feeling unexpress'd  
When bodied forth, to those by art untaught :  
'Tis an ambrosial flame—the very soul of thought.



ON

## NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

---

“ Thy pomp is brought down ‘to’ the grave, and the noise of thy viols : the worms are spread under thee, and the worms cover thee :—

How art thou cut down to the ground, which did weaken the nations ! ”

ISAIAH.

---

He whom plumed Victory placed upon her throne,  
The despot lord of Europe, he is gone !  
Whose power, whene’er its death-flag was unfurl’d,  
Breathed out destruction o’er a trembling world :  
All irresistible, it seem’d to bind,  
As with a magic spell, the o’ermaster’d mind.

Cradled amid the storms of war, the child  
Of anarchy fought well, and fortune smiled :  
The consul would be emperor, enthroned  
He play’d the tyrant ; France obey’d, and groan’d.

Ambitious self-destroyer ! grasping all,  
Till nations burst indignant from their thrall ;  
Till the insulted master of the North  
Awoke, and sent his hardy legions forth.  
The mighty warrior flies, his men are lost,  
Their strength avails not 'gainst a Scythian frost !

Baffled ambition scorns to feel : he eyed  
Their stiffening corpses with a sullen pride,  
Cursing his fallen star, that rose again  
Terrific to his foes, and not in vain ;  
Till England with her lion-banner's might  
Check'd the imperial eagle's second flight.

What were his feelings when an exile, far  
From his once glorious theatre of war ?  
Fame, conquest, empire vanishing—what left ?  
Life : but of all that gave him life bereft—  
Unpitied, since he laughed at others' woe,  
And hated, as an unrelenting foe.

With him were feasible, so vast his schemes,  
Such plans as please a madman in his dreams.  
As a high-crested dragon with his wings  
Beats foemen down, he smote the pride of kings.  
Self was his idol, self ; 'twas nought to him  
If thousands fell, so he might please his whim.

Was he a spirit sent to scourge mankind  
For vice? to dazzle them till they were blind?  
As potent as the magic shield of old \*,  
Withering the strength of all who dared behold.

He hated converse: his o'erweening pride  
Taught him man's social pleasures to deride:  
Men were his instruments, and he could have  
Nothing in common with them but a grave.  
As wave succeeding wave breaks on the shore,  
Tyrants o'erleap their bounds and are no more.

His course was rapid, he has pass'd away,  
In time's vast book a tale of yesterday;  
And he who held the proudest kings in awe  
Of his imperious will, to them a law,  
Now lies alone in a far distant isle!  
Well might philosophy at grandeur smile.

The ill Napoleon did we all well know,  
Each day the good he might have done will show.  
Through him Italia might again have been  
Renown'd in arms as she of arts is queen;  
Nor would the Austrian fox have dared by stealth  
To snatch, though now he rudely takes her wealth.

---

\* This wonderful shield belonged to Atlante, but afterwards was possessed by Ruggiero.—See Ariosto, *Canto 2*.

The cloud of selfishness will ne'er decrease  
That glooms the prospect of a lasting peace,  
'Till Christian kings the Christian maxim heed :  
God never doom'd mankind to crouch and bleed.

ON  
THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

---

But thou art fled  
Like some frail exhalation which the dawn  
Robes in its golden beams ; ah, thou hast fled,  
The brave, the gentle, and the beautiful !  
The child of grace and beauty.—SHELLEY.

---

THY wooded hills, Firenze \*, castle-crown'd,  
In beautiful luxuriance rise around :  
What sweetly-blended hues enchant the sight  
As the sun 'gins to soften down his light !  
On houses, olives, vineyards, crags, he glows,  
All nature woos him as he smiles repose.  
The purple-coloured Apennines appear  
Like fairy-mountains painted in the air :  
While o'er the fertile vale, where Arno flows,  
The queen of beauty's sacred myrtle grows.

---

\* Firenze, al cui splendore  
Ogni bella cittate aspira indarno,  
Inclita figlia d'Arno,  
Che al Padre cingi d'ogni onore il crine, &c.

O ! what is love by poets deified,  
Compared with friendship in all dangers tried ?  
Gonzalvo to his Lara could not be  
A firmer friend than Henry was to me.  
Could not this balmy clime restore his health,  
Where Nature boon has lavish'd all her wealth ?  
Alas ! Consumption gives a sickly hue  
To wood-crown'd hills, rich vales, and skies of deepest  
blue.

Busy Remembrance ! why call up in vain  
Those happy nights, that ne'er will come again,  
When in our mock-debates young Henry's mind  
Show'd a ripe judgment, and a taste refined !

FLORENCE, October 2, 1818.

**POEMS,**

**MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.**



## RECOLLECTIONS AT ——.

WRITTEN IN OCT. 1826.

---

WILD flowers, that Fancy o'er our path has strown,  
So gay in youth, maturer years imbrown ;  
Nature's high instinct, like the vernal gales,  
In childhood fresh'ning o'er the heart prevails !  
Shadows of beauty then around us come  
Like trails of glory from the soul's first home,  
Embellishing existence—they are gone,  
Gone like the light that yesterday hath shone.

Yet forms that are most beautiful remain,  
They do not woo the poet's love in vain :  
While his fine genius gives to all he sees  
Their natural colours, they must ever please !  
His thought-embodying mind can well express  
Sensations others do not feel the less.

With variegated hues adorn'd below  
A mellow autumn's sun the woodlands glow ;  
All is unbreathing silence, not a rush  
Is stirr'd ; and how intense the noon-day hush !  
Years have elapsed, but what are years, since they  
Whom I remember here, have past away !

Like to a sun-burst gathering clouds among,  
Probus shone forth above the worldly throng  
That walk in darkness, warming all who came  
Within his influence, yet unmark'd by fame.  
He drew towards God, with sweet attractive force,  
Those who deflected from the even course.  
Though mild to others, to himself severe,  
He ne'er relax'd, content that Heaven was near :  
Religion on his heart betimes engraved  
The maxim, "Be thou watchful to be saved."

His mind, within its tenement of dust,  
Rose unassailable by passion's gust :  
The pyramid, thus heavenward pointing stands  
Above the desert's ever-whirling sands.

Habitual piety had given a tone  
Of feeling to him that seem'd his alone ;  
The calm intensity of which, unquell'd  
By tumults of the world, each act impell'd.

He has received the meed of faith, and now  
The cross shines forth triumphant on his brow.

He too, who while on earth could nothing find  
To satisfy the longings of his mind,  
So ill by grosser spirits understood,  
May realize his dream of perfect good.

That dream a light prophetic, as he mused,  
Gradual his mind's horizon circumfused ;  
Promise through intervening mists of sense,  
Of knowledge infinite, of love intense :  
Love, as truth opes the everlasting doors  
Of heaven for the beloved of God, outpours  
Through depths of space, from suns-embracing zones,  
Harmonious joy in fragrance-breathing tones.

The light-encircled spirits seem to move  
As visitants from heaven through yonder grove ;  
Though the world's follies be by them forgot,  
Yet they might wish to consecrate the spot  
With their occasional presence that on earth  
They loved, where ripen'd first for heaven their worth ;  
There, there to flourish in its proper soil,  
Not asking, to support it, further toil.  
Virtue is there identified with being,  
Splendours we vaguely guess at ever seeing ;

Splendours ineffable, that Milton's pen  
Scarce shadowed out, above our mental ken.  
Now they commingle with that holy race  
Whom powers that emanate from God embrace !  
Measureless knowledge—man here *vainly* craves—  
Now circumscribes them, as the sea its waves :  
Not flashing forth and vanishing by turns,  
Devotion's steady flame above them burns ;  
The sun of happiness, that scarcely cheers  
Our progress here, how bright to them appears !

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## NOTE.

P. 270, l. 10.

*Within his influence, yet unmark'd by fame.*

Many a time God is present in the still voice and private retirement of a quiet religion, and the constant spiritualities of an ordinary life ; when the loud and impetuous winds, and the strong fires of more laborious and expensive actions, are profitable to others ; like a tree of balsam distilling precious liquors for others, not for its own use.—  
**JEREMY TAYLOR.**

## A GOOD MAN'S FUTURE EXISTENCE.

---

Nube non è ch' oscuri vostra luce,  
L' ore distinte a voi non fanno forza,  
Caso o necessità non vi conduce.—MICHAEL ANGELO.

Eternal life! If all the winds of heaven might be concentrated to fill the trump that should proclaim it, the blast would be but too feeble for the theme! If all the constellations of our firmament were grouped afresh to blazon those few letters on the vault of heaven, the matter would be more than worthy of the legend.—SHEPPARD.

---

As heavenly bodies through the ether move  
Silently, stormful regions far above,  
Thus above passions that around the throng  
Gather, the good man moves his course along.  
With such a facile energy he goes  
Onward, 'tis action, 'tis sublime repose.

He to the stock of human happiness  
Brings every day accession, more or less.  
As Flora from her pictured urn in May  
Throws flowers Love scatters blessings in his way.

When gone, remembrance of what he has been,  
Sweet as perfume from violet banks unseen,  
To those his present influence gladden'd, gives  
A fragrant joy his presence that survives.

Fraught with a solar life, unworn by change  
Organic, (Mind must have a wider range)  
Through faith he brightens in a higher sphere,  
Serenely beautiful, as star-light here :  
An undecaying spirit, that adores  
The source eterne of all its virtues, powers ;  
Virtues, from sin's disturbing force secure ;  
Powers, more efficient, ever to endure ;  
Of strength possessive, ne'er to lose their hold  
On truths, no master-minds can here unfold ;  
With thoughts as sunbeams penetrating, true  
As arrow from the bow of Tell that flew.

No damps like those from earth arising tame  
There adoration's ever-living flame :  
No mists there intercept the light of grace  
Effluent from the Triune seen face to face :  
No cares that here thwart purposed good distract  
Affections pure, that ceaseless interact.

Developed partially in grosser clay  
Emotions noble are call'd into play ;  
Even if expended, then renew'd as soon,  
Their influence powerful as sun at noon.

Far higher in degree, the same in kind,  
As in the mortal, so in form refin'd  
Of the transfigurated being rise  
With him of life the social charities,

That, as he wills, pour forth around their strength,  
Uncircumscribed in width, or depth, or length ;  
Equable, simultaneous, love-impell'd,  
By counteractive agencies unquell'd.

The stream thus from obstructing weeds released  
Flows o'er its ample bed with force increased ;  
Thus swelling buds in spring-time somewhat harm'd  
By cold burst into leaves by summer warm'd.

As fabled trees for ever blossoming,  
And rich with fruit of autumn pride and spring,  
There glow matured by light and heat the power  
And will to do, the fruitage and the flower.

Of life the ascending vista on the soul  
Opens, as ages after ages roll  
Away, progressing still the glorious sprite,  
Into a far receding infinite !  
A cloudless perspective ! with which the past  
Compared is nothingness, however vast !  
The soul, on brightening pinions upward soaring,  
Eagle-wise, still the Sun of suns adoring !  
Not solitary ! but, affections good  
Here, to enjoy in their most perfect mood ;  
Uninterrupted friendship, social bliss !  
What can be greater happiness than this,  
To view in sweet communion with the loved  
On earth, Heaven's folded counsels there evolved ?

NOTES  
TO  
“A GOOD MAN’S FUTURE EXISTENCE.”

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P. 273, l. 1, 2.

*As heavenly bodies through the ether move  
Silently, stormful regions far above.*

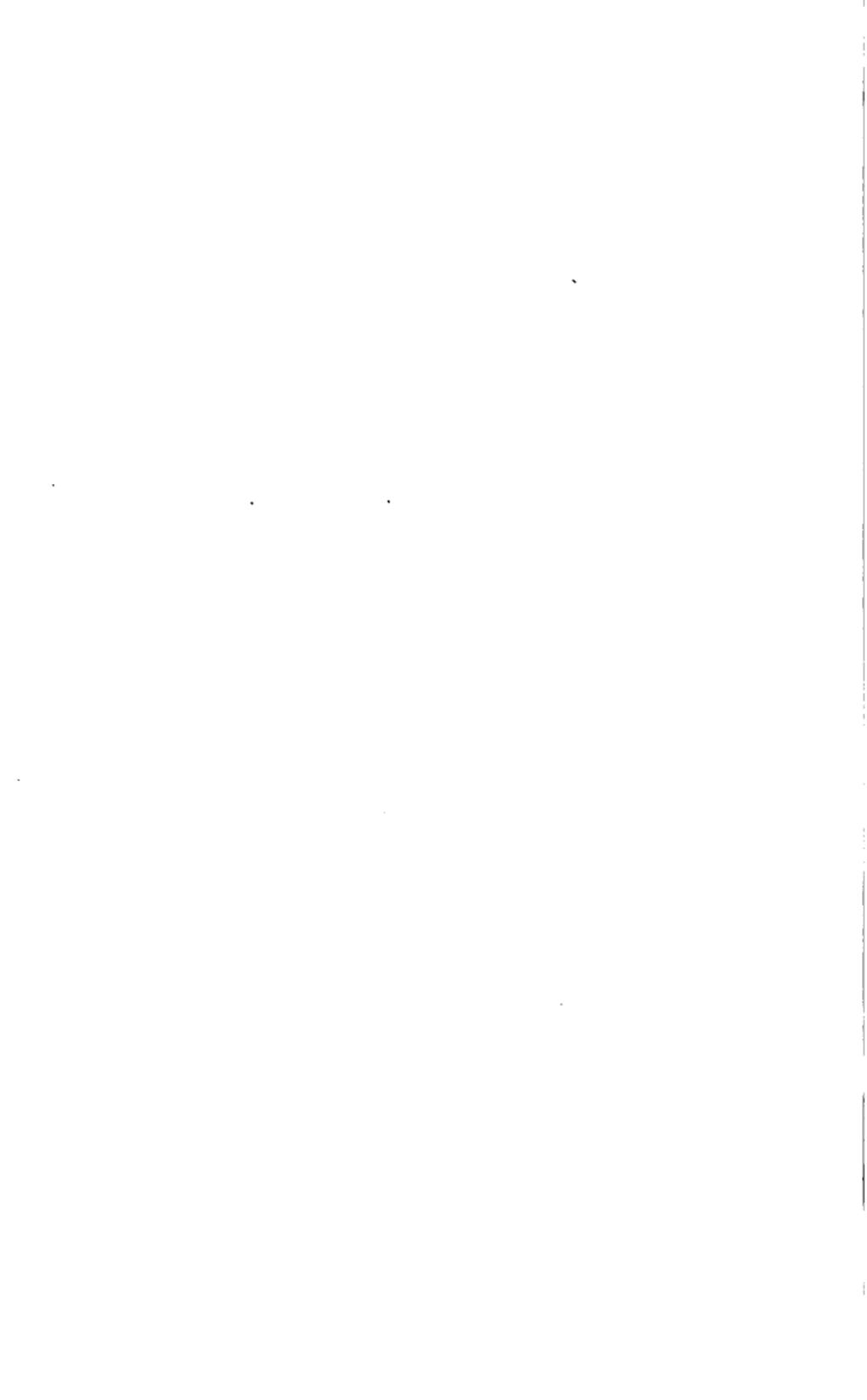
“The propagation of sound, however, requires a much denser medium than light or heat; its intensity diminishes as the rarity of the air increases, so that at a very small height above the surface of the earth the noise of the tempest ceases, and the thunder is heard no more in those boundless regions where the heavenly bodies accomplish their periods in eternal and sublime silence.”—SOMERVILLE’s *Connection of the Physical Sciences*, 2nd ed. p. 260.

P. 275, l. 9.

*As fabled trees for ever blossoming.*

See Ariosto’s description of the Garden of Logistilla, Canto x. Stanzas 62, 63. Also, Spenser’s description of the “Garden of Adonis,” Book iii. Canto vi. Stanza 42.

## **MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.**



INVITATION  
to  
THE BANKS OF THE AVON.

---

THIS is the balmy breathing-time of spring,  
All Nature smiles, and Mirth is on the wing ;  
The sun is shining on this lovely scene,  
Gladdening with light the meadow's tender green,  
Studding the waters with its lustrous gems,  
More brilliant than ten thousand diadems.  
Beautiful Avon !—how can I pourtray  
Thy varied charms, where'er thou wind'st thy way ?  
Now through the sunny meads,—now in the glade  
Thou sleep'st, beneath the wood's o'er-arching shade  
The “sedge-crown'd” Naiads, from their cool retreats,  
Welcome my loved one, with their gather'd sweets.—

We cull'd these flowers at break of day,  
Take, oh, take them, lady fair ;  
Fresh in the light of the morning ray,  
They glisten on thy nut-brown hair.  
Merrily, merrily in the trees,  
The birds are merrily singing—

While rose-buds are opening,  
And fruit-trees are blossoming.

How clear—how musical  
Is yonder water-fall !—

Oh, God ! how glorious is the genial ray  
That issues from thy “ Light of lights ” to-day !

Now seek we, my love, yon green-flourishing wood,  
That long in theatic luxuriance has stood,  
Where paths intersect its dank moss-cover'd steep,  
And above 's a turf gallery ample and deep.  
Their temples with ivy and oak-apples crown'd,  
See, the wood-nymphs advance, now they all dance  
around ;  
Their leafy adornments now rustle and play  
With their light limbs as briskly they foot it away :

Come—beneath yon bowering tree  
We 've prepared a couch for thee ;  
Such a couch was never seen  
Even by our chaste-eyed queen ;  
Dione never laid her head  
On such a spring-embellish'd bed,  
Nor Galatea's bosom heaved  
Beneath a beech more richly leaved.—  
All the many-colour'd bowers  
We have rifled of their flowers.  
Sweet to us are thy beauties rare,  
But sweeter the scent of vernal air :

Sweet is Cytherea's breath,  
But fresher far is Flora's wreath.

Thy voice, like the harp of Arion, may please,  
But give us the murmuring hum of the bees.

By Pan, thou art a sylvan fairy,  
As light, as elegant, as airy ;  
With thy tresses loosely flowing,  
And thy well-turned ankles showing.

Now we place a leafy vest  
O'er thy "gently-budding" breast ;  
While virgins bring their coronets  
Of pearls, and blue-vein'd violets,  
Showering flowers as is most meet,  
Before thy neatly-sandall'd feet ;  
And fragrance-breathing zephyrs bless  
Thy cheeks with lasting loveliness.

---

'Tis night !

And SHAKSPEARE, near this river, gazed upon  
The lovely moon, that now as softly smiles  
Upon the stream, as if Endymion  
Was bathing there ;—Shakspeare, the kindest, best  
Of casuists, who knew humanity,  
Nor deem'd the gravest the *elect* of Heaven !—

See, there's "high-graced" Oberon,  
Prince of fairy land,  
A moving throne he sits upon,  
The sceptre's in his hand.

All-glorious his attire,  
With jewels powder'd o'er ;  
Each with his silver lyre,  
The minstrels go before :—  
As dazzling in their cars,  
As numerous, as stars  
That in Cumana's clime  
Fall by thousands at a time ;  
With their winglets as profuse  
As the humming-bird's of hues ;  
The light-encircled queen  
Now trips along the green ;  
As beauteous as the rose,  
Which lilies white inclose.

## WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM AT CHAMOUNI.

---

THOUGH I might visit scenes which show  
The littleness of pride ;  
Mountains whose heights, o'ertopped with snow,  
Man's venturous foot deride ;  
Though on the master-works of art  
Intensely I might gaze,  
'Till words do but express in part  
The fulness of amaze ;  
Or as o'er ashes of the mighty dead,  
With mixed belief and doubtfulness, I tread,—  
Still, England, still my mind will dwell  
On thee, and those I love as well !

## TO MY INFANT CHILD.

---

SLEEP, my sweet child, within thy mother's arms,  
And Heaven protect thy future years from harms !  
From throng of passions that assail the best :  
From friendship violated ; love unblest ;  
From fashion's honours purchased at the price  
Of health, vain honours, oft allied to vice.

Sleep on, sweet Julia, at thy mother's breast ;  
Thy proper nurse is watching o'er thy rest :  
She gazes on thee with an anxious eye,  
And meditates thy future destiny.  
On earthly things have angels ever smiled ?  
On one—the mother bending o'er her child.

Rich is the flower's perfume, sweet girl, to thee ;  
Richer in fragrance shall the musk-rose be,  
When the young world may open to thy view,  
And nature's charms, too soon forgot, are new.

Long be thy mother's fair attractions thine ;  
To talent, sense—to beauty, virtue join ;  
To unaffected sprightliness add ease ;—  
Coquettes may smile, but these will ever please.

Great Spirit of the universe, protect  
This child, and may she ne'er thy works neglect ;  
But trace in lowliest weeds thy hand divine,  
As true, as in yon glorious orbs that shine.

TO

## THE MEMORY OF COLLINS.

GREAT bard, to thee belong  
The spirits of the mystic song.  
Thou hast found, 'bove all thy race,  
Sweet Poesy's most hallow'd place :  
Where sunbright beings, veil'd from sight,  
To thee alone reveal their light.  
In fancy's cell, in midnight storm,  
Each passion has its proper form.  
Glaring amid the gloom of night,  
The foaming flood gave thee delight ;  
But ah ! the softness of thy lay  
Is mild as summer-close of day,  
When o'er Fidele's grassy tomb  
Thou scatterest flowers of earliest bloom.

No self-complaint thy mind reveals,  
But solely for another feels :  
Though it has suffer'd deep distress,  
How exquisite its tenderness !

Since pity, peace, and mercy, seem,  
In sooth, to be thy frequent theme ;  
And love, that royal shepherds know,  
In climes where brighter suns do glow.

Bard of the East ! a poet sweet  
As thee we ne'er again may greet.  
Where does thy gentle sprite abide  
All-seeing fancy by its side ?  
Where sky-born forms are flitting near,  
To charm it through “the eternal year.”

## NOTHING.

“ Doth any man doubt, that if there were taken out of men’s minds, vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as ‘ one would,’ and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men, poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves?”—BACON.

WHAT wild ambitious schemes  
 The ripen’d man engage ?  
 To love’s delusive dreams  
 Succeed the plans of age.  
 The smiles of beauty lose  
 Their sweet attractive power,  
 And pleasure vainly woos  
 The statesman to her bower.

Youth, manhood, and old age, have each their vice,  
 First lust, ambition next, then avarice.

Some mount on high like rockets,  
 That blaze, then die away ;  
 And folly loves to mock its  
 Votaries for a day.

Or Juans, or Napoleons, ’tis the same—  
 The slaves of passion are the fools to fame.

“ To-morrow and to-morrow ”  
Have visionary joys !  
Men never think that sorrow  
Can rob them of their toys ;  
Or death—they heedless hear the passing bell ;  
Where be *his* fond conceits for whom it tolls a knell ?

## VERSES

WRITTEN IN STONELEIGH PARK.



THE rudest trunk by Nature's hand that's wrought  
 May teach us more than ever sage has taught :  
 Ye patriarchal oaks, that mock the span  
 Of man's existence—(miserable man !)  
 Ye teach me this, that even in decay  
 Ye thrive, when the proud mind is worn away.

Ye richly-foliaged woods, that seem but one,  
 Girding yon uplands with your emerald zone,  
 Ye tell me there's analogy between  
 Youth's liveliness, and your most cheerful green.  
 When the light plays upon your leaves, we glow  
 With inward joy ourselves ; I feel it now.

When sombre shades the brightest hues displace,  
 Steals o'er our hearts their "melancholy grace,"  
 'Tis the bard's golden chain that seems to bind  
 Nature's best energies with those of mind ;

For when creation's wonder-works we see,  
We feel within us the divinity !  
Whence springs this holy feeling ? from delight  
In looking up to God through works so bright !

Here might Zeluco for a moment feel  
(But for a moment) a religious zeal.  
Thus Satan gazed on Paradise awhile,  
And half forgot his hate, revenge, and guile.

## WRITTEN AT ROME.

We need not fear, in these enlighten'd times,  
 Hildebrand's power, or Alexander's crimes :  
 Or that fierce Pope,\* unspiritual lord  
 Of Roman faith, who grasp'd the temporal sword.  
 But here is Superstition's last strong-hold :  
 Still here, release from Purgatory's sold ;  
 And here the women, pious *in their way*,  
 At noon read Casti,† though at eve they pray :  
 How eloquent their looks ; beneath the lashes  
 Of their dark eyes the soul of passion flashes !  
 Alternately they read their prayers, and paint ;  
 Now woo a lover, now invoke a saint !  
 Such are the Portias, the Cornelias now,  
 So well is heeded here the marriage vow.

*November, 1818.*

---

\* Julius II.

† CASTI, a profligate writer, author of certain "Novelle," as Forsyth says, "too excellently wicked."

## TO THE REV. W. W.

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF HIS DAUGHTER.

---

THIS is indeed to all a lovely morn :  
But chief to thee, for on this day was born  
Thy lovely daughter, lovelier with a mind—  
O think I flatter not—how pure, refined !  
Pure as the dreams of holiest saints, and mild  
As the soft slumbers of an infant child.  
Yet 'tis possess'd of wisdom, wit, and sense :  
Her eyes beam forth that mind's intelligence.  
Thy smiles paternal, *faintly* tell us now  
What genuine raptures in thy bosom glow.  
The fulness of delight is scarce express'd  
By words ; we only see that thou art blest.

## DIVES LOQUITUR.

IN IMITATION OF A GREAT POET

"Ecce iterum Crispinus."

## I.

HAD I the wit of Newstead's noble bard,  
 I 'd sacrifice it all, again to be  
 The child I was, when on that smooth green sward  
 I drove my hoop along with mickle glee,  
 Or climb'd, with eager haste, yon cherry-tree.  
 Happy are they who need not e'er regret  
 The long-past days of careless infancy ;  
 Whom *friends* have ne'er betray'd, nor knaves beset,  
 Who never have been caught in woman's subtle net.

## II.

Of this enough,—the storm has ceased to rage ;  
 I live—but how, it matters not,—I live !—  
 “All, all is vanity”—thus spoke the sage :  
 Yet there remains one pleasure—’tis to give.

With some, 'tis pouring water through a sieve,  
An endless folly, an excessive waste :  
To feed their drones, these lordlings rob the hive ;  
They waste their wealth on fools or dames unchaste ;  
On gems, or jewels rare—*these children “have a taste.”*

## III.

DIVES had feasts at home, and many came  
To see the strange inventions of the night ;  
Minstrels were in his halls, resembling flame—  
The colour of their garments was as bright ;  
Ladies were clad in silk, all lily white :  
While Burgundy, from golden goblets pour'd,  
Freshen'd the heart of man with new delight,  
And boon companions gather'd round his board,  
Pledging the frequent health of their all-liberal lord.

## IV.

But what is DIVES now ?—a misanthrope—  
A snarling cynic, basking in the sun :  
O'ercharged with lust, he gave his passion scope ;  
A self-tormentor, now his course is run,  
Mingling with fellow-men, yet loving none.  
Divine Charissa calls on him in vain—  
“ Though fools have robb'd thee, do not therefore shun  
The sad retreat of penury and pain ! ”  
Sullen he stalks apart, and eyes her with disdain.

v.

“ What wert thou born for, denizen of earth ?  
To laugh and grieve as suits thy wayward will ?  
Scoffer !—the soul will have a second birth :—  
Awake the song—the sparkling goblet fill—  
Drown, in thy wine, all thoughts of future ill.  
There *is* another world ! ” “ Then be it so—  
Of this already have I had my fill ! ”—  
“ This will not save thee—this fantastic woe :  
Thou knowest not, wretched man, where thou art  
doom'd to go ! ”

WRITTEN ON SEEING THE BODIES OF TWO BEAUTIFUL  
WOMEN, CAST AWAY NEAR MILFORD.

---

A DREARY waste of snows around  
O'er-spread the inhospitable ground ;—  
The storm-blast scarce had ceased to roar,  
There lay two corpses on the shore.  
Thou, pamper'd lecher, come and see  
These shapes, so oft embraced by thee !—  
What—does it shame thee ?—look again—  
These were once women, ay, and vain ;  
Rock-bruised and mangled now, they seem  
More horrid than a ghastly dream.  
Now kiss their livid lips, and bless  
Their fragrant stench, sweet rottenness.  
The gay gold rings bemock their fingers,  
Where not one trait of beauty lingers ;  
But, like the shrivell'd star-fish, lie  
Their hands in sand, all witheringly.  
We start to see this loathsome clay,  
Uncoffin'd, rotting fast away ;  
Yet, we *can* bear the noisome pest,  
Vice, gathering, blackening in the breast.

## TRUE LOVE.

## I.

'Tis sweet on Truth's high vantage-ground to stand  
 And gaze on men below, in mazes lost  
 Of error ; sweet it is to break the wand  
 Of juggling Comus, battling 'gainst a host  
 Of frightful passions ; or when tempest-tost  
 To reach, by unexpected chance, the port ;  
 Sweet 'tis to have a Claude, though much it cost—  
 Sweet to the honest heart's the rural sport ;  
 Sweetest is woman's love when 'tis of good report.

## II.

To share each other's joys, to live indeed  
 In our own little world of happiness,  
 With interchange of thought as time may need  
 To brighten fancy ; make our troubles less ;  
 To give and to return the kind caress ;  
 To visit distant realms, not both unknown ;  
 To be each other's helpmates in distress ;  
 To laugh through mutual aid at fortune's frown ;  
 Such were a bliss, indeed, which few can call their own.

## EXTEMPORANEOUS LINES

WRITTEN AT —————



THE spoils of nations here collected seem  
 To realize an Eastern poet's dream :  
 Gold, gems, and ivory with rich inlay,  
 Urns, vases, books, magnificently gay,  
 Embroider'd couches, golden lamps, and all  
 That pride would choose for beauty's festival.  
 With intermingling hues fatigue the sight,  
 And "dazzle with their luxury of light."\*  
 Nursed in the sunshine, orange-trees unfold  
 Their leaves of emerald, and their fruit of gold ;

---

\* See Gray's Epistle to Bentley, in Mason's edition of his works.

" As when conspiring in the diamond's blaze  
 The meaner gems, that singly charm the sight,  
 Together dart their intermingling rays  
 And dazzle with a luxury of light ! "

Exotics fling their exquisite perfume  
From grand conservatories through the room  
Where sits the fair Sultana of the place,  
And to Zenobia's wealth adds Hebe's grace.  
The glorious day-god cheers (what could he less?)  
With vivid rays this seat of loveliness.

*April 17, 1820.*

**PSEUDO-PATRIOTISM.**

---

How few there are who well deserve  
The Patriot's laurel-crown ;  
Who never from their duty swerve,  
Or lose their high renown !

A traitor's name doth stain the fame  
Of Wallenstein the brave ;  
The honours which he could not claim  
Adorn his rival's grave.\*

Rienzi, thou didst promise well,  
But hast betray'd thy trust ;  
Yes ! when the traitor-tribune fell  
His death was surely just.

---

\* The great Gustavus Adolphus.

## TO BERNARD BARTON.

---

UNLIKE indeed the meteor light  
That dazzles to betray,  
Thou art a star to bless our sight,  
And lead us on our way.

Mild are the breathings of thy lyre,  
Thou gentle bard, yet strong  
Thy verse, whene'er thy "muse of fire"  
To heaven directs her song.

Thou hast not drunk, as others have,  
From pleasure's poisoned chalice ;  
Nor dost thou, misanthropic, rave  
Against imagined malice.

How stainless thy poetic wreath !  
How beautiful its hue !  
Unsullied by the world's gross breath,  
It looks for ever new.

## WILLERSLEY.

---

TREES (how majestic !) along the glade  
 Give “boundless contiguity of shade ;”  
 Sheltered beneath their umbrage, let me rove,  
 In paths which sacred are to peace and love—  
 Where Rasselas might find content at last—  
 Where e'en his Happy Valley is surpast—  
 Where dimpling cheeks and laughing eyes express,  
 If it be found on earth, true happiness.  
 See, woods along the rocky steep  
     Magnificently rise ;  
 How graceful is the mountain's sweep !  
     How beautiful the skies !  
 E'en the projecting crags are dight  
 In the rich hues of morning light !  
 While Willersley is Cromford's boast,\*  
 Can Paradise be wholly lost ?

---

\* Willersley is the seat of Richard Arkwright, Esq. It is situated on a beautiful eminence about a mile from Matlock, just above the romantic village of Cromford.

The tangled shrubs creep o'er yon distant hills,  
Whose soil more rugged seems ; and there,  
'Mid giant stones uncouth and bare,  
Leap out unnumber'd rills.

Their course the lively waters take  
Through clefts, as lizards thrid the brake ;  
Or where dark precipices frown,  
Rush with collected fury down.  
How sparkling are the streams ! how bright  
The glorious falls where they unite !  
Where trees, fantastically wove,  
Form a green canopy above !  
And then the spray, that dews the bower  
Above, descends a cloud-like shower ;  
There's contrast too of light and shade,  
As sun-beams the recess invade.  
The wild fern well becomes its place ;  
The brushwood has luxuriant grace.

Tradition says that yon bold rocks  
Were shiver'd by an earthquake's shocks ;  
For nature's mighty agents here  
Work out their wonders far and near.  
Spirits of air and water, ye  
Act with portentous energy,

Whether ye seek the cavern's gloom,  
Or roar within the mountain's womb ;  
And broken crags and harden'd weeds  
Are proofs of your miraculous deeds !

## STEEPHILL.



UNDAZZLED now by fashion's meteor-blaze,  
 The quiet joys of life I'll learn to praise ;  
 With Waller dwell 'mid myrtle shades, or find,  
 With Wordsworth, mighty spirits in the wind.  
 Oh ! 'tis a glorious privilege to be  
 The child of nature, and her charms to see :  
 Yon isle-engirting ocean, and the sky  
 O'er the green waves a cloudless canopy :  
 The stars by night, the fiery-wheeled throne  
 By day, its after-splendours, when 'tis gone ;  
 The jutting cliffs, the winding shores, the caves  
 Hollow'd within the rocks by frequent waves,  
 Vast in themselves, yet magnified by thought ;  
 (Compared with which man's noblest works are nought ;)  
 The rock-embosom'd underwood that creeps,  
 Rich with autumnal colours, up the steeps.

And many have been wanderers here, who now  
 Live with their God ! from yonder mountain's brow  
 They gazed upon the rising sun, that cheer'd  
 Nature and them ; they now have disappear'd,

But, near the fountain's self of heavenly light  
Gaze on more splendid scenes with more intense delight.  
There all those hopes they cherish'd while on earth  
Are realized,—how pure man's second birth !  
They, by the living waters evermore,  
Seeing and knowing all things, God adore.  
*We* tread the same dull round from year to year ;  
Though the scene shifts, the actors re-appear,  
Dull in each other's eyes, press on, and die,  
With "*Vive la bagatelle !*" the expiring cry.

Here, shelter'd from life's troublous storms, we roam,  
And store up many an anecdote for home ;  
Here feel that, unembarrass'd by the crowd,  
We may, inglorious idlers, think aloud !

## VITTORIA COLONNA.

Questa è la gloriosa e gran Madonna,  
 Che senza pari al mondo, è del suo sesso  
 L'honor sovran Vittoria Colonna ;  
 Che'l nome suo sopra le stelle ha messo ;  
 Vittoria che celeste o mortal donna  
 Dubita il mondo di nomarla spesso ;  
 Vittoria che piangendo il suo marito  
 Non men ella di lui si mostra à dito.

BERNARDINO MARTIRANO.

DIVINE Colonna ! boast of Leo's days !  
 Rival of Petrarch in thy gentle lays !  
 Pride of a princely house, unmatch'd for fame !  
 Pescara's noble wife ! most glorious dame !  
 These were thy titles, fair Vittoria, thine  
 A heart Devotion deem'd its purest shrine :  
 Thou sang'st (instead of culling fancy's wreath)  
 Thy husband's virtues, and thy Saviour's death.  
 When fair Ausonia's sons were bathed in slaughter,  
 And Christian blood o'erflow'd the land like water ;  
 When poets, mindless of their glorious trust,  
 Deck'd with gay flowers the hoary head of Lust,

Thy pious Muse look'd heaven-ward, or with zeal  
Urged warring states their mutual wounds to heal.

Vittoria, like a heaven-descended spright,  
Wander'd on Arno's banks at hush of night  
With Him, the master-spirit of an age  
Fertile in great ones,—Poet, Sculptor, Sage !  
And pointing upwards to the deep blue sky,  
(How beautiful thy star-light, Italy !)  
“ *There* is stability alone,” she said ;  
“ *There*, Buonarotti, when *thy* glories fade,  
When e'en *thy* works shall perish, thou shalt live ;  
The bent to genius let Religion give.  
What thy vast mind has imaged, that thy hand  
Has bodied forth in sculpture truly grand.

“ O wondrous Man ! adore th' eternal Source  
Of genius with thy soul's intensest force !  
Should such a mind from its Creator turn,  
Devils might well rejoice, and angels mourn.  
Let truths tremendous on thy canvas dwell,  
Or joys celestial, or the woes of hell ;  
Thus may'st thou fortify the good, and make  
The wicked at thy painted terrors quake.  
Masterly done ! thy giant forms o'erawe  
The soul !—the Jewish Leader's look is law :  
Trembling I gazed upon that look ; I felt  
Such inward veneration that I knelt ;

The Persian feels such awe-commixt delight,  
When sunbursts 'mid the storms break out so bright.  
Many will strive to copy (vain their will !)  
This great exemplar of creative skill.  
God's mightiest prophet *lives* in marble ! View  
Thy work, grand Architect, and own it true."

ROME, November, 1818.

## NOTES ON "VITTORIA COLONNA."

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P. 308, l. 1.

*Vittoria Colonna.*

Vittoria Colonna was the daughter of the celebrated commander Patrizio Colonna, grand constable of the kingdom of Naples, by Anna di Montefeltro, the daughter of Frederico, Duke of Urbino. She married Ferdinando d'Avalos, Marquis of Pescara, who died at Milan of his military fatigues, after a short but glorious life. "This fatal event," (says the learned and elegant biographer of Leo the Tenth) "blighted all the hopes of his consort; nor did her sorrow admit of any alleviation, except such as she found in celebrating the character and virtues of her husband, and recording their mutual affections in her tender and exquisite verse. She was a warm admirer of the great artist Michael Agnolo (Angelo,) who executed for her several excellent pieces of sculpture. She devoted her poetical talents chiefly to sacred subjects. Her exemplary conduct, and the uncommon merit of her writings, rendered her the general theme of applause among the most distinguished poets and learned men of the time, with many of whom she maintained a friendly epistolary correspondence. Michael Agnolo addressed to her several sonnets. Among the Italian writers who have revived in their works the style of Petrarcha, Vittoria Colonna is entitled to the first rank; and her sonnets, many of which are addressed to the shade of her departed husband, or relate to the state of her own mind, possess more vigour of thought, vivacity of colouring and natural pathos, than are generally to be found among the disciples of that school. Her verses in *ottava rima* excel the productions of any of her contemporaries, excepting those only of the inimitable Ariosto. In one of his

poems Michael Agnolo laments the fluctuating state of his religious sentiments, and calls upon the Marchesana to direct him in his spiritual concerns."—Roscoe's *Life of Leo the Tenth*, quarto edition, vol. iii. pp. 217-22.

P. 308, l. 13.

*Pride of a princely house, unmatch'd for fame.*

For the splendid origin, illustrious actions, &c. of the Colonna family, see *Gibbon*, vol. xii. p. 317, octavo edition. Marco Antonio Colonna commanded the Pope's galleys at the naval victory of Lepanto.—"Actium, *Lepanto*, fatal Trafalgar."—*Childe Harold*.

Prospero Colonna was a very great general, (see *Gliucciardini Ist.* lib. xiv.) Petrarcha calls the Colonna, "the column on which Rome rests her hopes."

P. 308, l. 21.

*When poets, mindless of their glorious trust.*

"The Muses are seen in the company of Passion, and there is almost no affection so depraved and vile which is not soothed by some kind of learning; and herein the indulgence and arrogance of wits doth exceedingly derogate from the Majesty of the Muses; that whereas they should be the leaders and ancient-bearers of life, they are become the footpages and buffoons to lust and vanity."—BACON'S *Advancement of Learning*.

Many of the Italian poets have sullied their genius by the licentiousness of their writings; among them was "Il divino Pietro Aretino," who made a mockery of religion, by alternately composing the most pious and the most licentious works; even the secretary of Leo the Tenth, the celebrated Bembo, is not exempt from the charge of writing obscene poems. "Quod poema merito vocare possis obscenissimam elegantiam, aut elegantissimam obscenitatem."—See Bayle, art. *Bembo, Aretino*.

" O gracious God ! how far have we  
Profaned thy heavenly gift of poesy !  
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,  
Debased to each obscene and impious use,  
Whose harmony was first ordain'd above  
For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love ! "

DRYDEN.

P. 309, l. 19.

*Let truths tremendous on thy canvas dwell.*

The Last Judgment of Michael Angelo, in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican at Rome, thus calls forth the admiration of a powerful but fastidious critic, Mr. Forsyth:—"How congenial the powers of the poet and the painter! Bold and precipitating, they dash on to the immediate object, in defiance of rules and ridicule." Of the great statue of Moses in the S. Pietro in Vincoli, he says, "Here sits the Moses of M. Angelo, frowning with the terrific eyebrows of Olympian Jove."

## SONG.

“ A breathless feeling, a suspense  
 Of life, a quietude intense  
 Prevail’d around me in this hour ;  
 E’en Silence felt Love’s mighty power.”—MS.]

LIKE liquid gold glitter’d the waves of the ocean,  
 The moon there reflected her light :  
 All was silent and still : not a breeze was in motion ;  
 So deeply serene was the night.

O ! sacred to love was the thought-soothing hour  
 That hush’d all reflection away—  
 All life’s busy cares ! so diffusive the power  
 Of love at the mild close of day !

What abandonment sweet did I feel as I roved  
 Alone o’er the far-winding shore !  
 Then came o’er my mem’ry the scenes that I loved,  
 Scenes, alas ! that I ne’er shall see more.

O Nature ! thy calm gives a pleasure indeed  
 To the heart that no words can express ;  
 As sweet a delight as the lover’s whose meed  
 Is his bride’s long-expected caress.

TO MY LITTLE GIRL.

---

THY eager look, my dearest child !  
Thy little arms extended—  
Thine eye so vivid, yet so mild,  
Where life with love is blended—

That look, that smile, those eyes of blue,  
Thy thousand winning ways,  
Promise me pleasures pure and true,  
Should God prolong my days.

But of the future none can speak ;  
*That lies in depth of night ;*  
And vain are all our hopes, and weak  
Our fore-schemes of delight.

And wilt thou, when upon the bed  
Of sickness I shall lie,  
Wilt thou support my aching head,  
And teach me how to die ?

My first-born child ! my Julia dear !  
Close to my heart I press thee ;  
May HE whom all must love and fear,  
May HE for ever bless thee !

**TO THE LADY ——.**

THAT look again ! 'tis like the milder ray  
    Of eve in climes far lovelier than our own,  
That woos the lonely wanderer to stray  
    Through scenes which ne'er night's deeper shades  
        imbrown.  
So mild, all other thoughts are hush'd away,  
    Save those that rise from rapture's gaze alone ;  
Thine is that *quiet* radiance, that beguiles  
    All sense of pain, that dazzles not, but smiles.

**BELIEVE ME, SHE IS TRUE INDEED.**

BELIEVE me, she is true indeed,  
Whatever you surmise ;  
Impartial be, and you may read  
Her faith in her bright eyes.

Beaming with candour, every look  
Gives evidence of Love ;  
Oh do not then of Nature's book  
The language disapprove !

Her smiles most eloquently speak  
The self-approving glow  
Of conscience, roses on her cheek  
The health of virtue show.

Hypocrisy could never give  
To woman such a grace  
As seems, a sign from Heaven, to live  
In her angelic face.

Believe me she is true indeed,  
Whatever you surmise ;  
Impartial be, and you may read  
Her faith in her bright eyes.

## ON HAWTHORNDEN.

---

Who can describe thy charms, sweet Hawthornden,  
 Fit residence of poetry and love !  
 What fair variety is here ! the glen,  
 Rocks clothed with oak and beech that rise above  
 The Eak's impetuous stream below, the ken  
 Of thy romantic mansion, as we rove  
 Thy winding walks among ! ah, where's the pen  
 Of thine own bard, to paint wood, rock, and cove ?

---

## NOTE.

Hawthornden, once the abode of the Poet Drummond, is placed on a high rock or precipice, overlooking the river Esk, that runs rapidly below : the rocky sides of the glen, as you approach this delightful retreat, are covered with oak and birch that spring up from every crevice.\* There are several caves in the rocks, in one of which, it is said that the patriot Wallace was concealed for two days.

- \* “ How fresh an’ fair o’ varied hue,  
 Ilk tufted haunt o’ sweet Buccleugh !  
 What bliss ilk green retreat to hail,  
 Where Melville Castle cheers the vale ;  
 An’ Mavisbank sae rural gay,  
 Looks bonnie down the woodland brae ;  
 But doubly fair ilk darling scene,  
 That screens the bowers of Hawthorn-dean.”—GALL.

## A MAY-MORNING.

Crocus and hyacinth with rich inlay  
 Broidered the ground, more coloured than with stones  
 Of costliest emblem.—MILTON.

LIKE a cloud all resplendent with green and with gold  
 Is the wood, now the mists of the morn are uproll'd.  
 The trees are now robed in their freshest attire,  
 And the sunbeams illume them with quick-glancing fire :  
 The leaflets expanding, now brighten all over,  
 Like a young glowing maiden at sight of her lover.  
 White blossoms, like diamonds, sparkle between  
 Gay foliage, vivid with emerald-green ;  
 And undergrown shrubs their light arms interlace,  
 Trailing here, running there, with an intricate grace ;  
 And insects, fine minions of spring, in the stream  
 Of light floating through leafy trellises gleam.  
 Here by-walks from paths more frequented diverge,  
 Or, springing from glens, into vistas emerge.  
 Here Poesy lives not in words, but in feeling,  
 While the fragrance of plants o'er our senses is stealing ;

And blue flowers laugh, like the beautiful eyes  
Of woman, 'mid others of infinite dyes  
That enrich, like mosaic's most gorgeous inlay,  
The turf, so profuse of their colours in May.  
Wild hyacinths, loveliest here of their class,  
With hues caught from heaven, spring up where we pass,  
More splendid, when flowering o'er bank and through  
glade,  
Than Solomon in all his glory array'd !

## A PARK SCENE.



HERE trees most prodigal of shade  
 With umbrage deep imbrown the glade ;  
 Each venerable as the oak  
 Whence oracles of old have spoke,  
 Of years and leafy honours full,  
 Romantic, grand, and beautiful !  
 Some grouped less closely on the hill  
 Stretch out their giant arms at will  
 Above, below, or crowd the dell,  
 Or singly grace yon upland swell.  
 In massive majesty sedate  
 They stand, immovable as fate ;  
 Some in decay—how picturesque !  
 Others, like sylvan Pan, grotesque :  
 Each fit to canopy a throne  
 Of royal priest—the druid's stone ;  
 Each fit to be, so high they tower,  
 An emblem of the Assyrian power \*.

---

\* "Behold, the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon, with fair branches and with a shadowing shroud, and of a high stature, and his top was among the thick boughs."—EZEKIEL, chap. xxxi. 3.

And where breaks out the mellow mould  
In shapes fantastically bold,  
Entwisted in the bank above  
Vast trunks projecting form a cove  
O'er the calm river, that below  
Reflects each gently-pendent bough ;  
Though here and there, half grey, half green,  
Ledges of rock may intervene,  
While many a trailing plant upshoots  
From chasms underneath the roots.

---

## NOTE.

P. 323, l. 15, 16.

*Each fit to canopy a throne  
Of royal priest—the druid's stone.*

“ The oak, the statue of the Celtic Jove, was here, as in all other countries, selected for a peculiar consecration ; and the Plain of Oaks, the tree of the field of adoration under which the Dalcassian chiefs were inaugurated, and the sacred Oak of Kildare, show how early and long this particular branch of the primitive worship prevailed.”—MOORE’s *History of Ireland*, vol. i. p. 46.

See also the account of the druidical stones and groves in HENRY’s *History of England*, vol. i. p. 176.

## SPIRITS OF THE SUN.

---

Such miracles and dazzling sights  
As genii of the sun behold  
At evening from their tents of gold  
Upon the horizon, where they play  
Till twilight comes and, ray by ray,  
The sunny mansions melt away.—Moore.

---

As golden-wing'd intelligences play  
In festive circle round the god of day,  
They from his aspect draw a strength divine,  
And mirror'd in his eyes their splendours shine.  
With ever-crescent light they smile, how blest !  
Their joy is by augmented light express !  
They are more beautiful than—loveliness  
Like theirs what imagery can express,  
Though it be Shelley's, radiant with the stores  
That Nature from her bursting horn outpours ?  
They are more beautiful than early glow  
Of spring, when Earth renews her youth, as now !

Brighter than rose-hues of the morn, or red  
Pyrus, that garlands Beauty's flower-bed !

Through orbits of interminable light  
They look—how piercing is their visual might !  
Discerning germs, with which all worlds are rife,  
Ere they expanding blossom into life !

## STANZAS ON THE TIMES.



Or love, the flower that closes up for fear,  
When rude and selfish spirits breathe too near.—KEBLE.



## I.

THE cares of life hang heavy on our hearts—  
All that was born of spirit is extinct  
Within us! Soon the world its lore imparts,  
With good, as far as sense unites it, link'd  
To minds with heaven-sown virtue once instinct.  
Each in his generation wise, pursues  
Gain, or a good as palpable, distinct.  
Few, like the maid beloved of Heaven, will choose  
The better part :—what win they for the prize they lose?

## II.

A stream spontaneous flowing from the heart  
Of love divine, an ardent zeal for truth,  
Wanting no aid from oratory's art—  
These—these pervade not now, as once, our youth—

All for effect now speak and write, in sooth.  
To idols of the theatre we bow :  
Even our compassion is but show of ruth ;  
We seem with an indignant zeal to glow  
In halls that ring with slavery's wrongs, but shun the  
house of woe.

## III.

The meeting's frequent shout is as the clash  
Of cymbals, waking in vain man delight,  
Whose charity is but a transient flash  
Of feeling ; how unlike the purer light  
That lives self-fed within the heart, by night  
By day in shade or sunshine burning strong !  
Effluence of seraph fair, Charissa hight—  
Supreme the brightest sanctities among !  
Can her fine spirit visit those who court the ignoble  
throng ?

## A CALM.



HAST thou the high-spiced bowl of pleasure drained,  
And since thy spirits fail thee now, art pained ?  
Go and erect thy cottage near a cliff  
That overlooks the sea, there build thy skiff ;  
And as the waves o'er waves precursive ride,  
Bold, as war-horses charging in their pride,  
Sail o'er their foaming crests, or ply the oar ;  
Regain thy health,—“repent and sin no more.”  
Or on the downs, the life of life inhale,  
Where scents of wild thyme freshen through the gale ;  
Where the gay gorse a golden mass abounds,  
Glittering and sharp as wit that, handled, wounds.  
The expanse of plains, the boundlessness of seas,  
Heal with their charm sublime the mind’s disease :  
Pure elements, and free, create a sense  
Of primitive joy that quells e’en grief intense,  
And to the heart restore, whate’er the loss  
By friction with the world, its vernal gloss.  
Who can the fathomless ocean view, and feel  
For petty interests of this world a zeal ?

How beautiful the ocean's argentry,  
Reflecting the mild splendours of the sky !  
Thus woman's eyes reflect her partner's joy :  
These sweet analogies our thoughts employ  
As the primeval works of Heaven we view,  
Each object touched with harmonising hue !  
A calm has circumfused the silvery deep,  
Serene as beauty's smile or infant's sleep :  
The very rocks look gentleness ; the air  
Is hush'd, as charm'd by a young spirit's prayer !  
All is a stirless solitude, and now  
Is Nature's aspect clear as Jesus' brow.  
Call it *not* solitude !—the Almighty Power  
Is as a visible presence in this hour.

**TAGLIONI.**

How gracefully she now advances ! see  
That step so firm, so elegant, and free !  
Now move with an inimitable ease  
Her lovely limbs—no effort hers to please !  
'Tis the perfection of all art-conceal'd,—  
The grace and energy of life reveal'd ;  
While sylph and sylphid, beauteous girl and boy,  
Hover around her, prodigal of joy.  
This union of repose and power combined  
Once co-existed in the Sculptor's mind,  
When at his call divinities awoke  
From marble, and to hearts, though silent, spoke.

### A COMPARISON.

---

A SUN impurpled glow  
Is on the waveless sea,  
And not a breeze doth blow,  
And not a sail I see.

Like heaven's own pavement bright,\*  
Is now the placid deep,  
On which the farewell light  
Of sunset loves to sleep.

Thus beautiful in death  
Is youth's departing flush ;  
And lovely is the wreath  
Where latest roses blush.

---

\* Impurpled, like a sea of jasper shone.  
MILTON.

## TO A LARK.

---

THE hymeneal chant  
While youthful hearts do pant,  
Rising like incense rich around a bridegroom king,  
Its strains cannot compare  
With thine for notes so rare,  
That from thy joyous heart exultingly do spring.

Thy music is thine own ;  
A soul-enchanting tone,  
By ecstacy inbreathed, when thou wast born, to be  
A soaring song of Love  
Embodyed, that above  
Mocks our most vivid joys with its aërial glee.

ON

THE FALL OF THE LEAVES.  
— · —

THEY lie commingling with the earth that late  
In rich luxuriance o'er the trees display'd  
Their leafy grandeur ; in another year  
Others will be as beautiful, and sear.  
My friends around me fall, by death's rude blast  
Blown rapidly away ; and some in prime  
Of verdant youth. And are they lost amid  
The common dust ? No. This most lovely eve,  
When not a gauze cloud through the atmosphere  
Melts gradually away, gives to my heart  
A consolation, a prophetic hope  
That they shall be again as flourishing  
As e'er on earth, in heaven, and happier far.  
The after-radiance of the blessed sun  
Wakes in my soul a melancholy joy :  
I hail the omen, sorrow for the loss  
Of dearest friends, but joy that they are blest.  
This "woody theatre,"\* that circles now

---

\* " A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend  
Shade above shade, a woody theatre  
Of stateliest view."—MILTON.

My good old mansion, shall resound no more  
With my friend's social laugh, and cheerful horn.  
He's gone whose presence dissipated spleen  
And head-ache, and the "numerous ills that flesh  
Is heir to." While the night-dew damps my brow,  
I fancy that I see his presence near,  
Smiling with wonted cheerfulness on me :  
I know that manly form, but, Oh ! how pale  
Those cheeks, that once with health's rich colour glow'd !  
Mild as the moon in the deep blue of heaven  
Looks gentleness above the quiet grove,  
He looks, dear ——. I'll remember thee  
And thy society,—alas, how brief !  
And hope for thy companionship again  
In worlds which here conjecture vainly strives  
To bring before the mind, but worlds of bliss.

*October, 1830.*

## THE WOOD NYMPH.

---

Saw you the Wood-nymph pass this way,  
As light in her step as a spirit of air,  
With cheeks all glowing, and look so gay,  
While the breeze plays with her beautiful hair ?

Nature alone can give the grace  
That tempers vivacity in her fair form ;  
Like Dian she moves, but her lovely face  
With rose-hues Dione might envy is warm.

She bounded along like the gentle fawn  
Through the glade, then rapidly glided away :  
Thus vanish the fairies at break of dawn,  
When their revels have ended beneath the moon's ray.

**THE CIGAR.**

---

“ EX FUMO DARE LUCEM.”

---

CIGAR, thou comfort of my life,  
With joy I taste thy fragrant leaf ;  
It soothes me when my heart's at strife  
With the world's cares ; it gives relief  
When at an inn in lonely hour  
Blue devils rush before my sight ;  
Its sweet intoxicating power  
Turns devils into angels bright :  
The cold that chills my feeble frame,  
As damps arise, it soon dispels ;  
In thee composure, or what name  
Does better suit the feeling, dwells.  
A self-complacency that creeps  
O'er all the senses, thou alone  
Canst give ; till every passion sleeps,  
And thought assumes a milder tone.

At every whiff, a gentle heat  
Like that of Love within me glows :  
Through thee my friends are doubly sweet,  
I almost love my few of foes.—  
If such thy virtues be, Cigar,  
When other consolations fail,  
If thou canst drive from man afar  
Those sorrows that his heart assail ;  
If thou canst make the world appear  
As in the glass of Claude Lorraine  
Of loveliest hues—why then, 'tis clear  
Thou better art than—Wright's Champagne !

## WRITTEN ON A FINE MORNING.

“ The morn is up, by heavens ! a lovely morn,  
 With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,  
 Laughing away the clouds.”—BYRON.

ANOTHER morn will rise  
 With splendour on its wings,  
 But this for ever flies  
 Away ! While beauty flings

A thousand colours o'er  
 The earth, *they* reappear :  
 Yet thou wilt never more  
 Our hearts exulting cheer.

Sweet morn, on balmy gales  
 Where dost thou speed thy flight ?  
 To worlds where Love prevails  
 And wantons with Delight ;

Where ever-blooming Youth,  
With Pleasure at his side,  
And Innocence and Truth  
In golden courts abide ?

• Then, gentle morn, awhile  
Thy odours let me breathe :  
Heaven seems above to smile,  
'Tis Paradise beneath.

Flowers freshly gemm'd with dew  
In tears entreat thy stay ;  
And birds of every hue  
Sing " Why so soon away ?"

The massy woods, whose deep  
Green is illumed with gold,  
Would fain the colours keep  
Thy radiance doth unfold ;

Thy rose-hues, lovely morn !  
Yet linger on the lake ;  
Then why as soon as born  
Wilt thou the world forsake ?

## STANZAS ON A FINE SUNDAY.

“Earth has not any thing to show more fair ;  
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
 A sight so touching in its majesty.”—WORDSWORTH.

## I.

IT is the sabbath of the Lord, awake  
 Ye who in darkness slumber ! 'tis a day  
 Most beautiful ; as if for Christ's dear sake  
 The sun pours forth a more resplendent ray,  
 And Nature wears a robe most richly gay ;  
 The hinds now from their daily labour rest,  
 The cattle undisturbed keep holiday :  
 All men, save Mammon's wretched slaves, are blest,  
 And cheerful looks reveal their feelings unexprest.

## II.

The woods are sleeping in the sunlight now ;  
 Thus in the “light of lights” confiding love  
 Reposes ; smooth as crystal is the brow  
 Of the clear lake reflecting Heaven above.

Pure as the prayers that holiest saints approve,  
 Stray children o'er the meads, collecting flowers,  
     The best that may be into garlands wove,  
 To crown each other's brows in greenwood bowers,  
 Ere the church bells proclaim devotion's solemn hours.

## III.

Fresh as on Hermon hill the morning dew,  
     Acceptable as incense that arose  
 From Aaron's altar, is the homage true  
     Of hearts to God. Prayer can our numerous woes  
     Remove, and soothe the bosom's fiercest throes !  
 Is there a place on earth that angels greet ?  
     Where persecuted Truth may find repose ?  
 It is where congregated neighbours meet  
     To worship God with holy zeal and in communion sweet.

## IV.

And well the sunbright day doth harmonise  
     With the pure gospel-light, that shines within  
 God's blessed church—most glorious are the skies ;  
     Like souls that purified from mists of sin  
     To glow with truth's diffusive rays begin.  
 The sun to his meridian height ascends  
     As heavenward Christians strive their way to win ;  
 There shines the Triune Sun, there beauty blends  
     Hues that are faintly seen on earth—the Sabbath never  
     ends.

## v.

All that night visions show to bards of heaven,  
All they imagine from the lovely things  
They see of things unseen, (to few are given  
Vain gift to man sublime imaginings,)  
Are but the colours bright that fancy flings  
O'er life : to beautify our days awhile  
She hovers near with many-coloured wings ;  
Hence, in the charms that win us without guile,  
When heighten'd by devotion's glow we see the seraph's  
smile.

## vi.

Yet these resemblances from earth are drawn ;  
And shall we beings sprung from dust compare  
With star-like sanctities, that ere the dawn  
Of light burst on the world with lustre rare  
Circled the glory-throne of the First Fair ?  
What are the songs of earth to heaven's rich tide  
Of melody, interminable there ?  
What are analogous to powers that glide  
Through glittering orbs succeeding orbs, in circuit wide ?

## vii.

The sun is sinking, the horizon round  
Deepens into a radiance more intense.  
Again the bells are heard, a cheerful sound,  
Gladdening the heart of youthful innocence.

What is this love of harmony, and whence?  
 Even in our childhood rapture-breathing strains  
   Of music to sublime our souls commence ;  
 Effluent from beautiful realms where concord reigns,  
 They come to promise bliss that God for man ordains.

## VIII.

Mysteriously with feelings deep accord  
   The tones of music, be they gay or sad.  
 When at the will of the creative Word  
   Light was, the morning stars in concert glad  
   Together sang, in luminous glory clad :  
 All was harmonious through the universe,  
   Till man ungrateful did what Heaven forbade.  
 Then Discord rush'd upon this earth, the curse  
 Of sin ; and Passion came, of dissonant thoughts the  
   nurse.

*September 23, 1832.*

## NOTE.

P. 344, l. 1.

*What is this love of harmony, and whence ?*  
 " While with an eye made quiet by the power  
   Of harmony and the deep power of joy,  
   We see into the life of things."

WORDSWORTH.

## THE SAURI.

Multaque nunc etiam existunt animalia terris,  
 Imbris et calido solis concreta vapore.  
 Quo minus est mirum, si tum sunt plura coorta,  
 Et majora nova tellure, atque æthere adulto.

*Lucretius, lib. v. v. 795.*

ERE as it is the world its course begun,  
 The earth o'ersteem'd with children of the sun,  
 Goliah lizards of a former age,  
 When a hot temperature was all the rage ;  
 What were the ladies of the temperate zone  
 Then ? Warm as central fire—now cold as stone !  
 And man, if man existed then I ween,  
 Had all the fiery particles of Kean,  
 Or Byron, when a boy, whose name would spread,  
 Like Talbot's, among "clods" or cockneys, dread,  
 But all is now comparatively cool ;  
 Thank Heaven ! we have no Camelfords at school.  
 Though heat-begotten monsters we encase  
 In our museums, perish'd have the race.  
 Whether they were herbivorous, or ate  
 Dirt like an Otomac, I cannot state.

They thirsted not like monsters since the flood  
Begot—the taste is ancient too—for blood !  
Perchance, as Waterton a crocodile  
Rode, they were ridden, though in length a mile !  
Conjecture here—geologists advance  
But sober truths—loves somewhat to romance.  
The freeborn Sauri scorn'd a *reigning* lord,  
Half-monkey and half-tiger, beast-abhor'd  
That rides, like tailors on their fluttering geese,  
A many-headed hydra *not* with ease.  
The steed will throw his rider if press'd sore,  
As Spenser's dragon threw the gorgeous w—— ;  
The Lithuanian fretting at the curb  
Imperial may *his* master's seat disturb.  
Proud of their igneous origin the tribe  
Were self-important as a titled scribe ;  
Shallow as Trinculo deem'd Caliban,  
Whether through fens they paddled, crept or ran ;  
Singing in chorus marshy songs, devouring  
Fern salads, like our idlers bored and boring,  
They lived—chronologists may guess the time—  
And then returned to what they came from—slime.  
Ere Alorus they lived ; or, to go higher,  
Ere lived forefathers of a Cambrian 'squire.  
They may, sublimed into another sort  
Of beings, through ethereal space transport  
Themselves with a rapidity intense ;  
With tubes provided, every tube a sense.

Such Davy saw, or dream'd he saw, at Rome.  
Philosophers have sober views at home ;  
At Rome sublimed their spirits now on fire  
*Be-luned* to Ariosto's flights aspire.  
Oh were these high-bred monsters now alive  
In those famed gardens, where on *Sunday* drive  
Ladies high-born as to a morning rout,  
To laugh at apes with tails, and apes without,  
Fashion might then revive Egyptian rites,  
And in these non-descripts discern " new lights ; "  
Though some plebeian peer, whose pedigree  
Would puzzle Heard, might not their merit see :  
Pendent from gorgeous ceilings to amaze  
The world, their forms in *or-molu* might blaze  
Through grand saloons, where taste capricious links,  
Alliance strange,—a griffin with a sphinx !  
While pretty women lisp, " You have not seen  
The plesiosauri ! Where could *you* have been ? "  
Far more in fashion they than Namick Pasha—  
A Brahmin—comet—or Lord Dudley's bashaw ;  
Or novel, of the season latest, best,  
Yet *so* severe, it ought to be supprest.  
Would they were now alive, consuming wheat,  
And kept by rich zoologists, to eat !  
They, like Napoleon, prices might exalt,  
More than remission of the tax on malt ;  
And landowners would cease to grieve that they  
With crippled means increased rent-charges pay.

Soon would they disappear on Erin's bogs,  
Cherish'd, as Isaac Walton cherish'd frogs,  
To be impaled by Orange seers, who hope  
To prove that monsters symbolise the Pope,  
Especially if *their* long tails emit  
A phosphorescent light like—Irish wit!

## NOTES TO "THE SAURI."

"Gigantic vegetables, more nearly allied to the palms of the equatorial countries than to any other plants, can only be imagined to have lived in a very high temperature; and the immense reptiles, the *megalosauri*, with paddles instead of legs, and clothed in mail, in size equal or even superior to the whale; and the great *amphibia plesiosauri*, with bodies like turtles, but furnished with necks longer than their bodies, probably to enable them to feed on vegetables, growing in the shallows of the primitive ocean,—seem to show a state in which low lands, or extensive shores rose above an immense calm sea, and when there were no great mountain chains to produce inequalities of temperature, tempests, or storms."—DAVY's *Consolations in Travel*, p. 145. See also the account of the gigantic *Saurian* tribe, in URE's Geology, pp. 219. 226.

"The crust of the globe was exceedingly slender, and the source of fire a small distance from the surface."—DAVY, *ut supra*, p. 135.

The tepid primeval ocean gave marvellous development to all its productions, from the *polyparia* and shell-fish to the *megalosaurus* and *iguanaodon*, (URE.) See also LYELL's Geology, vol. i. *passim*.

## P. 345, l. 8.

*Had all the fiery particles of Kean.*

"A fiery soul, that working out its way,  
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,  
And o'erinform'd the tenement of clay."—DRYDEN.

I saw Kean perform the character of Sir Giles Overreach, at Warwick, but a very short time before his death, with all his wonted ener-

gies ; though then "the flash and outbreak of his fiery mind" were "like the fitful light of a candle," to use his own expressions, "flickering in its socket."

Well do I remember, in my youthful days, the first appearance of Kean in the character of Sir Giles Overreach, when "the loveliest oligarchs of the gynocracy" crowded to the orchestra to see him ; and the present of a piece of plate was voted to him by acclamation in the green-room.

They were glorious days of histrionic and poetical excitement, when the prolific genius of Byron produced poem after poem to delight the world, and Kean shone in a succession of such characters as Sir Giles Overreach, King Richard the Third, Shylock, Othello, (who that has seen, can forget his Othello !) &c. &c.

P. 345, l. 9.

*Or Byron, when a boy, whose name would spread,  
Like Talbot's, among "clods" or cockneys, dread.*

See Shakspeare's First Part of Henry the Sixth, acts 1 and 2, where the cry of "Talbot !" caused the flight of the French. The shout of "Here's Byron coming !" had much the same effect on the "clods :" a generic, and not very flattering term by which the young aristocracy at Harrow designated the lower orders there, with whom they had frequent *rows*, in which the noble poet shone pre-eminent.

When a *row* commenced, as Lord Byron was lame, he could not get to the scene of action as soon as other boys ; but his fame went before him, and his name had almost as great effect as his personal prowess on the alarmed "clods."

The cockneys, too, had frequent engagements on a Sunday, (*prob pudor !*) with the Harrow boys, as they were often exposed to the insulting gibes of the young gentlemen. Some of these "cockneys" or "Sunday bucks," as they were generally called, often proved themselves to be good men in the pugilistic contests. To the delicate appearance they sometimes united the science of "Dick Curtis," that "pet of the Fancy."

Lord Byron was a good, but somewhat stormy actor, when at school, and loved to perform such parts as that of Osmond in the Castle Spectre.

## P. 345, l. 12.

*Thank Heaven! we have no Camelfords at school.*

The late Lord Camelford was the terror of hackney coachmen and coffee-house loungers, being equally celebrated as a duellist and pugilist.

## P. 345, l. 15.

*Whether they were herbivorous, or ate  
Dirt, like an Otomac, I cannot state.*

There is a singular account of the Otomacs in Humboldt's Narrative, vol. v. p. 639, (Helen Maria Williams's translation :)

"They reside in the mission of Uruana, and eat earth ; that is, they swallow every day during several months very considerable quantities to appease hunger, without injuring their health."

## P. 346, l. 3.

*Perchance, as Waterton a crocodile, &c.*

See WATERTON'S *Wanderings*.

## P. 346, l. 12.

*As Spenser's dragon threw the gorgeous w—.*

See SPENSER'S *Faery Queen*, book i. canto viii. stanza 17.

## P. 346, l. 19.

*Singing in chorus marshy songs.*

As harmonious as "The Frogs" of Aristophanes.

## P. 346, l. 23, 24.

*Ere Alorus they lived : or, to go higher,  
Ere lived forefathers of a Cambrian 'squire.*

We learn from the fragments of Berossus, Apollodorus, Abydenus, and Alexander Polyhistor, preserved by Eusebius and Georgius Syncellus, that the first king of Babylon was named Alorus ; that nine

kings succeeded him in a direct line, and that the last of these was named Xisuthrus, in whose time happened the great deluge.—DRAUMOND's *Origines*, vol. i. p. 8.

"Vixere fortis ante Agamemnona  
 Multi, sed omnes illacrymabiles  
 Urgentur, ignotique longa  
 Nocte, carent quia vate sacro."

HORAT. lib. iv. ode ix.

Mr. Cadwallader's family in Foote's "Author" was older than the Creation.

P. 346, l. 25—27.

*They may, sublimed into another sort  
 Of beings, through ethereal space transport  
 Themselves.*

"These beings who are before you, and who appear almost as imperfect in their functions as the zoophytes of the Polar Sea, to which they are not unlike in their apparent organisation to your eyes, have a sphere of sensibility and intellectual enjoyment far superior to that of the inhabitants of your earth: each of these tubes, which appears like the trunk of an elephant, is an organ of peculiar motion and sensation." —DAVY's *Consolations in Travel*, pp. 47, 48.

P. 347, l. 12.

*Would puzzle Heard.*

Sir Isaac Heard, late Garter King at Arms, a very pleasant old gentleman, who at the age of eighty could kiss his own toe, and used to perform several agile feats in his old age to please His late Majesty George the Fourth.

## TO THE REV. WILLIAM WAY,

WITH

A COPY OF THE AUTHOR'S POEMS.

Præsent tibi maturos largimur honores.—HORAT.

---

GREAT wits in this our *iron* age may mourn  
 That country gentlemen write not like Bourne :  
 One *gentle* bard I know whose graphic pen  
 Describes, as Poussin painted, god-like men.

Maturing taste, that in thy early years  
 Gave thee distinction 'mong thy bright compeers,  
 (Thine is the wit of Atticus, the verse  
 Horace might own, thine Martial's language terse,)  
 At feasts Apician be thou host, or guest,  
 Thy muse to wines Falernian adds a zest.  
 Where flower-crown'd mirth is ; in her robe of hues  
 Various plays Fancy sages to amuse.

Thy genius loves before our minds to place  
 “ *Ex re fabellas*,” with a classic grace ;

As around Grecian vases figures clear  
Are grouped, the narratives distinct appear.  
Gell in thy muse had seen the maiden Greek,  
So beautiful her dress is, *à l'antique*.  
Fresh from the spring, and not through channels wrought  
By pedantry to rust its virtues brought,  
Flows of thy song the stream in rapid tide :  
Apollo favours thee at covert-side ;  
Though oft the cheering cry of " gone away "  
Mars the fine close of thy Alcaic lay.  
Attend thy muse the graces *with their zone* ;  
How chaste is of her poetry the tone.  
The graceful forms with which mythology  
Creative peopled air, and earth, and sky,  
All, in thy spirit-stirring odes survive,  
And seem, as bright existences, to live.

Thessalian Tempe of thy mind the home  
Is, or the *Via Sacra* of old Rome.  
Diana buskin'd, Daphne through the glades  
Pursued, gods canopied by loftiest shades,  
Deities fabled in heroic song  
Charm thee, or Horace genial friends among ;  
With these, the laughter-moving quick rebound  
Of wit, and music's care-dispelling sound.  
Things beautiful, familiar yet to sight,  
By thee are in Arcadian colours dight.  
By thy example taught we strive to hold,  
Snatch'd from time's stream descending, grains of gold.

It is perchance a crime, since life is short,  
'Mid vivid recollections to disport  
Of all that was in bygone ages fair,  
And dream of Greece while breathing British air.  
It is a greater sin for thee to waste  
Thought on our modern projects—with thy taste.  
Then strike the Theban lyre with master-hand,  
And homage from our laurell'd youth command :  
Unite Greek metres to our native rhyme,  
Links of thought-picturing language, gay, sublime.

The scholar and the gentleman combin'd,  
That test of excellence, in thee we find ;  
A love for harmony of numbers, pure  
Taste, nice discernment, and a judgment sure ;  
And a benevolence of heart that true  
Politeness is, which Chesterfield ne'er knew.

Then lay aside thy criticism's spear,  
Its touch a worthier muse than mine may bear.  
Thee I propitiate,—if thou canst, protect  
These leaves from blasts of scorn, blight of neglect.

*March 6, 1839.*

## NOTES

ON

## LINES ADDRESSED "TO THE REV. WILLIAM WAY."

## P. 353, l. 1.

*Great wits in this our iron age may mourn  
That country gentlemen write not like Bourne.*

The Reverend Sydney Smith, in his witty and clever pamphlet on the Ballot, makes the following comfortable remarks, which, no doubt, the "Gentlemen of England" will know how to appreciate.

"I long for the quiet times of King Log, when all the English common people are making calico, and all the English Gentlemen are making long and short verses, with no other interruption of their happiness than when false quantities are discovered in one or the other."—*Ballot, by the Rev. Sydney Smith*, page 21.

Vincent Bourne, the well-known admirable writer of Latin Poems, original and translations. The Poet Cowper had a very high opinion of his merits as a writer and as a man. His *Thyrsis* and *Chloe* (a translation of the William and Margaret of Mallet) is an exquisitely finished production.

## P. 353, l. 5.

*Maturing taste, that in thy early years  
Gave thee distinction 'mong thy bright compeers.*

Some of the most beautiful contributions to the "Musæ Etonenses" are from the pen of Mr. Way.

P. 354, l. 3.

*Gell in thy muse had seen the maiden Greek,  
So beautiful her dress is, à l'antique.*

The late Sir William Gell, a most accomplished Hellenist.

P. 354, l. 15.

*All, in thy spirit-stirring odes survive,  
And seem, as bright existences, to live.*

*Gratia te, Venerisque lepos, et mille colorum,  
Formarumque chorus sequitur, motusque decentes.*

GRAY, *De Principiis Cogitandi.*

*Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray  
With orient hues unborrow'd of the sun.*

GRAY, *Progress of Poetry.*

P. 355, l. 7.

*Then strike the Theban lyre with master-hand,  
And homage from our laurel'd youth command.*

*Fidibusque Latinis  
Thebanos aptare modos studet, auspice Musa?*

HORAT.



**POEMS**

**WRITTEN IN EARLY YOUTH.**



## ON LEAVING HARROW SCHOOL.

O dulces comitum valete cœtus,  
 Longè quos simul a domo profectos  
 Diversè varie vise reportant.

CATULLUS.

As evening shades in summer calm the light,  
 Thus thoughts of future temper wild delight.  
 Through Hope's delusive glass bright scenes we view,  
 By many fancied—realised to few.  
 All are pre-doom'd to taste the cup of woe,  
 To war with griefs which here they never know.  
 In youth's gay spring, the soul, devoid of care,  
 Forebodes no cloud—life seems in prospect fair ;  
 Soon withers on the cheek the rose of health ;  
 Soon is consumed anticipated wealth.  
 When sickness wastes the frame, disgrace the heart,  
 Untimely death alone can ease impart.  
 How relative is happiness !—e'en now,  
 When with unusual warmth my spirits glow,  
 Some fondly dream o'er days of boyhood past,  
 And fain would wish them, if renew'd, to last ;

Till memory wakes in age a transient joy,  
The world's worn pilgrim seems again a boy.

Ye dear companions of my early years,  
Oh may these prove but visionary fears !  
Yet should the world, with meretricious wiles,  
Contract the heart, deform fair Friendship's smiles—  
Should lawless passions frighten Reason down,  
Then seat themselves alternate on her throne ;  
When each might lord it with unruly power,  
The petty tyrant of the passing hour—  
Say, which were best, Orbilius \* to obey,  
Or thus to wild affections fall a prey !  
To cheer reflection, Science shines afar,  
Her will I follow as my polar star !  
She will conduct me to the blest retreats  
Of classic taste—the Muse's sacred seats.

Still shall this hill, with Wisdom's nurslings blest,  
Wake many a fond remembrance in my breast.  
Here, oft, with unavailing zeal, I sought  
To body forth in verse the fleeting thought,  
That charm'd the fancy while it mock'd the mind,  
Then fled—too volatile to be confined.  
Here throb'd my anxious breast 'twixt hope and fear,  
As peal'd the warning bell upon my ear :

---

\* Orbilius is the name of the schoolmaster of Horace. Here poetic licence makes it synonymous with that of any schoolmaster.

Here, beckon'd on by Freedom's lawless smile,  
I wander'd forth to pass the well-known mile ;  
Some chiding "voice in every breeze" I heard ;  
Now onwards ran—now trembling, scarcely stirr'd :  
Here Superstition raised no local dread,  
With careless step I roved among the dead ;  
Laugh'd at the quaint memorials of our doom  
That, carved on wood, adorn'd the rustic's tomb.  
Here have I tasted innocent delight ;  
No conscious guilt disturb'd my rest at night :  
May no sad contrast to these happy times  
Add weight to woe, or aggravate my crimes.

Scenes of my youth, farewell ! nor thou refuse  
This tributary effort of my Muse ;  
Thou, whom no more 'tis flattery to commend,  
My guide—excuse a fonder term—my friend.  
Still prune with care the student's vagrant lays ;  
Sweeten the toil of early worth with praise ;  
Bid Genius kindle at a poet's name,  
And young Ambition emulate thy fame.

TO

## MY SISTER,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,  
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd ;  
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,  
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain.

GOLDSMITH'S *Deserted Village*.

How swiftly pass our early years away !  
 Youth seems the short-lived phantom of a day : \*  
 Childhood is gone, that fairy scene is o'er ;  
 The sports of infancy now please no more ;  
 On past delights remembrance loves to dwell,  
 While sighs break forth to calm the bosom's swell.  
 You smile, perchance, at such a mournful strain ;  
 " Mine are the joys of life, why thus complain ?"  
 Though Fashion beckons from the splendid hall,  
 Though Pleasure seems to triumph at the ball,

\* Festinat enim decurrere velox,  
 Flosculus angustæ miseræque brevissima vite  
 Portio : dum bibimus, dum sertia, unguenta, pueras,  
 Poscimus, obrepit non intellecta senectus.—Juv., Sat. ix.

Think not that real happiness is there,  
Nor trust, my Mary, wealth's imposing glare.  
Of all the motley crew who crowd the town,  
How few there are who can exist alone !  
Some fly to gaieties to banish grief :  
Can flippant nonsense give the heart relief ?  
Some to conceal their narrow range of thought ;  
These *look* intelligence, yet *talk* of nought :  
No airy visions o'er their fancy sweep,  
Their souls are chain'd in one perpetual sleep.  
Such fools are solemn mountebanks at best,  
Outcasts of Nature, though by Fortune blest,  
Compared with him whose bosom Genius fires,  
Whom Science brightens, or the Muse inspires !  
Youth's freshening aspect, Beauty's faultless form,  
Shrink from the searching blast of Sorrow's storm ;  
But Intellect, that deity within,  
Will soften grief ; nay more, may conquer sin.  
It gathers strength through each successive year,  
More amiable in age its charms appear ;  
While Pleasure's surfeit palls upon the heart,  
And Fashion's fair illusions soon depart.

## VERSES

ON

## THE DEATH OF GENERAL FITZPATRICK.



Blest as thou wert, Fitzpatrick, with a mind  
 By eloquence sublimed, by wit refined,  
 With all the gifts that science could impart,  
 With all the social virtues of the heart ;  
 Colloquial elegance to charm the fair—  
 The table's boast, though *Sheridan* was there ;  
 Well might we mourn for ever, ever gone  
 Such splendid qualities combined in one !  
 Yet, hating all the foppery of praise,  
 Thy Muse retiring shunn'd the public gaze :  
 The multitude's applauses are but low,  
 Compared with those the admiring few bestow.  
 If Fox,\* companion of an honour'd few,  
 Souls of a higher class, to friendship true,

---

\* Quin ubi se a vulgo et scenâ in secreta remôrant  
 Virtus Scipiadæ et mitis sapientia Læli.

HOR. SAT.

Smiled on thy efforts, in those glorious nights  
When Fancy soar'd above her usual flights ;  
Or when Philosophy display'd her charms,  
To lure the patriot from her sister's arms,  
*His* kind approval was thy best reward ;  
It warm'd the man, inspirited the bard.

THE  
DESERTED FRIEND.

---

And friendship, which a faint affection breeds,  
Without regard of good, dies like ill-grounded seeds.

SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen*.

*Ut matrona meretrici dispar erit, atque  
Discolor, infido scurræ distabit amicus.*—HORAT. *Epist.*

---

MILD was the air, serene the night,  
The moon beam'd forth her tranquil light,  
No stormy daemon roused the blast,  
As o'er the hills in haste I past,  
To chill my frame or cramp my speed—  
But oh ! my heart was cold indeed.  
The look of scorn, the shameless stare,  
Had curdled e'en the life-blood there,  
For friends had strangely gazed on me :  
I marr'd, perchance, the social glee.  
Yet once they bade my spirits glow—  
My crime was then—the same as now.  
Too quickly summer's beauty dies !  
The moral's plain—“ In time be wise.”

The winter's rage prepared to brave,  
No shock we feel, though tempests rave ;  
But friendship I too fondly thought  
Would last for ever, if unbought,  
Life's constant sunshine ; to the breast  
An Eden, nay, a heaven of rest,  
Where, when the world's vexations tire,  
It might, to soothe its pangs, retire.

I was deceived : the bitter truth  
Proves confidence is nought in youth.  
Such change, alas ! was not foreseen,  
Yet oft before such change has been.

How the bright arch that spans the sky  
In childhood caught my eager eye :  
The beauteous curve appear'd to stand  
Substantial on yon rising land.  
How rich its hues ! each hue alone  
Betray'd a link of precious stone.  
The glorious prize within my view  
One luckless day I must pursue ;  
From hill to hill it quickly fled,  
Through bush and brake my steps it led ;  
Then, as it mock'd my further stay,  
It fainter gleam'd—it died away.  
Home I return'd, ashamed, yet smiled,  
In seeming scorn, on chase so wild.

Thus 'tis with friendship ; many claim  
A portion of her hallow'd flame,  
Yet friendship scarce exists on earth,  
Few seek, still fewer find, her worth.  
The maid unseen, we love to chase  
Some airy vision in her place.  
But soon we mourn the shadow lost,  
Youth will despair when hopes are crost ;  
Then bitterly we rue the time  
When confidence appear'd no crime.  
Will Wisdom soothe us ? 'tis too late,  
Love was abused—then welcome Hate.

### KENILWORTH CASTLE.

---

Majestic, though in ruins.—MILTON.

---

MOULDERING away in desolated pride,  
 Thy glory past, thy majesty remains ;  
 Though time has torn thy pillar'd porches wide,  
 Where Echo sleeps, and horrid Silence reigns.  
 Thus onwards all things to destruction glide,  
 Whatever pageantries this world contains—  
 Decaying, not o'erthrown ! thou still art seen  
 A monumental wreck of what thou erst hast been !

Still let me contemplate thy wasting walls,  
 Thy topless columns whence the owlet screams :  
 Those grass-worn mounds were once baronial halls,  
 Whose pristine worth surpasseth Fancy's dreams ;  
 There Chivalry presided o'er the balls,  
 The sun of beauty there shed forth its beams :  
 Now all is loneliness ! Reflection, say,  
 How long the works of man outlive man's little day !

## THE WORLD AS IT IS.

Such as are ambitious are incited by the greatness of their power to attempt great matters ; and the most sottish or lazy may discharge themselves of cares, and hope that others will be more easily hired to take the burden of business upon them while they lie at ease.

SIDNEY *on Government*, p. 165.

## I.

THAT master-vice, Ambition, has its course ;  
 It wakens Hope,—it promises success :  
 Can Wisdom, Reason, Justice break the force  
 Of those bold passions that o'erlook distress ?  
 Not Fear itself their vigour can repress.  
 Hence Pride attempts what Fancy had design'd,  
 Betraying often its own littleness ;  
 Fortune unbalances the strongest mind,  
 And vanities beset the mightiest of mankind.

## II.

These truths experience, history ever taught,  
 And many a moral tale in childhood loved ;  
 But men by splendid wickedness are caught,  
 They laud those acts which erst they disapproved ;

Their spleen by buried crime alone is moved.  
Great villains thrive—we deem them great indeed,  
How brave their spirits, wheresoe'er they roved  
To desolate the world, while millions bleed,  
Officious fools for aye the cause of bravoes plead.

## III.

While Aves vehement confuse their brains,  
Kings would be demigods, and courtiers kneel.  
Audacious mockery ! the Muse refrains  
From courting those who ne'er for others feel.  
Alas ! she cannot scorn the vain appeal  
Of steel-clad heroes to her lofty lay ;  
For them she weaves the laurel-wreath with zeal :  
As hirelings stalk along in proud array,  
Where blazing lights shed forth an artificial day.

## IV.

And Genius thus is self-betray'd to please  
A heartless tyrant in his pride of power.  
The love of flattery is a sore disease ;  
It spreads from chieftains' hall to ladies' bower ;  
The worm that gnaws the oak destroys the flower.  
Shall sacred poesy, that heavenward springs,  
Her flights, to creep before a mortal, lower ?  
*She* scorns the song which venal minstrel sings,  
Nor to delight the proud her own proud offering brings.

## v.

The worshippers of images offend  
Against Omnipotence ; nor they alone ?  
Those too, who, mindless of their nature bend  
Before a fool or tyrant on a throne !  
Such men to scorn their God are ever prone :  
Their idols soon are swept away from earth,  
In folly riotous, with pride upblown.  
What then avail their victories or mirth,  
The splendour of their deeds, the lustre of their birth ?

## ROSAMOND, A FRAGMENT\*.

"*Talche si potè dire Alboino vinse l' Italia, et una Femina vinse Alboino.*"—*Del Regno d' Italia Epitome.*

" HE would despise me as a thing that bears  
 Insult with patience, or dissolves in tears :  
 A better lesson to his sex I 'll teach ;  
 The cruel madman is within my reach.  
 Revenge is mine ; that passion ill suppress  
 Rages with quicken'd fury in my breast !  
 Were there no mountebanks to furnish sport  
 For all the savages who crowd his court,  
 But *I* must be selected to delight  
 Their vaunting spirits—forced to such a sight ?—  
 Yet it unnerves me not ; my father's will  
 Is done, and hatred stifles sense of ill.  
 This pleasant triumph too may sadly end ;  
 Trust not, fool-hardy prince, the seeming friend !  
 Thy wife is but thy slave, untrue to thee,  
 Her person is encaged, her heart is free ;

\* For the story to which this fragment relates, see Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Quarto edit. vol. iv. page 430.

Or if not free, another doth possess  
That, which thee, parricide, can never bless.  
Not always he who braves in various shapes  
Death undisguised his secret snare escapes.  
Thy Lombard chiefs shall not protect thee now,  
A woman's weak revenge will give the blow.  
Thus self-absolved from crime, let others prate,  
I 'll urge my gentle paramour to hate  
That royal monster whose untender zeal  
Has forced my soul this agony to feel."  
Thus spoke the lofty dame, while passions strove  
Within for mastery—hate, vengeance, love.  
Hate of her cruel lord, revenge on him  
Who tore her very heart to please his whim.  
Another passion rose, as bad indeed,  
Yet such as cheer'd her at her utmost need.  
The slayer of her kindred forced to wed,  
Dragg'd like a victim to the nuptial bed,  
Marriage to her no morning-star appear'd :  
Its imaged brightness once her hopes had cheer'd :  
Why marvel that her feelings went astray,  
When thus was undermined their only stay ?

## BRUTUS.

" When the uncorrupted part of the senate had, by the death of Cæsar, made one great effort to restore their former state and liberty, the success did not answer their hopes; but that whole assembly was so sunk in its authority, that those patriots were forced to fly and give way to the madness of the people, who, by their own disposition, stirred up with the harangues of their orators, were now wholly bent upon single and despotic slavery."—SWIFT.

WHEN Liberty, triumphing over her foes,  
 Re-breath'd, though affrighted at Italy's woes,  
 The sword of her Brutus was redden'd in vain :  
 He broke, yet the Romans refasten'd, the chain.  
 For tyranny's woe-trumpet, near and afar,  
 Bade the legions of servitude rush to the war.  
 He, the last of the Romans, by Fortune disown'd,  
 (That goddess the brows of an Antony crown'd)  
 Saw Freedom dishonour'd by those whom she loved,  
 Saw the charms of mock-glory by thousands approved.  
*All* proud of a master, *none* conscious of shame ;  
 Religion unheeded, and virtue a name.\*  
 The genius of Rome had aroused him too late—  
 Overborne by the torrent, he yielded to fate.

---

\* See an admirable defence of the exclamation of Brutus in his dying moments, in the Dictionnaire de Bayle, article "Brutus," tome i. page 677.

ON

## THE DEATH OF ROSA.

" ————— as soon as I am dead,  
 Come all and watch one night about my hearse ;  
 Bring each a mournful story and a tear,  
 To offer at it when I go to earth."

*The Maid's Tragedy, by BEAUMONT and  
 FLETCHER.*

A HEART full of feeling, poor Rosa, was thine,  
 Thy virtues deceived thee indeed ;  
 But beauty and tenderness frequently shine  
 In the victims predestined to bleed.

Some pitiless hypocrite tainted thy youth,  
 Thus the morn of thy life was o'ercast ;  
 He spoke but of happiness—cruel untruth !  
 At that moment for ever 'twas past.

Thy spirit, that sported in yesterday's light,  
 Now sadden'd and droop'd in the shade ;  
 Like the Garland of Chloe \* that wither'd at night,  
 Thy innocence blossom'd to fade.

---

\* See Prior's Garland.

Rejected of man, the poor sufferer sought  
That mercy denied her on earth,  
From Him, in whose eyes our best virtues are nought,  
If haughtiness pampers their worth.

She loved—was betray'd—is misfortune a crime ?  
Ah no ! *that I ne'er can believe ;*  
The seducer may thrive in his guilt for a time,  
There is ONE whom he cannot deceive.

Fair mourner ! thy agony soon will be o'er,  
Since Mercy is hovering nigh ;  
That pang—'tis the price of forgiveness—no more,  
Thou art welcomed by angels on high.

## VERSES

ON THE COMMEMORATION OF THE SECOND CENTENARY OF  
SHAKSPEARE.

---

WHAT beings, Ariel-like, appear  
To fit along the sky ?  
'Tis come, 'tis come the joyous year,  
In gladsomeness they cry.

Their eyes with brighter radiance shine,  
Lighter their wings, and oh ! how fine !  
Merrily, merrily, from the air  
To Fancy's pictured hall repair.

There fairy-land in landscape glows ;  
There Oberon shall crown the brows  
Of him to whom 'tis meet to pay  
Our homage on this holy-day.

There shines not the sun ; but a new light from heaven,  
Many-colour'd as Iris, to Genius is given ;  
Who waves it, and waving it, fitfully plays  
O'er our Shakspeare's fine eyes that reflect back its rays.

Lo ! seated on her opal throne  
 In robes, eye-spotted, Fancy smiles ;  
 Well might she smile, her fruitful zone  
 With varied pleasures life beguiles.  
 Before her bright eyes, as if in a glass,  
 Fresh scenes in succession continually pass.  
 Unshrouding now her awful form ;  
 (Around her how the passions storm !)  
 Though “ ever young yet full of eld,” \*  
 Great Nature comes, as music swell’d  
 Through Fancy’s hall, a mingled strain,—  
 Since pleasure, sorrow, all the train  
 Of subject feelings on her wait,  
 Her darling’s fame to consecrate.

Quickly through the golden gate  
 Glide the fairies, to relate  
 All their pranks of yesternight ;  
 With their coronals of flowers,  
 Gather’d after April showers,  
 ‘Tis indeed a lovely sight.

“ Hail ! mortal, hail, near Avon’s stream,  
 As o’er thy slumbers Nature smiled,  
 We stole upon thee in a dream,  
 To fill thy soul with fancies wild.

---

\* Spenser.

The moonlight slept upon the bank,  
To charm thy guardian from our prank ;  
But still her sweet influence watch'd o'er thy head,  
To temper the thoughts which our cunning had bred.  
Then Nature and Fancy their labours combined  
To store with their wonderful treasures thy mind ;  
—Now place we on thy head a crown,  
Fit for thy brows, and thine alone."

The poet bows, his looks express  
An intellectual consciousness ;  
His features are so heavenly fair,  
The mind, the eternal mind beams there.

A CHARACTER.

---

ALONZO was no common man, for few  
Like him, the art of pleasing others knew.  
Nature on him had kindly lavish'd all  
Those gifts that please alike in bower or hall !  
His soul was bounteous, in his eyes shone forth  
A spirit that express'd his inward worth :  
His honour as the sun itself was bright,  
Though transient mists might intercept its light :  
Ambition (*his a virtue*) often turn'd  
His mind to deeds for which his spirit burn'd :  
Then would he knit on vacancy his brow,  
Till e'en with thought exprest it seem'd to glow :  
Then dreams of greatness rush'd upon his brain—  
In better times, those dreams had *not* been vain !  
Long had Hispania been misruled by those  
Who glut their little minds with others' woes ;  
Their sole delight to trample on their kind,  
As serpents taint the fairest things they find ;  
Danger had scowl'd on all who dared to break  
The bonds of silence for the people's sake.

To speak of freedom—'twas indeed to brave  
The prison's durance, to forestal the grave !  
Alonzo knew it ; oft he wish'd to try  
The chance of war—to conquer or to die.  
The cause was hopeless, and to bleed alone  
Had more of rashness than of virtue shown,  
Since Chivalry, the nation's queen of yore,  
Roused in her sons life's energies no more :—  
But thus compell'd to bear within his soul  
Feelings that often strove to break control—  
To stifle in his breast the will to dare—  
Nay, more, to find his talents buried there,  
By public virtue ne'er call'd forth to shine  
Of honest counsels an exhaustless mine !  
Oh, that were misery ! Besides, to wait  
In seeming lowness on slaves of state ;  
Or else, the game of spies, to fret away,  
In restless fear, day lingering after day ;  
These evils all so smote upon his heart,  
He could not bear them ; no, he must depart ;  
Quit in disguise his land, his native Spain,  
To seek some foster-country o'er the main !

THE

## ABSENT POET TO HIS MISTRESS.

Stay ! my charmer, can you leave me ?  
 Cruel, cruel to deceive me ;  
 Well you know how much you grieve me.  
 Cruel charmer, can you go ?  
 Cruel charmer, can you go ?—BURNS.

Doom'd thus to worship thee in vain,  
 I useless mourn my rigid lot ;  
 Yet happier in this secret pain  
 Than if thy beauty was forgot.

The sigh to memory gives a force,  
 That brings before me all thy charms ;  
 Of grief and joy alike the source,  
 Of rapture, or of fond alarms.

The smile,—for often will the smile  
 Chase the sad shades of thought away,  
 That darken o'er the brows awhile,  
 As clouds o'er-cast an April day—

The smile re-animates my heart ;  
Remembrance gives its welcome aid :  
Then mine, and mine alone, thou art ;  
But soon the phantom-pleasures fade !

The smile is fled—the sudden beam  
That o'er the past so brightly shone,  
Now fades away ; the fainter gleam  
Of promised happiness is gone.

Oh ! would Futurity unveil  
What must be, to my mental eye ;  
My spirit then might cease to quail,  
When hopes and fears for ever die.

Again to meet thee ; then to love  
With all the zest surprise can bring ;  
Again to find my absent dove,  
Again to hear my syren sing—

This will I hope ; yet, self-deceiving,  
Like younglings laughing o'er the bowl,  
That pleasure is their friend believing—  
Thus hope intoxicates the soul.

Still is thy dear resemblance mine :  
How mild, how eloquent that look !  
Those eyes like twin-stars seem to shine :  
I yet possess thee—though forsook ;—

Forsook by her who loved me more,  
As once I thought than words can tell ;  
In Spenser's verse we learn'd love's lore,  
And thou wert then my Florimel.

This cheat of fancy long beguiled  
Our winter nights, our summer days ;  
And Spenser's gentle spirit smiled  
To hear two lovers hymn his praise.

And then Cleopolis on earth  
Inimitable, oft we sought ;  
And oft applauded valour's worth,  
As knights with savage giants fought :—

Enough of this ; my care-worn mind  
Less happy thoughts must now engage !  
Mine own dear love I cannot find ;  
Can *fabled* loves my grief assuage ?

### THE DEATH OF HOSSEIN.

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The affecting narration of the death of Hossein, the grandson of Mahomet, may be read (it is, indeed, a pleasure to read it,) in Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," vol. v. page 268, quarto edition.

---

**T**HE Fatimites wearied, yet fearless oppose,  
 Though thinn'd in their numbers, their multiplied foes ;  
 With despair in their looks, how they rage o'er the field !  
 Though broken, *their* triumph is never to yield !

Their sabres well-flesh'd, still gleam in the air,  
 They fight like the lion aroused from his lair ;  
 Each stroke is a death-blow,—in vain, for beneath  
 The pressure of myriads their last gasp they breathe.

But one yet remains. On, boasters ! and slay  
 The noblest of victims that's stricken to-day !  
 'Tis Hossein the valiant—unarm'd, yet unmoved,  
 Though his heart inly bleeds for the brave ones he loved.

Near his tent he awaits the sad signal, and see  
His boys in the spring-time of age on his knee !  
He weeps, but the tear for *their* sorrow is shed,  
Now, now, to their hearts swift the death-shaft is sped !

O ! spare him ye murderers, childless, alone  
He bends o'er the lifeless, their death-knell his groan ;  
He cries to his God in his agony now,  
The damp sweat commingling with blood on his brow !

Still merciless ! on, ye brave monsters ! imbrue  
Your hands in *his* blood, who is praying for you.  
Bereft of its ivy, the desolate wall  
Invites the destroyer to hasten its fall :—

The warrior is dying ! what spirit appears  
To rush from his tent ?—'tis his sister in tears !  
“ Yet save him—my brother—look, look how he bleeds !  
“ Oh, Shamar !”—in vain the fair suppliant pleads !

He is slain!—but the Moslems yet cherish his fame,  
And dear to the hearts of the young is his name :  
And the aged revere it ; the freeman and slave  
Still mourn for the death of the gentle and brave.

ON

THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

---

WELL might the comic Muse, with drooping head,  
Heave the deep sigh—her Sheridan is dead :  
The sisters mourn for him, whose master-mind  
Each separate talent in itself combined,  
Wit, eloquence, and poetry ; the fame  
Of either had immortalised his name.  
O, could the Muse's skill but match her zeal,  
Then might the mournful lay, like his, appeal  
To British hearts ; like his, when Garrick died ;  
How glow'd the verse to sympathy allied !  
Each word with plaintive sweetness charm'd the ear,  
As flowers exhale a fragrance o'er the bier.

Where is the mourner now, whose bosom bled  
For kindred genius gone ?—he too is dead !  
Turn to the scenes of mimic life, there view  
The characters our young Menander drew :

Caprice in all her wayward fits display'd,  
Folly in all her nicer shades portray'd ;  
The testiness of age—the soldier's sense—  
The maiden's sweet discourse—Love's eloquence ;  
The lively wife, not quite by fashion spoil'd ;  
The smooth artificer of mischief foil'd ;  
The generous rake, for, lingering near his heart,  
His better genius would not yet depart ;—  
These, true to nature, still adorn our stage,  
Or, in his calm retreat, amuse the sage ;  
These, like the gems of rarer worth are prized,  
When those of transient value are despised.

In senates (there his talents shone confest),  
As wit delighted, passion storm'd the breast.  
The mind, with taste, sense, judgment, feeling fraught,  
Seem'd to be blest by more than human thought ! .  
Hence burning words, for freedom gave the choice,  
The lightning of his eye, the magic of his voice !

When social mirth beam'd forth in every eye,  
His was the lively jest, the keen reply,  
The “ flow of soul,” Wit season'd high the song,  
While playful Fancy drove old Time along.

Ye noble few, whose memories ponder o'er  
His cheerful smile, his wit's unfailing store

Bright to the last, how graceful are your tears !  
They tell of what he was in happier years.  
The friend, whose genius shed its vivid ray  
Far from your hearts to drive life's cares away—  
The gay companion, sharers in whose mirth  
You had forgot that sorrow dwelt on earth.

Ye fair, who knew his elegance of mind,  
His soul, still breathing in the verse refin'd ;  
His purity of heart for her he loved,  
(Her fondness by the bitterest trial proved)—  
While in your hearts the soft affections live,  
His faults, whate'er they were, you must forgive.  
And you, you all, whom many a sprightly scene  
Waking applause, shall teach what he has been ;  
Who still revere the patriot, love the bard,  
From Envy's blight his sacred memory guard !  
While Glory, circling round his cold, pale urn,  
By Fancy watch'd, shall undefiled burn.

AN EVENING IN CUBA.  
—  
“The clearness and brilliancy of the heavens, the serenity of the air, and the soft tranquillity in which Nature reposes, contribute to harmonise the mind, and to produce calm and delightful sensations.”—EDWARDS’s *West Indies*, vol. i. page 10.

How lovely was that eve, the moon shone clear,  
Not e’en a vapoury cloud was sailing near !  
The fire-flies swarm’d around with fitful glare,  
Like magic gems they sparkled through the air.  
Now glow’d the stars, in such a bright array,  
They seem’d to lighten forth a milder day :  
There might the exulting soul aspire to be  
Mingled with light through all eternity !

## THE LAMENT OF ALTAMONT.

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WRITTEN AFTER SEEING "TIMON OF ATHENS" AT DRURY LANE  
THEATRE.

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## I.

GENIUS of fallen Babylon—behold  
In London, mart of opulence and vice,  
Thy scenes of former luxury unroll'd !  
Here everything, e'en woman, has its price :  
Here Mammon plies his subtle trade with dice :  
Bevies of dainty damsels here abound,  
With Levi's tribe the unwary to entice,  
Till fortune, mind, and body be unsound :  
Corruption's fatal gulfs here menace all around !

## II.

Much is allow'd to youth, to feelings strong,  
To Pleasure's tempting look, companions gay ;  
He who would scorn the soul-awakening song,  
Whose heart is shut 'gainst beauty's genial ray,

He would despise the loveliness of May ;—  
Not outward, no, nor inward sunshine warms  
His soul, himself a moving mass of clay.  
The goodliest prospect has for him no charms ;  
He never, never felt the lover's sweet alarms.

## III.

Awake to life !—no more of harlot's smiles  
Dream, nor the noisy merriment of knaves !  
How many losels perish by the wiles  
Of sweet Aspasia, Timon's grateful slaves !  
Lo ! the trim yacht rides buoyant o'er the waves,  
Fairer in show, more fragile than the rest  
Of meaner barks : the sudden tempest raves—  
Amidst the ignoble craft she rolls distrest,  
It nought avails her now to be so gaily drest.

## IV.

'Tis vain to mourn—yet oft remorse will tear  
The breast, from which all virtues are not wrung  
By Wantonness, false witch ! whose aspect fair  
Blinds doating eld, and fascinates the young,  
Till by her arts their sinews are unstrung,  
Their strength exhausted ;—wasted in their prime,  
They mar those hopes to which their parents clung ;  
Fame, fortune, genius sacrificed to crime—  
And all these lessons learn'd in boyhood's happier time !

## v.

Life is a blank to those whom Fancy blest  
E'en in their infancy ; for why ? they scorn,  
When Pleasure, warmly sought, has lost her zest,  
Those social duties for which man is born :—  
A long, long night succeeds their lovely morn !  
Where shall the luckless child of Nature turn,  
Baffled by hope, by fiercer passions torn ?  
He dares the wisdom of the world to spurn,  
Yet by the world misled, for ever doom'd to mourn !

## vi.

Be then utility alone the aim  
Of all thy actions ; ere it be too late  
The doubtful meed of poesy disclaim ;  
Let nobler hopes thy glowing soul elate,  
With honest zeal uphold the sinking state :  
Be this the penance for thy follies past.  
Far better than in maudlin verse to prate  
Of what in days of revelry thou wast :  
Shall self-recorded vice its acted time outlast ?

## vii.

Invention too must cease to yield delight ;  
For pleasure has its limits : then refrain  
Awhile from courting Fancy's aid—poor wight !  
Thoughts too intense will prey upon thy brain :—

Since e'en an o'er-fraught memory brings pain.  
Nature's unbounded realms wouldst thou explore ?  
She views thy puny efforts with disdain :  
The learned are but idlers on her shore ;  
So deem'd that wondrous man best skill'd in Nature's lore.

## viii.

Thy brethren in distress demand thy care,  
Whose only bed is now the cold damp earth ;  
Go these relieve ;—far sweeter is the prayer  
For thee, for thine, that gratitude pours forth,  
Than heartless praises, which the sons of mirth,  
Madd'ning with lust and wine, on thee bestow.  
Shall they to-morrow still proclaim thy worth,  
Who with o'erflowing zeal to-night do glow ?  
Fond liberal fool ! I fear 'twill not indeed be so ?

## ix.

O Howard, Reynolds ! names to man more dear  
Than those of heroes who have fought and died !  
You follow'd well our Saviour's footsteps here,  
While dove-eyed Charity—celestial guide—  
Scatter'd unnumber'd blessings by your side !  
To save the soul oppress'd by guilt, to give  
To virtuous industry an honest pride ;  
This your ambition—may it ever live—  
Fresh with the dews of heaven its boundless laurels  
thrive.

## NOTE

ON

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“THE LAMENT OF ALTAMONT.”

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P. 397, l. 5.

*So deem'd that wondrous man, &c.*

“ It is related of Sir Isaac Newton, that, in speaking on some occasion of his discoveries, he compared himself to a boy collecting pebbles on the sea-shore.”

**FREEDOM.**

FREEDOM stands upon the hill,  
Crowns are scatter'd at her feet ;  
Power now bends unto her will,  
Nature's sons her presence greet.

How she mocks the pride of kings !  
How she scorns the idle show !  
“ Now,” she cries, “ on eagle wings,  
'Gainst the thankless tribe I'll go.”

Virtue, Wisdom, you alone  
Just pre-eminence deserve ;  
Attributes to that high throne  
Which the freest love to serve.

Break the prison gates, behold  
Men of intellect divine  
Forced by things of coarser mould  
In the dungeon's gloom to pine !

See ! the tyrant raises high,  
Girt with battlements around,  
Towers, that seem to brave the sky :  
His strength is nought—his hopes unsound.

Be he robed in purple pall,  
Death shall seize the gorgeous prize !  
Though before him thousands fall,  
Freemen shout “ Revenge ”—he dies !

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### THE STORM.

---

LOUD howl the winds around, the sea on high  
Bandies its giant waves against the sky.  
Now the red lightnings run along the ground :  
Trees snapp'd asunder from the earth rebound,  
The sweeping tempest hurries on its way,  
Ocean and earth, and heaven, alike its prey.

## THE SONG OF NOUZONIHAR.\*



O HUSH thy complaints, my dear youth !  
 Gulchenrouz, my darling, believe  
 I love thee, I speak but the truth ;  
 And when was I known to deceive ?

I will suffer no Gouls to be near  
 The boy whom I love and protect ;  
 Then, my Meignoun, away with all fear,  
 Nor the faith of your Leilah suspect.†

The bulbul may woo the sweet rose,  
 But thy cheek is the rose that I love :  
 Let us search where the Peris repose ;  
 As through jessamine bowers we rove.

---

\* See "The Caliph Vathek."

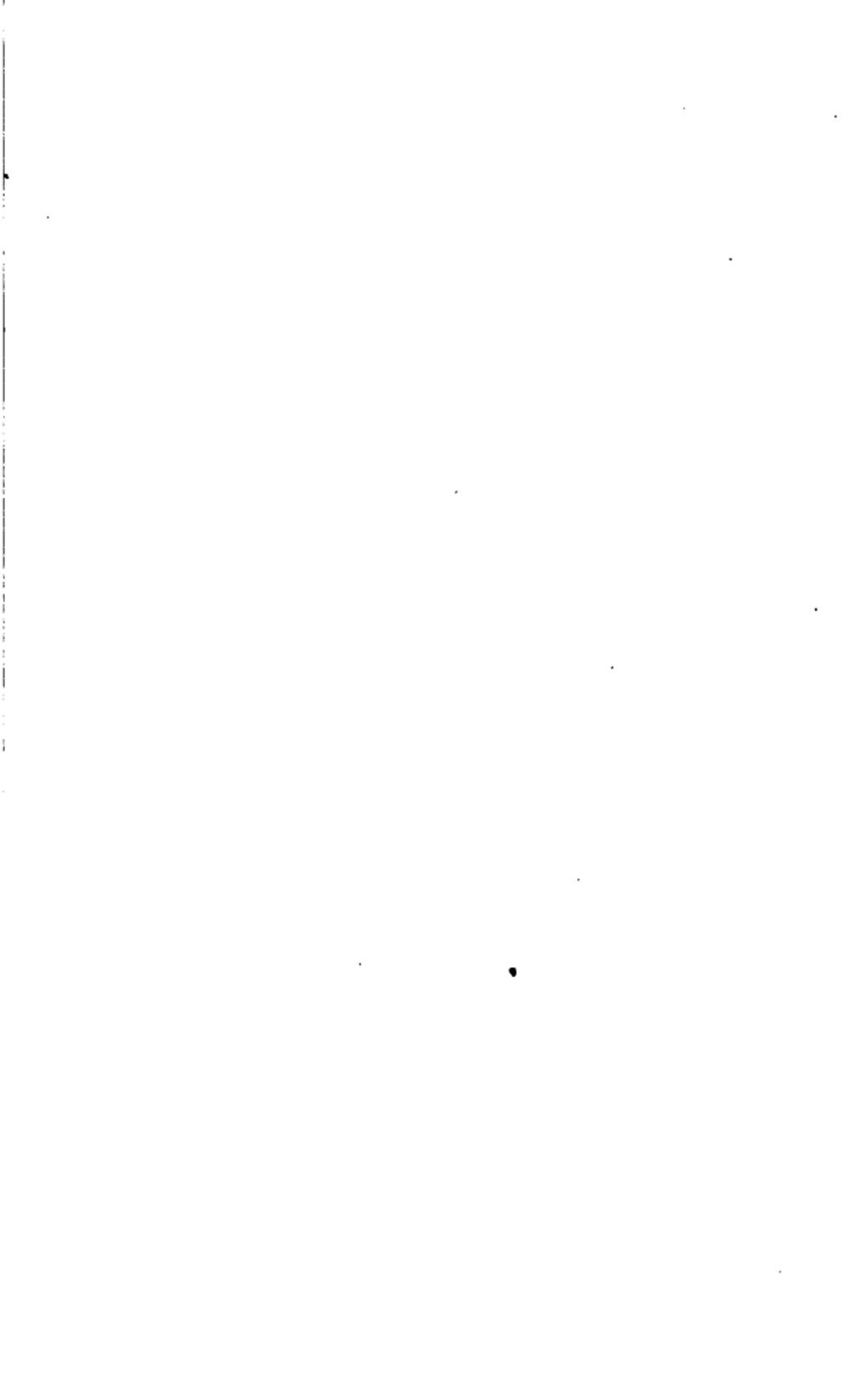
† Ce mot de Meignoun est devenu aussi le nom d'un fameux personnage que les Orientaux prennent pour le modèle d'un parfait amant. Sa maîtresse qui se nommait Leilah, est regardée aussi par les mêmes Orientaux comme la plus belle et la plus chaste de toutes celles de son sexe.—*Bibliothèque Orientale d'Herbelot*, ART. MEIGNOUN.

The sapphire is bright, but more blue  
Are thine eyes, and more lovely to me  
Than the sapphire's deep light, or the hue  
Of the violet sought by the bee.

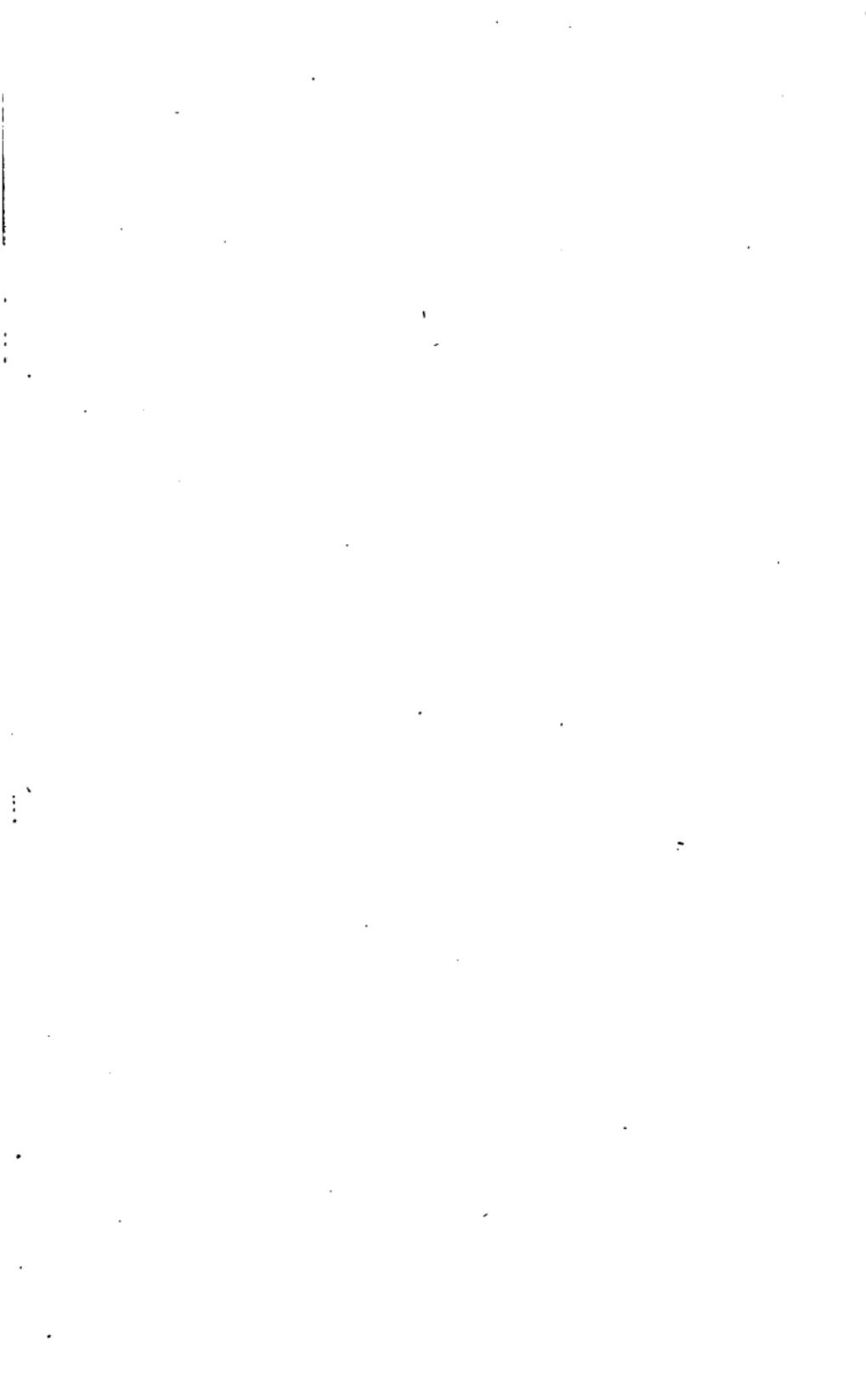
O light as the antelope's leaps  
Are thy feet in the dance, and the glow  
Of thy breast is the rose-hue that sleeps  
At sunset on vases of snow.

THE END.

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